

September 27, 1961

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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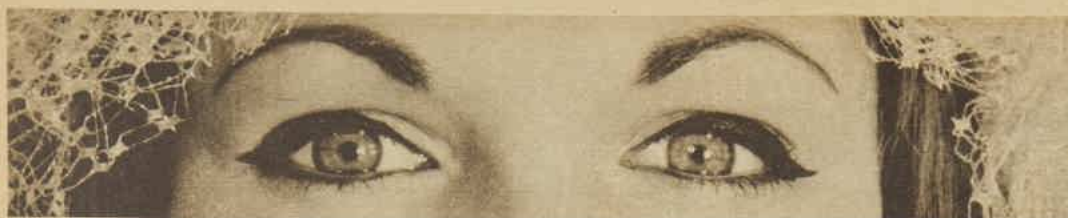
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by Dr. MURRAY
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ALEXANDRA'S
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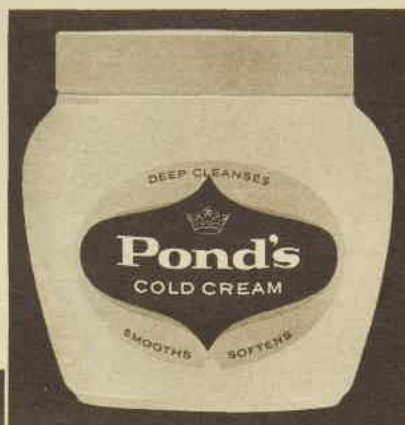
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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Aboard the "Tai Pak," one of Hongkong's two floating restaurants, they've really thought of everything for a diner's comfort, according to staff member Cynthia Strachan, who recently visited the Far East.

CYNTHIA, whose story on Hongkong is on pages 10 to 12, said:

"They've even got a coin-in-the-slot vibrating couch, which relaxes customers by gently shaking them for five minutes and presumably giving them enough energy to continue their multi-course Chinese dinner."

"And it works, too. After trying it out I can recommend the machinery to any restaurant proprietor interested in selling more food."

Cynthia's host and hostess at dinner were Australian-born Hongkong millionaire Mr. S. T. Louey and his wife, who own a house in Sydney and frequently visit the city.

In Hongkong Mr. Louey's main interest is running one of two bus companies in a city of more than three million people.

MRS. F. JORDAN, of Dalby, Qld., who was the grand champion of our recent Corn-flour Contest with her Golden Staircase Pie recipe, has received a letter from a New

Our Cover

● This charming photograph of Princess Alexandra attending a women's meeting at the Royal Albert Hall, London, was taken by Ray Bellisario. Color pictures of Hongkong, which Princess Alexandra will visit in November, are on pages 10 and 11.

York citizen who saw the photograph of her prizewinning entry and the recipe in our May 24 issue.

He is Mr. C. Brandl, of 600 West 113th Street, New York.

After congratulating Mrs. Jordan on her win, he wrote:

"I want to tell you that I had about the best time of my life in Dalby whenever I came in from Jandowae, where I spent World War I driving cattle for customers of a Queensland bank that had offices in Jandowae. . . . If you have any old Dalby papers, please send them along."

Mrs. Jordan and her husband are at present on a trip to Tahiti, which was part of her prize.

NEXT WEEK: Exciting beach and casual clothes to knit in a fascinating new Italian silk straw yarn just released . . . Old-time favorites in cooking recipes.

The LONG and the SHORT of tennis

● Australia's two astonishing teenage tennis girls — chunky little Lesley Turner, of Sydney, and tall Margaret Smith, of Albury, N.S.W. — instilled a much-needed breath of life into the recent U.S. National Tennis Championships.

LESLEY'S victory, with American Darlene Hard, in the National Doubles Championships at Boston the week before the National Singles at Forest Hills, New York, and Margaret's impressive array of victories in Europe, had aroused great interest in the two Australian girls.

Both were playing for the first time in America. The two promising 19-year-olds are members of the touring team headed by Nell Hopman, wife of the Davis Cup team captain, Harry Hopman.

The other members of the team are Robyn Ebbern, 17, of Brisbane, and Jan Lehane, 20, of Grenfell, N.S.W.

But wherever the five Australian players compete (Nell Hopman is still an active and successful doubles player) the spotlight swings to "The Long and The Short of It"—Margaret, who is 5ft. 10in., and Lesley, who is 5ft. 3in.

The two girls are a contrast in many other ways.

Lesley comes from a large Sydney family and absorbed tennis with her baby food.

Her father, Leslie, an engineer for the Sydney County Council, was an A-grade player. Her mother, the former Agnes Tosh, was an interstate player, and their three sons and three daughters all play competition tennis.

Their home in Bellevue Hill has its own tennis court and it is in use every day.

Lesley's progression into the ranks of world tennis players thus came quite naturally.

Margaret Smith, on the other hand, is a country girl who became interested in tennis only because the family home in Albury, N.S.W., was situated near a group of 24 grass courts.

At eight, Margaret, big for her age even then, wandered on to the courts and fell in love with the game immediately.

Placed on the Albury country team at the age of 13, she promptly won the 15-and-under championship.

However, she did not realise the true potential of her powerful game until she went to Melbourne, where Frank Sedgman took her under his wing.

Many people have noted the resemblance between

Frank's game and Margaret's, particularly in their service and severe volleying.

Margaret adopted Sedgman's regimen of body-building, although it has been criticised as too strenuous for a young girl.

In Melbourne she exercises at Sedgman's gymnasium three mornings a week, runs in a park two evenings, and lifts weights to strengthen her shoulders and arms.

She plays tennis daily if possible, either with Frank or professional Keith Rogers. She lives with Frank and Jean Sedgman and, in her spare time, acts as baby-sitter for the four little Sedgman girls.

Margaret, twice Australian champion, was known only to tennis enthusiasts abroad when she and Lesley left Australia in March for their seven-month world tour. Both girls have since become world famous for their exploits on the courts of Europe, England, and America.

The glamor of Monte Carlo, their first stop, dazzled the Australian girls, but did not affect their tennis.

They stayed at a castle owned by an American millionaire, Steven Lynch, an old friend of the Hopmans.

"We had three maids and two butlers at our beck and call, and a chauffeured limousine," Lesley recalled at Forest Hills. "It was quite an introduction to overseas life. Nothing we had later really matched it for luxury."

The girls were presented to Prince Rainier and Princess Grace, and Margaret Smith received her trophy from film star Cary Grant.

In England, during the Wimbledon championships, Margaret developed a mystery illness, but still managed to win through to the quarter-finals.

She was in hospital for 10 days after Wimbledon. In between tournaments the Australian girls have had plenty of time for holidaying and sightseeing.

They had a week in Paris on two separate occasions, stayed in the splendid Hotel Eden on Lake Lugano in the Swiss Alps for another week, and wore out lots of shoeleather window-shopping along Fifth Avenue in New York.

Lesley is a rock'n-roll enthusiast and acquired a stack of new recordings in New York.

Margaret is "camera crazy" and snapped more than 300 color slides of the team's journeyings of the Continent and in England.

By **GEORGE McGANN,**
in New York



Pictures by Robert Feldman

AUSTRALIAN teenage tennis stars — Margaret Smith, of Albury (left), and Lesley Turner, of Sydney, called "the Long and the Short" of tennis — photographed at Forest Hills, Long Island, New York.



MEMBERS of the touring Australian women's tennis team in New York, from left: Robyn Ebbern, 17, of Brisbane; Jan Lehane, 20, of Grenfell, N.S.W.; Mrs. Nell Hopman, Lesley Turner, and tall Margaret Smith.

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L-41-WW



Worth Reporting

WHEN he isn't about his timber-moulding business, Ian Weatherley is dashing around Sydney demonstrating talking books for the Royal Blind Society of N.S.W.

These are tape-recorded novels for which the society is launching a State-wide appeal on October 6.

Ian recently locked himself and the talking-book machine in his Double Bay diggings.

Blindfolded by a scarf, he put a cassette (metal can holding the tape tracks of the recorded novel) on the tiny play-back unit, turned a couple of simple switches, and listened, blindfold, to the novel "Private's Progress."

"Now I really know what I'm talking about when I demonstrate these talking books to organisations helping to raise money for the appeal," says Ian.

We were in on the excitement when 70-year-old, blind, almost deaf Mrs. W. Forbes heard the machine in her cottage at Enfield, N.S.W.

Mrs. Forbes had her ear glued to the speaker—obviously all set for the full 21 hours' recording of the novel.

"This is the part I hate," Ian said as he cut short "Private's Progress." "I wish I could leave it with them."

If the appeal is successful, Mrs. Forbes and many other sightless will have the book for keeps.

They'll get the cassettes through the post and become members of a Talking Book Library, as in Britain, where the machine—simplified for easy handling by the blind—was developed as the result of years of research.

Original book tapes come from Britain, but the society hopes to have its own recording studios operating this year.

Cost of one complete talking-book unit is estimated at £75. The society aims finally to present one to each of N.S.W.'s 2000 registered blind persons.



AT the Lighthouse Hostel, Burwood, N.S.W., Mrs. Ellen Crockett, 61 (left), and Miss Melvin Anderson, 72, listen to a talking book operated by Ian Weatherley.

YOU can fool some of the grubs some of the time... Arranging plastic flower decorations for some cookery pictures, staff photographer Adelle Hurley thought she saw a tiny green grub pop its head out of a flower. She investigated—found the optimist nestled among the plastic petals.

So that's why they're friends

THE secret of their "Roland and Oliver" friendships: (a) 86-year-old Sir Winston Churchill and 54-year-old Greek shipping magnate Aristotile Onassis; (b) American actor Clifton Webb and the Duke of Windsor.

"Why do you go on all these cruises with Onassis?" a famous author asked Sir Winston. "Nobody else ever asked me to go sailing before," the Old Man replied.

Clifton Webb, off to spend another Paris weekend with the Windsors—as he's done for 15 years: "At one of our first meetings the Duke and I pepped up a rather dull party by dancing the sailors' hornpipe."

Lost — one Aussie accent

WHEN selected for the role of "Prof" in the B.B.C.'s television children's serial "The Racketty Street Gang," Michael, 14-year-old son of former Sydney journalist Reg Luckie, had a flash of panic.

Would his Aussie accent—eliminated after six years in English schools—be fair dinkum enough for the part?

"Fortunately," writes Reg from London, "Mum and Dad hadn't lost their Aussie voices. With the help of a tape-recorder and readings from 'The Magic Pudding' and 'While the Billy Boils,' we made a grouse job of it."

The cast of the six-episode serial included former Australian radio and TV players Maurice Travers, Edwin Finn, and Kevin Brennan.

They are the "baddie bank robbers" foiled by the gang, which includes another Australian, Geoffrey Bettenay, 16, of Melbourne.

The serial, based on a book by Sydney author L. H. Evers, is set in an industrial suburb near Sydney Harbor.

Crozzle No. 8 winners

● First prize in Crozzle No. 8 was shared by two entrants, both from Maryborough, Queensland.

THEY are Mrs. M. Waddell, 8 Carlson St., Maryborough, Qld., who had three shares, and Mrs. R. Sullivan, 33 Queen St., Maryborough, Qld., who had five shares.

Each share is worth £12/10/-.

Both entries amassed a grand total of 426 points—166 points for interlocking letters and 260 points for number of words used. This grand total was three points ahead of the next highest score.

Second prize of £200 was shared by 16 entries, and each share is worth £12/10/-.

Second prize winners are: Mr. P. Kevend, 95 James St., Punchbowl, N.S.W., two shares; Mrs. S. Kevend, 95 James St., Punchbowl, N.S.W., two shares; Mr. J. Cain, Princes Highway, Fairy Meadow, N.S.W., two shares; Mrs. A. Foster, 154 Princes Highway, Fairy Meadow, N.S.W., two shares; Mrs. A. G. Gramond, 134 Manchester Rd., Gympie, N.S.W., three shares; Mrs. R. Blackburn, 25 Amarina Ave., Ashgrove, Qld., three shares; M. Rahmann, 7 Simla Ave., Geebung, Brisbane, Qld., one share; Mr. S. Foster, 154 Princes Highway, Fairy Meadow, N.S.W., one share.

Below is a prizewinning entry by Mrs. R. Sullivan (redrawn by our artist for more satisfactory reproduction).



7, 12, 19, 21, 17, 26, 21, 19, 18, 7

TOTAL POINTS FROM INTERLOCKING LETTERS 166
PLUS TEN POINTS FOR EACH WORD USED 260
MAKING THE GRAND TOTAL FOR MY ENTRY 426

'IT'S GOING TO BE A MIGHTY SHOW'



OLIVER (Malcolm Shield) becomes one of the gang, and is chaired by the Artful Dodger (Andrew Guild).

... say young stars of "Oliver!"

● "It's going to be a mighty show. Yes, mighty." That is the considered opinion of the Artful Dodger in the musical, "Oliver!" adapted from Dickens' "Oliver Twist," opening at Her Majesty's, Melbourne, on September 23.

DODGER

ANDREW GUILD — merry eyes and "all the cheek of the Artful Dodger."



they go round telling everybody," said Andrew, for once speaking second—quite out of character.

The families are: Mr. and Mrs. Frank Shield, originally from Leicester, sons Ian, 12, and Stephen, 5.

Mr. and Mrs. William Guild, originally from Cheshire, and son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Mackie Guild, and son Frazer.

Both boys are very proud of having understudies, and insisted on introducing them.

"One of these will be Oliver if anything happens to me," said Malcolm as he produced Russell Old, 13, of East Brunswick, and Noel Styler, 13, of Ashburton.

"Here's the understudy Dodger," said Andrew, presenting Shaun Gurton, 13, of Ringwood.

The lively bunch of boys in the show have nicknamed their bearded producer "Fidel." Their bearded stage director is "Zorro."

OLIVER

MALCOLM SHIELD — greenish eyes and diffident smile and "just the right shy personality for the part."

THE Dodger's mate Oliver agreed in slightly more modified language. "Yes, it's going to be pretty good."

Then, warming to the exuberance of the Dodger, Oliver added, "It's all a terrific experience."

Which for two 14-year-olds it certainly is.

The Dodger is Andrew Guild, of Bundoora, Vic. Oliver is Malcolm Shield, of Oakleigh.

Of course, they're working in a small boys' paradise; so much so that quite a lot of their work becomes play.

"They're members of a gang, they give cheek incessantly, they pick pockets, they wear dirty clothes."

And all the time they're singing in their fresh, clear young voices, beefing out the catchy music of "Oliver!" to lung-bursting point with the eleven others of The Gang.

Both are English-born, but both are rather reluctant to admit it.

"After all I've been an Australian since I was two and a half," said the Dodger indignantly.

"And I've been here nearly three years," said Malcolm.

Producer Peter Coe, producer of the original London show, is delighted with the pair he picked from a final 50 out of hundreds who auditioned for the roles.

"At first Andrew was being considered for Oliver, but he's got too much natural exuberance," he said.

"But he's got all the perfect cockney cheekiness and liveliness for the Artful Dodger."

"We came on Malcolm by accident. We'd almost given up hope of finding an Oliver, when suddenly I saw him standing in the line of small boys and pulled him out."

"We found that he has just the right shy, retreating personality for the part."

"For boys, you know, have got to play on their personalities. If you find the right personalities, you don't have to teach them to act."

Watching Malcolm and Andrew at rehearsal, Peter Coe's point is made clear.

Andrew is all bounce and go, never still, always leading

By
FREDA IRVING

his gang with vigor and vim, telling them what to do, and drawing out the quiet Malcolm.

Oliver is on for practically the whole show — there's only one scene without him.

The Dodger is on stage almost as much.

Both have more to do in the show than anyone else, including the adult stars.

Both Oliver and the Dodger had an immense "book" to learn and many lyrics.

And they've had to fit it all

in, including nightly rehearsals from 6.30 to 9.30, with their normal school work.

Malcolm, 4ft. 7in. and 6 stone odd, started an engineering course at the Oakleigh Technical School this year.

Andrew, 4ft. 7in. and 5 stone, is doing sub-intermediate at Carey Grammar School, Kew, with agricultural science his planned (at present) career.

"But I'll be surprised if the stage doesn't acquire him; he's a natural," said stage director Bill Akers.

Neither of the boys had been on a stage, except for school choir appearances, before they auditioned for "Oliver!"

How did they come to do it?

"Well, it was a sort of joint effort between Mum and me," said Andrew.

"Of course, my choirmaster, Mr. Warwick Taylor, gave me encouragement."

Malcolm said: "It was the lady who lives opposite us who rang the theatre and suggested I might make someone in the show."

What do their families think of the "stars"?

"They're pretty pleased, I think," said Malcolm.

"Oh, yes, so are mine, and





Mother's pretty brunch coat is by Bond's, it's printed cotton in pastel shades.

Mother knows best... that's why Mother buys Bond's

Are you a Mother?

Then, like so many mothers, you buy most of the family's clothing. It's pretty certain, too, that a great many of your purchases have the famous "Bond's" label. **More Mothers** buy Bond's than any other brand because they know they can count on every Bond's garment to wash easily, and give genuine value for money.

Compare the experiences of just one Bond's buying mother with your own:

"John has been passing his underwear on to Timmy for years!"

"With the two boys so close together, naturally a lot of clothing gets passed on. I'm specially pleased with the way the Bond's underwear keeps its white, fresh look—even though it's been washed more times than I can remember."

Timmy, with his Mother, is wearing . . .

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Junior "Sport" Briefs give the comfort a growing boy needs. They are specially designed that way. The horizontal fly is convenient. The briefs don't bunch or ride-up. The waistband is boilproof and guaranteed to last the life of the briefs. In absorbent interlock, just 6/11.

John, with the yo-yo, is wearing . . .

Junior T-Shirt; in very absorbent interlock cotton. The neck and arm-bands are reinforced with nylon. Carefree colours—Light Blue, Light Green, Grey, Citrus and White. 8/11

"Coral Island" "Sport" Briefs. "Coral Island" is Bond's air-vent cotton that lets the body breathe because it lets air circulate freely. Because "Coral Island" is a rib-knit fabric it will move, stretch and relax as Johnny does. 7/6



"Bill and young John each wore a 'Grand Slam' sports shirt to our last barbecue. They looked neat and tidy the whole afternoon. Thanks go to the hugging arm-cuffs and extra tail length that keep a 'Grand Slam' in place. Boys' 29/11, Men's from 35/-.



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Bond's 'Cottontail' Briefs come in Breezeweight or Interlock cotton, at 7/6 for Breezeweight and 7/11 for Interlock . . . sizes from SSW to OS. Also in schoolgirls' sizes 3-13. In a range of colours.

"Now we all wear 'Grand Slam' Sports Shirts"

The only shirt with patented underarm gussets that really stretch. Now in all sizes for women and boys as well as men. The fabric is Honeycomb Mesh—all cotton; cool and absorbent. There's a variety of colours; three pastels and white for women, eight bold colours for men and seven for boys. Men also have a choice of two other fabrics. The Crepe Mesh shirt is cotton cool and nylon strong because it is made of both. The Ban-lon shirt is soft and gentle fitting; good looking, too, and will never lose its shape.

BOND'S
Australia's Greatest Name in Cotton

sell the best for less because Bond's make the most

← Miss Wallflower and Miss Life-of-the-Party →
are sisters under the (oh, so sensitive) skin.

HOW NOT TO BE A WALLFLOWER



● You see them at most parties: Miss Wallflower and Miss Life-of-the-Party. Miss Wallflower sits tucked away in a corner, saying nothing except an occasional "Thank you" for a drink and an occasional "No, thank you" to any man who asks her to dance.

She's thoroughly miserable. The evening has turned out just the way she knew it would.

All the other girls are having a whale of a time, especially Miss Life-of-the-Party.

How Miss Wallflower envies her! Miss Life-of-the-Party is never at a loss for something to say (although it's noticeable that no one else can get a word in edgeways when she's in full swing). She drags every new arrival into her circle; the man whose attention seems to be flagging is despatched to fetch her a drink; she never misses a trick.

What a performance! Also, what a bore!

Funny that Miss Wallflower and Miss Life-of-the-Party have many characteristics in common.

Both want desperately to be liked and accepted. Both are showing distinct signs of a whacking big inferiority complex.

True, they are responding to their feelings of inferiority in totally different ways, but the symptoms are plain to see.

ARE you a wallflower — not only socially, but in every field of human endeavor?

In other words, are you a victim of that dread personality disease, inferiority complex?

Are you less effective than you feel you should be? Do you fear to speak to others lest they might think you foolish? Do you feel so inadequate, more like a worm than a human?

Then it is important that you explore yourself, understand just how and why you arrive at such feelings.

An inferiority complex is a cancer of personality. It eats upon itself, and grows bigger and bigger, wearing down the personality so that a person is hampered in human relations and prevented from being as sociable, as personable, as friendly, and as efficient as he or she could be.

Such failure leads to more feelings of inferiority, which in turn lead to more failures. It is a vicious circle.

But it is a circle that you can break if you learn to understand the origins of inferiority and what to do about the problems.

Don't, however, want to be a Miss Life-of-the-Party.

It might comfort out-and-out wallflowers to know that there is the strange paradox of the person who, while a superior individual in the eyes of others, personally feels inferior.

Self-assertive

There are those people who, instead of withdrawing as a defence against their imagined inferiority, do anything but that. They attack. Their attack, of course, is not a result of confidence, but rather a result of an oppressing inferiority complex.

This is what distinguishes those who perform confidently, because they are secure in their knowledge, from those whose actions are but an impulsive, emotional struggle to protect their egos and attain recognition at all costs.

You've seen the constant show-offs, the name-droppers, the pseudo-elegant creatures whose thin veneer of supposed superiority merely cloaks their true feelings.

Extreme arrogance and self-assertiveness are symptoms of inferiority complex, just as shyness and withdrawing are symptoms. They are just manifested in opposite ways.

It would probably surprise you to find out how many people you admire, and regard as having great poise and charm, actually suffer acutely from pangs of inferiority. We do not always appear to ourselves as we do to others.

Here are some specific situations that may cause feelings of inferiority to develop.

Failure to have material things: The unfulfilled desire to have furs, new clothes; furniture, lovely accessories, and all the million and one material things dear to most hearts may induce feelings of frustration.

Sensitivity about physical defects: This is perhaps one of the most common reasons for a feeling of inferiority.

Too short; too tall; hair too straight; hair too curly; no hair; buck teeth; no teeth—these and a host like them can cause a strong reaction of inferiority.

As far as the complex is concerned, it is not important, however, whether the defects are real or imaginary. It is the person's reaction to the supposed defects that causes the flaw to develop in the personality.

In the end there is more harm done to the personality by the sensitivity over the defect than by the defect itself.

And, of course, this problem can happen to anyone. Very few people are specimens of physical perfection. There are flaws in all of us.

The important thing is not whether you have physical flaws, but whether you have the ability to compensate them to the point where they do not adversely affect your personality.



Second
article
of a
series
by

Dr. Murray Banks

American psychiatrist and
lecturer—from his book "How
To Live With Yourself."

Where you live: If you live on the "other side of the tracks" it may be that you have compared yourself with those who live in finer homes and have thus developed a sense of inadequacy.

Many a girl has had her boy-friend drop her in a fancy street. Then she walks over to her home in the poorer section.

Greatest asset

But it seems pretty silly to carry around a burden of inferiority because you haven't got a television set or a Persian rug.

If your home and its furnishings are not equal to those of your friends, what of it? It's your personality and its "furnishings" that really count in the end.

Money troubles: If your bank balance is small, if you have to count the pennies when you go shopping, it could contribute to a feeling of inadequacy.

Money is best looked at in this light: if you use it so that it contributes to your personality, then you can never really lose it.

Childhood embarrassments: "Why can't you be smart like the boy next door? He comes top of his class?"

Do you recall being compared with the child next door? Or perhaps you were constantly being compared with a brighter brother or sister?

It's a foolish mistake—and a common one—by parents when they want to induce a child to make a greater effort.

I hope that this discussion so far, on how inferiority problems are acquired, has encouraged you to probe your own problem if one exists.

This is the first step toward mastering oppressive feelings.

And here are some other suggestions that may work miracles in personal improvements:

● BELIEVE YOU HAVE A CHANCE

Stop dreaming about what you would do if you had someone else's chances.

Psychologists have found that most cases of emotional maladjustment are due to the fact that people do not accept themselves as they are and make the most of what

they've got. Sitting down and pitying yourself because fate has dealt you a bad hand will get you nowhere. It will just destroy your personality.

Develop a spirit of daring. Refuse ever to feel sorry for yourself.

● ACCENTUATE THE POSITIVE

There is a well-known song with a line that says, "Accentuate the positive . . . eliminate the negative . . ."

And without realising it, probably, the composers hit upon one of the most important ways to remove an inferiority complex.

You know what an optimist is, you know what a pessimist is. One accents the positive,

the other the negative. Here's how:

If there is a pitcher of water half filled on a table, the pessimist says: "The pitcher is half empty."

But the optimist says, "Not at all. It's half full!"

So, it's simply a matter of accentuating the right thing. Put your mind and your attention on correcting defects and emphasising good points.

● BECOME AN EXPERT IN SOMETHING

"Nothing succeeds like success." How true. Success thrives on itself and failure eats on itself.

To fail is depressing and leaves us with a feeling of futility and despair to a degree that the next failure is made even easier.

Every human being needs to master something. We all need to feel important in some way. Is there one thing that

you can do particularly well? Sing? Play the piano? Converse fluently? Paint? Rhumba?

It will do a lot for you if you will study some one thing that interests you until you are expert in that activity.

The confidence you gain will do wonders for you. It will radiate from you and influence your success.

● BE INTERESTED IN OTHERS

When you walk into a room, do you think: "I wonder if they are noticing me? What have they been saying about me behind my back?"

Or do you think: "What a collection of faces! Now there's an interesting one — I wonder what sort of life goes with it?"

When you learn to be con-

scious of others and sincerely interested in them, you'll find your own self-consciousness dropping away from you. You won't have time to worry about whether they've noticed your big nose or your bow legs.

You will develop new poise and balance that will see you through many a tricky situation.

● MAGIC INGREDIENT FOR PERSONALITY

Here is the magic ingredient of all human personality — CONFIDENCE.

This is faith in oneself, faith to do, and faith to succeed.

If you do not believe in yourself, how in the world can you expect anyone else to believe in you? How much faith would you put in your doctor's prescription if he did not believe in it himself—and you knew it?

If you have confidence in yourself, you have the courage

to venture. Having ventured, you may succeed. Having succeeded, you will get more confidence.

Having more confidence, you are more likely to succeed again. What a wonderful cycle!

On the other hand, as I have already pointed out, failure breeds inferiority. Inferiority breeds more failure. And so on.

Well, in which cycle would you rather be caught up?

NEXT WEEK: How to get more out of life.



Light it ... you'll like it

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A RIGHT CLEAN CIGARETTE

Her dogs are Royal pets

● The breeder of the Queen's corgis, Mrs. Thelma Gray, of Rozavel Kennels, England, is visiting Australia this month to judge corgis at two shows.

HER first task will be to select the winners in the section of Melbourne's Royal Show, which opens on September 21, and on October 1 she will judge entries in the Canberra Corgi Club show.

Mrs. Gray is probably the world's most famous breeder and judge of corgis, and her dogs, or at least the ones which have gone to the Royal family, are certainly among the world's most famous dogs.

Sugar, Whiskey, and Sherry, the Queen's corgis, and Billie and Bee, the Queen Mother's pets, were all bred from corgis from her kennels, and recently she sold a champion for £2500.

Mrs. Gray lives in Surrey in a low-ceilinged, 100-year-old farmhouse on the 120-acre farm where she breeds alsatians, chihuahuas, beagles, as well as the corgis.

She says she's been crazy about dogs since she was a small child—and her link with the Royal family dates back to that time.

For when she was 11 years old King George VI's car ran over and killed her pet, a two-year-old chowchow named Coco.

"Losing Coco made me determined to surround myself with dogs when I grew up," she said recently.

"However, my family were

not as keen about dogs as I was.

"I was nine before I talked my father into letting me have Coco.

"Then one day the maid let her out of the house and she ran straight across the road under the wheels of King George VI's car.

"I was heart-broken and King George (then the Duke of York) was as upset as I was.

"He offered to buy me another dog, but my father refused, because he thought I was too fond of Coco.

"However, King George didn't forget me. At Christmas that year I received a parcel containing a signed photograph and a silver snuff-box from his antique collection."

Opposition

Eight years later when Mrs. Gray left school, her family had her future planned for her at a French finishing school, a Court presentation, and a season as a debutante.

But Mrs. Gray had other ideas. She wanted to breed alsatians. Eventually, despite her father's opposition, she got her wish.

As her friends set off on the train for Paris she picked up her scrubbing brush and got to work in the kennels where she was to do a year's training.

By the end of the year her father was convinced that she was really interested in dog

breeding and provided the money for establishing her own kennels.

Determined to make it a success, Mrs. Gray worked for 14 hours a day.

She began cleaning the kennels at 7 a.m. and groomed, fed, and exercised her dogs until 9 p.m.

Now she has much to show for her work.

In the entrance hall at West Hall farm is a brightly polished display of some of the 500 cups and trophies her dogs have won.

As well, she is partly responsible for making corgis the second most popular dog in England. (Miniature and toy poodles head the list.)

Corgis were originally Welsh sheep dogs and were unknown outside Wales until 30 years ago.

"I bought my first corgi for a pet while I was holidaying in Wales," said Mrs. Gray.

"I thought he would make a good house-dog, as corgis weigh only 22 pounds. I never dreamt they would become so popular."

The Marquis of Bath also had corgis, and it was at his house that the young Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret first saw them in 1936.

"One day I was asked to take a selection of corgis to 145 Piccadilly, the home of the Duke of York," said Mrs. Gray. "Princess Elizabeth

chose one and named him Dooki."

All the Royal corgis have been bred from Dooki and Mrs. Gray's own Rozavel-bred corgis.

And since the Queen chose Dooki, corgis have become more and more fashionable.

"Both the Queen and the Queen Mother breed corgis," said Mrs. Gray. "They often come to the farm, have tea, and wander around the kennels for a couple of hours."

"All the Royal family love dogs, especially Princess Anne. The last time she was here she asked the Queen for a beagle pup."

"But the Queen was hoping for some puppies from

Sherry or Whiskey and decided to wait for a few months."

It was the Royal corgis' affection for Princess Anne that got them a reputation in England for being bad-tempered.

Susan, who was the Queen's dog when she was Princess Elizabeth, bit a guardsman, a policeman, and the Royal clock winder.

"Susan was just protecting her mistress' children," explained Mrs. Gray. "She nipped the men when she thought they were coming too close to Princess Anne."

"Corgis are really good-tempered dogs."

"The best thing I can say

about them is that all my corgis get on quite well with the eleven cats I keep as pets."

Though Mrs. Gray has never visited Australia before, many dogs of Rozavel strain have been imported here.

The secretary of the Canberra Corgi Club, Mrs. M. Beeby, who helped to persuade Mrs. Gray to make the trip, said corgis were greatly increasing in popularity in Australia.

"This is why it's so wonderful that Australian breeders and corgi owners will have the chance to get first-hand advice and criticism from her," she said.



MRS. THELMA GRAY, the breeder of the Queen's corgis, pictured with one of her champions, Silver Wedding. Mrs. Gray is visiting Australia to judge corgis in Melbourne and Canberra.



With chihuahua Jimima, Mrs. Gray stands beside some of the trophies her dogs have won.

They remembered 'Audrey'

● In the mass exodus from the Gulf coast of Texas and Louisiana during the recent killer hurricane, "Carla," hundreds fled to Shreveport, in North-west Louisiana, where I am living.

THEY were just part of the 400,000—the greatest mass flight in American history—who gathered up a few belongings and left their lowland homes along the coastline of the Gulf of Mexico.

Behind them "Carla," whose winds reached a terrifying 175 miles an hour, gathered force.

The great army of refugees had remembered "Carla's" wicked stepister, "Audrey," which, only four years ago, hit the small fishing community of Cameron, Louisiana, and killed 590 people.

This time it was a different tale—7000 people fled Cam-

eron and only seven stayed, defiantly waiting it out.

Typical of those who learnt the lesson of "Audrey" is Mrs. Frank Miller, who took refuge in the disaster centre in Lake Charles, about 30 miles north of Cameron.

This time she was there with her two small sons soon after the first hurricane warning, fearful, bewildered, praying they would be safe.

Mrs. Miller lived through "Audrey"—but one of her sons didn't.

"I rode that thing ("Audrey") for two days and three nights," she said. "Me and my little boy.

"We came all the way to Black Lake (about halfway to Lake Charles) on a raft. I

From PATRICIA O'CONNELL, of our staff, now at Shreveport, Louisiana.

thought we were the only people left in the world."

On the third day a helicopter picked them up, but it was too late for her son.

The Miller home was completely destroyed by "Audrey," and they were hoping their new 4000-dollar house wouldn't go the same way.

There were terrifying aspects of the hurricane "Carla" apart from the screaming winds and the monster tidal waves.

Texas City, on the coast, was beset by scores of rattlesnakes, which came into town ahead of the 10-foot tidal wave and tried to climb walls of houses to escape the water.

Water moccasins (a venomous snake), and rattlers came from the swamps to plague those who returned too soon to survey the debris that once was home.

Yet this hurricane did not

wreak the havoc in human lives of its predecessors.

When the toll was taken, 31 were dead.

Lives were saved by America's constantly improving weather-warning system.

American satellite "Tiroso II" first observed the hurricane from a point far up in space and tracked her from the time she was spawned in the Caribbean.

Radar stations and weather planes kept track of her for the next three days.

As the noise of her coming grew louder, the Civil Defence forces, National Guard, and State Police swung into action to assist in the evacuation.

But it was not only this scientific weather watching and efficient organisation which helped stay the full horror of "Carla."

It was also the memory of "Audrey"

ALEXANDRA IN HONGKONG

By CYNTHIA STRACHAN,
who recently visited Hongkong.

● One of Hongkong's thousands of battered sampans will briefly become a Royal barge in November when Princess Alexandra visits a floating restaurant for an exotic Chinese seafood dinner.

THIS dinner, at which she'll be guest of the Crown Colony's Executive and Legislative Councils, should be a highlight of her colorful 12-day visit.

It will really enable Alex to see Hongkong as a city of contrasts.

She'll set out from Government House, a stately white building with a magnificent view across the harbor, to the twinkling fairyland of mainland Kowloon.

Then she'll drive for 20 minutes round the winding roads of the Peak—Hongkong's fashionable residential area—to the fishing village of Aberdeen, on the other side of the island.

Here she'll see more twinkling lights — of village neons and two illuminated floating restaurants. But here she'll also see that, though there's fascination, there's no fairyland.

For between her and the restaurants will lie almost a solid stretch of drab junks and sampans, housing a floating population of about a hundred thousand Chinese who spend their entire lives aboard.

Night dims the view of squalor, however, and if Alexandra can close her nose to all the smells while a sampan girl transports her from the waterfront to either the "Sea Palace" or the "Tai Pak," she'll be entranced.

Once there, the Princess, like all tourists, will be able to choose her menu from the assortment of parrot fish, garoupa, prawns, lobsters, etc., swimming in a tank at a side of the restaurant.

The fish will then be cooked Cantonese style and served as part of a multi-course dinner, including shark-fin soup and other Chinese delicacies.

If Alex is agile with chopsticks she'll be a great hit with the waiters. However, knives and forks are readily produced for diners waging a losing battle.

During the evening she could also get a glimpse of Chinese gambling, for many of the locals who dine aboard the "Sea Palace" and "Tai Pak" follow their meal with a game of mahjong.

Continued on page 12



HONGKONG BY DAY. Taken from The Peak, Hongkong Island, this is typical of the spectacular views Princess Alexandra will see during her 12-day visit in November. In the foreground is Victoria City, looking across the harbor to mainland Kowloon.



CONTRAST of East and West, of old and new, of luxury and poverty is all part of the general Hongkong scene. This picture shows a modern clinic towering above a jumbled shopping street in one of Hongkong's most densely populated areas.

A FISHERWOMAN with her baby tied to her back sorts the day's catch. She is one of Hongkong's vast floating population who spend their lives aboard junks and sampans anchored in fishing villages such as Aberdeen, where Alexandra will have dinner.





HONGKONG BY NIGHT is a maze of twinkling lights and flashing neons. It's full of glamorous nightspots, and just as full of intrigue as Rod Taylor's TV series. **ABOVE:** In the foreground is Kowloon, looking across the harbor to Hongkong Island. The bridge of lights over the harbor is an aircraft making a night landing at Kai Tak airport. **BELOW:** Aberdeen during the annual dragon-boat festival. Behind the dragon-boats is one of two floating restaurants.



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all day!*



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& Moore

*talcum with lanolin
clings...
the fragrance lingers*

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French? Choose
these clinging
body talcs in two
fascinating
fragrances.
Ask for Brigitte
or Gigi,
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Choose and
change your
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Lavender,
Lily of the Valley,
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Eau-de-Cologne.
Elegant regency-
striped tin,
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Continued from pages 10 and 11

ALEX IN HONGKONG

● Dinner on the floating restaurant
is just one of the many interesting
introductions to Hongkong on the
programme for Princess Alexandra.



Princess Alexandra

SHE arrives in the Colony on November 3 during a Far East trip which also includes Burma, Thailand, and Japan.

The trip was planned when the Princess was invited to be the official guest at the Hongkong University's golden jubilee celebrations.

And November 5, the third day of her trip, will be an all-University day.

She'll attend the University Congregation, have an Honorary Degree (Doctor of Laws) conferred on her, open the new Students' Union, and informally meet as many as possible of the 1500 students.

This is one day of the visit when Australia will feature prominently, for the Vice-Chancellor is a Victorian, Dr. L. T. Ride.

It will be Alexandra's first visit to Hongkong.

Details of her itinerary were finalised recently when Sir Phillip Hay, the Duchess of Kent's private secretary, flew to the Colony to confer with British Government officials.

The Princess will stay at Government House as the guest of the Governor, Sir Robert Black, and his wife.

Scope for fun

And though there'll be the usual formalities, such as a Government House garden party and ball, Alex will have plenty of scope to discover for herself just why Hongkong is a tourists' paradise.

Discussing this with me, one of the Government officials planning the programme said:

"The Princess is full of fun and vitality, as you Australians well know, and it could be cruel to bring her to a place as exciting as Hongkong and completely occupy her time with formal functions.

"So there'll be as little sticking to protocol as possible, and she'll be given every

chance to meet the Colony's young people — including the Chinese, since their community represents 90 per cent. of Hongkong's population.

"It won't all be glamor and fun. She'll attend to such duties as visiting hospitals and housing resettlement areas for refugees.

"But she'll have lots of colorful, semi-formal engagements, and lots of free time.

"Among the treats she'll watch are Chinese opera and a schoolchildren's display of national costume dances.

"She'll also go to the races, which are very popular in Hongkong, though meetings at Happy Valley are held only in the cooler months.

"And, of course, she'll undergo the ordeal of a Chinese banquet — and another battle with chopsticks — in one of Hongkong's famous restaurants.

"By the time she's worked her way through at least 12 courses of rare, exotic dishes she'll think her dinner aboard the floating restaurant was just a snack."

The official said Alexandra would also be driven through the peasant farming districts of the New Territories, from where she'd have a view across the fields to the border fence and Red China beyond.

He added that when she wanted a complete rest from sightseeing and official engagements she would be able to swim and water-ski "in the most glamorous and secluded settings of Hongkong."

Her constant companion on these "off-the-programme" ventures is likely to be Barbara Black, the Governor's elder daughter, who is about two years younger than the 24-year-old Princess.

Barbara has a commercial job in London but is expected to return to Hongkong for the Royal visit.

It wasn't till he'd given me all these details of Alexandra's

Hongkong visit that my Government informant drew breath.

"What, no shopping spree?" I asked, almost indignantly. "Isn't the Princess to be given the chance to get loose among the wonderful shops which make Hongkong a woman's paradise?"

He laughed, and replied: "But, of course. Though mere men have drawn up the Royal itinerary, we couldn't be cadish enough or silly enough to leave out a shopping spree."

Shopping spree

"We think she'll want to go bargain-hunting in the shopping area round Nathan Road, just like any other woman visitor. And we want her to do it just like anyone else."

"Our only problem is to make her inconspicuous. She's such a tall girl, she'll stand out even among other tourists. If she's recognised, people would mob to see her. It could get a bit alarming."

It's conjectured locally that when Alex arrives back in England her luggage will include Hongkong tailored dresses and made-to-order shoes and handbags.

As one Hongkong millionaire's wife said: "She'd be mad if she didn't add to her wardrobe here. There's the greatest selection of fabrics in the world and the reliable tailors and shoemakers turn out work that is high-fashion and inexpensive."

"Alexandra is supposed to enjoy off-the-rack shopping in London, but she'll really love having clothes made here. By the time she's applied her good fashion sense to ordering she could have a wonderful new wardrobe for relatively little cost."

"The danger is that she, like all other women who visit here, will probably find Hongkong is the best place in the world to go broke saving money."

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, Hongkong Island, where Alexandra will stay.





**BOLD
PEACH**

(a "pinked" peach)



**BOLD
APRICOT**

(a golden pink)



**BOLD
MELON**

(a watermelon pink)

Helena Rubinstein's

3 New Fashion Pinks

**Fresh — bold — beautiful colour temptations
IN DEW-KISSED LIPSTICK AND MATCHING NAIL LACQUER**

Softer than pink, newer than coral—the fresh, fruity tones that are pure femininity with a provocative hint of sauciness. All warm, 'golden' sun-kissed lip colours with a complexion-flattering pink undertone. "Any colour is right this summer . . . as long as it's PINK."

All three new lipsticks are made in the famous dew-kissed texture, in the revolutionary heart shape that shapes lips as it colours (makes a neat lipline easier to draw).

Lipstick, in gilt container, 14/11 . . . in cream plastic, 9/11.

Helena Rubinstein's

three new pinks are fashion-created to harmonise with every woman's hair colour. Wear them with Helena Rubinstein's other harmonising products for hair and eyes—eyebrow pencil, eye shadow, mascara-matic, hair rinse and colour-tone shampoo.

Available from Helena Rubinstein's Salons, all leading department stores and leading chemists within the Commonwealth.

Colour-Tone Shampoo, from 5/-
Hair Rinse, 3/9
Eye Shadow Stick, 10/11
Mascara-matic, 19/6
Staylong Nail Lacquer, from 7/11

Survival in a



• "Though we hope and believe that war is not probable, it is always possible," the Civil Defence Organisation of N.S.W. points out in supplying this information, which it considers everyone should have for an emergency.

We publish it at the request of the Civil Defence Authorities, who have had many inquiries from members of the public on precautions that could be taken in and out of the home.

"THESE SIMPLE STEPS"

TODAY, as always, international relations contain elements of uncertainty—uncertainty as to what tomorrow may bring. Sometimes relations appear cordial, bringing with them the hope of peaceful settlement of outstanding matters. Then the climate changes. Charges and counter-charges are made.

New situations, fraught with difficulties, arise. However, there is no uncertainty as to the destruction and devastation which could be caused by a war in which modern weapons may be used.

Though we hope and believe that war is not probable, it is always possible. The risk is ever present. While this risk exists and nations have within their power the means of mass destruction, it behoves every individual to give some thought to, and make plans for, his or her survival in the event of hostilities breaking out. Thus Civil Defence is necessary.

Your survival in such an emergency would depend mainly on yourself.

Now is the time for you to inform yourself and your family of these simple steps which may be taken in self-protection. Now is the time to make plans towards this end.

This information has been prepared for your protection. It contains basic guides. It is mainly intended for probable target areas.

Although in the event of hostile attack other forms of warfare may be used—for example, chemical or biological agents—the information relates to nuclear war.

Civil Defence is the protection of life and property from attack and major disaster by preparing for and carrying out emergency functions to prevent, minimise, and repair injury and damage.

Support your local Civil Defence Controller in the work he is doing. Remember, your life and the lives of your family may be involved.

BEFORE an attack

WHAT TO DO now to prepare your family for an emergency before disaster strikes:

Select a family shelter.

Any home offers some protection against radiation. The best shelter area is away from doors or windows or preferably in a location in the centre of the house, which will have the protection of additional walls.

A basement shelter will offer much more protection.

An underground shelter with protected entrance and three feet of packed earth above it will give excellent protection.

Stockpile food and supplies

Store in your shelter at least 1½ days' supply of food and water, plus a first-aid kit, a battery-operated radio, torches, and other emergency needs. See lists (opposite page).

Emergency sanitation

Obtain a suitable container with a tight-fitting lid—a garbage-can may be suitable.

Learn first-aid

At least one member of every home should complete a course of first-aid and home nursing. In a major disaster regular medical services may be unavailable.

Learn fire-fighting

Regular fire services may not be available in an attack. Fire prevention and a knowledge of fire-fighting may save your home and your life. Do not rely on the garden hose, as water supplies may be interrupted. Shutters painted white keep out heat.

Family action plan

Prepare a family action plan. Give everyone a job to do. Do not forget the safety of the family documents.

The family may be separated before an attack. It may be safer to remain at work or for children to remain at school. Plan to meet later at home or at a pre-selected meeting place, but only when told that it is safe to move about.



If there is no prepared shelter and you are—

INDOORS

Go to a basement or interior ground-floor room or hall.

Get under strongest table, desk, counter, work-bench, etc., away from windows or where things may fall on you. If nothing else is available, lie face down along an interior wall away from the windows. Stay indoors until authorities indicate it is safe to come out.

OUTDOORS

If you cannot reach a shelter or building, lie flat on the ground, face-down; cover head and neck with your arms.

Any cover is better than none. A ditch, gutter, side of wall, fence, even a kerb will give some shielding.

IN A CAR

Pull to the kerb and turn off the engine. Wind windows down to equalise pressures and to prevent glass breakage. Crouch or lie down below the levels of the windows.

REMEMBER:

Seek best available shielding at once.
Get as low as possible.
Cover head and neck with arms.
Stay put until attack subsides.
Follow Civil Defence instructions.



Any cover is better than none.



Wherever you are, get down low.



Even a table or bench could help.

nuclear attack

by the Civil
Defence Organisation
of N.S.W.

THE DANGERS

- Nuclear explosions have three main effects:

HEAT from the fireball may cause fires and serious burns for considerable distances.

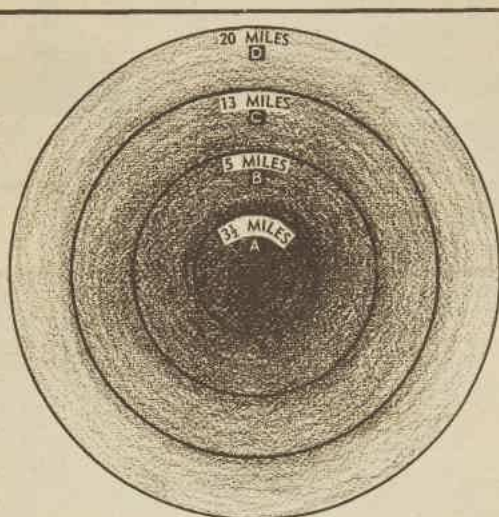
BLAST can destroy and damage homes over a wide area. Glass splinters and flying debris will also cause personal injury.

RADIATION direct from the fireball is very limited in range, BUT fallout may cover thousands of square miles with radioactive material. It is dangerous to people and animals and may render water and crops unsafe.

The Civil Defence Organisation says:

"You could survive a nuclear attack by taking simple precautions. The secrets of survival are a knowledge of the dangers and the steps you can take to escape them. Survival depends largely on the individual himself. Learn these precautions and take action accordingly.

"Remember, knowledge and planning may well mean your survival."



● The diagram above indicates the possible extent of damage from an H-bomb bursting at ground level with an explosive force of ten megatons (equalling ten million tons TNT): In area A, total destruction of property; B, irreparable damage; C, severe to moderate damage; D, light damage.

However, effects of a nuclear explosion may vary enormously according to the size of bomb, accuracy of aim, whether the area is flat or hilly, and various other factors.

The organisation

The development of the Civil Defence Organisation throughout New South Wales is proceeding rapidly, and most councils have appointed local Civil Defence Controllers.

The Civil Defence Controller will answer questions, help prepare family plans, give additional guidance, discuss community plans.

In other States, contact the responsible central authority (the Premier's Department in Victoria, South Australia, Western Australia, and Tasmania; the Public Service Commissioner in Queensland).

WARNING of attack

WHAT TO DO if you receive a Civil Defence warning (This may come to you over the radio, through members of the Civil Defence Organisation, or by other official means):

Obeys instructions. Take notice only of official warnings—do not listen to gossip or pass on rumors. Do not use your telephone. The lines may be required by emergency services.

AT HOME

Put your family plan into operation. Check your shelter arrangements, making sure that bedding and blankets are included.

Check stockpile of food, not forgetting last-minute items from the kitchen—pepper and salt, butter, fresh milk, vegetables, etc.

Check emergency water supply. If you have a rainwater tank, disconnect downpipe to tank and cover inlet securely. Then connect a hose fitted with a nozzle to the tank and run it to the shelter for an additional emergency supply.

Take fire-fighting appliances to the shelter, fill the bath, tubs, and other containers.

Bring in vegetables and fruit from the garden and gather fresh eggs.

Close all doors and windows, draw the blinds and curtains, and fit shutters.

Cut off gas and electricity at the mains.

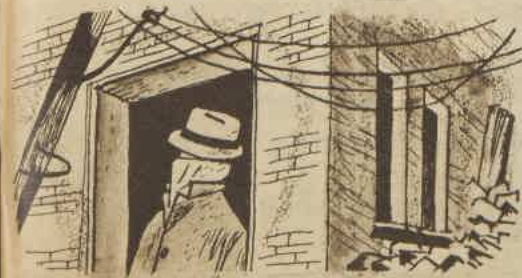
Gather your family and go to the shelter.

Switch on battery-operated radio and follow any official instructions.

Remember your family pets.

Having attended to the matters mentioned above, do not leave your house unless directed by proper authority.

Be methodical. Do things in the above order. It will be quicker in the long run. Above all, remain calm.



Avoid breathing radioactive dust.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 27, 1961

SUGGESTIONS FOR A STOCKPILE

HAVE on hand at least 14 days' supply of food stored for an emergency. This food should be used and replaced at regular intervals. Plastic bags are good containers.

Here are some suggestions. Quantities will depend on the size and ages of the family. Individual tastes should be considered.

Beef extract	vegemite	honey
tea	coffee	cocoa
sugar	pepper	salt
flour	plain biscuits	cereals
jellies	dried fruits	rice
home preserves	cheese	curry powder

TINNED FOODS

meats	fish	soups
baked beans	spaghetti	sweet corn
fruits	fruit juices	milk
cream	golden syrup	plum pudding
vegetables	tomatoes	jam

Seven gallons of water per person (refresh every month).

The food stockpile can be further increased from other food supplies on hand, such as bread, biscuits, cakes, lollies, and other appropriate items, including fresh food and drink from your refrigerator. Vegetables and fruit could be added from the kitchen or from the garden. Fresh eggs should be added, too.

Always have at least three days' supply of food and water ready in containers for easy transfer to your car in the event of evacuation being necessary.

FIRST AID — Minimum supply

Small scissors. Forceps. Triangular bandages (2). Mixture of roller bandages (2in., 1in., and 1/2in.).

Packet of dressings (gauze or cotton-wool).

Antiseptic for cleansing of wounds. All-purpose antiseptic for burns.

Large wide roll of sticking-plaster.

Tourniquet.

Eye-drops, eye-dropper, eye-bath.

Aspirin.

Other special medicines required by family.

OTHER SUPPLIES

Battery-operated radio, spare batteries.

Torches, spare batteries.

Candles, matches, lantern, and kerosene.

Blankets, bedding.

Warm extra clothing.

Soap and other toilet requisites, washing dish.

Emergency sanitary can and toilet paper, deodorant.

Eating utensils, can-opener, paper plates and cups.

Emergency cooking equipment, cooking utensils, measuring cup, spoons.

Garbage container, waste disposal pail.

Hammer, saw, nails, wire, shovel, axe, crowbar.

Games, books, toys, cards.

Whistle, rope (whistle is for use by a person trapped under debris).

If possible, stockpiles should be kept in the family shelter.

Your car will be the means of evacuating you and your family. Keep it ready for the road. Make sure petrol and oil are always topped up.



One in a family should learn first-aid.



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SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By
MARY COLES

THIS year's Bachelors' Ball, at Princes on October 13, will be a "last time" as committee members for Bill Edwards and Michael Osborne—both soon to join the ranks of benedicks.

Bill, who is the son of Mrs. Pat Levy, of Edgecliff, and the late Mr. Jim Edwards, and Patti Griffin are to wed at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, on November 15. Afterwards Patti's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Griffin, of Bellevue Hill, will entertain at Princes.

St. Mark's will also be the setting for Michael's marriage to his Queensland fiancée, Cassie Blanshard, on December 23.

Cassie, who has been living in Sydney since her return from abroad, is now grappling with the problem of long-range discussions about bridal finery for her all-white wedding.

Her attendants will be her sister Elaine, Mrs. Bill Smith, of Melbourne (whose small daughters Katrina and Emma, with their four-year-old cousin Edwina Blanshard, of Brisbane, will be in the retinue), and Michael's cousins, Joanna Gundry, who is coming from England for the wedding, and Virginia Osborne.

Michael and Cassie are also poring over blueprints for the house they're going to build on his property, "Lakelands," Bungendore.

★ ★ ★
THE Bachelors' Ball—the proceeds will aid Torch Bearers for Legacy, as usual, I hear from president Tony Pratten—will also be a "last fling" as a bachelor for Kenneth Laird (Colonel Pickering of "My Fair Lady"), who will be a guest of honor at the function. Three days later, on October 16, he is marrying viola player Patricia Ryan. Kenneth and Patricia, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Ryan, of North Sydney, and formerly of Broken Hill, fell in love across the footlights at Her Majesty's Theatre. Patricia has been a member of the "M.F.L." orchestra since the opening of its Sydney season, which ends on October 14. They're having a registry office marriage, and celebrations will follow at the Rex Hotel, Macleay Street, before going on to Queensland to re-join the company in Brisbane. Eventually they'll make their home in England, where Kenneth has a flat, furnished with some lovely antiques, in a Regency house at Worthing, in Sussex.

★ ★ ★
FLOWER arrangements demonstrated by Mrs. Wilfred Arlom will be a feature of the luncheon at Mr. and Mrs. Len Hinds' home at Gordon, arranged by the Town and Country Committee of the Smith Family on September 27.

★ ★ ★
A BUFFET dinner will be given by Mr. A. A. Watson, his daughter Madge, and artist son Douglas at their fascinating home at Darling Point, following the opening of Douglas' exhibition of oils at the Macquarie Galleries on September 20. Guests will have plenty of food for thought—after seeing the paintings—as well as sumptuous fare at the party (both Doug and Madge are superb cooks). "Bristling moustachioed" Douglas describes this collection of his work as "rather strange paintings, with emphasis on color and texture, emotionally expressing the speed and tensions of our time." As well as paint, his canvases feature pieces of steel, bits of brass—and even letters of the alphabet—extracted from kits used by kindergarten-goers, to achieve the symbolism he wants to interpret.

★ ★ ★
THE day after her twentieth birthday last week, Fiona Macintosh and Victorian Neil Raven announced their engagement on Neil's twenty-second birthday. Fiona, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Macintosh, of "Alpha," Werris Creek, are planning an Easter wedding next year.

★ ★ ★
I HEAR Anne Dixon, the younger daughter of the Chief Justice of the High Court of Australia, Sir Owen Dixon, and Lady Dixon, of Melbourne, will wed South Australian Neville Reid in November. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Reid.



POWDER-BLUE silk organza gown was worn by the Hon. Catherine Sidney (on the right), the daughter of the Governor-General, Lord De L'Isle, and Lady De L'Isle, when she attended a dance aboard H.M.S. Belfast before the cruiser left Sydney last week. Pictured with her, from left, are Mrs. David Loran, the captain of H.M.S. Belfast, Captain Morgan Giles, and Commander David Loran.



AFTER their wedding at St. Philip's, Church Hill, Mr. Barry Lloyd, of Coonamble, and his bride, formerly Miss Lindrea Shepherd, walked from the church to the Wentworth Hotel, where the bride's father and stepmother, Mr. and Mrs. Quentin Shepherd, of "Baroona," Narromine, entertained at a reception. Behind the bridegroom is his best man, Mr. Brian Williamson. At right are groomsmen Mr. Ross Shepherd and Miss Judith Ferrier, who with Mrs. Trevor Dingle attended the bride.



CHILEAN Charge d'Affaires, Mr. Gino Bucchi, and his wife with Mrs. F. De Vanharasz (on the right), who was among guests at a reception given by Mr. and Mrs. Bucchi at their home at Aston Gardens, Bellevue Hill.



ENGLISH visitor Sir John Wedgwood (on the left) with Miss Ronnie Mackellar, of Rose Bay, at cheery cocktail party given by Mr. Ian Taylor (at right) and his wife in honor of Sir John.



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AWW 3



THE ROCK AT BEDROCK



FRED FLINTSTONE, at the piano, with best friend Barney Rubble, his wife, Wilma, and Barney's wife, Betty, extreme right.

● "The Flintstones" is TV's first adult cartoon, a domestic situation comedy in weekly episodes set in the Stone Age. It's a delicious bit of madness. With its mixture of the 20th century and prehistoric days, it has something of the wonderful daffiness of bits of "Alice in Wonderland." The Flintstones themselves are a very 20th-century couple, but Wilma's sink disposal unit is a big-jawed lizard that lives under the sink, and when Fred puts the cat out at night, it's a small sabre-toothed tiger that miaows at him. Fred and Wilma live in the progressive town of Bedrock and enjoy themselves at the local Y.C.M.A. (Young Cave Man's Association) or at home around their Stoneway. Fred, no square, is a great man for "The Rock."

— NAN MUSGROVE

SHOW BUSINESS

"The Merchant" a TV triumph

By NAN MUSGROVE

● "The Merchant of Venice," A.B.C.-TV's live production of Shakespeare, was an eye-opener to me.

THE eye-opening came from the depth of Tanya Halesworth's portrayal of Portia, the strength of Owen Weingott's Shylock, and producer Alan Burke's fresh interpretation and splendid production.

I expected it to be good, but not as good as it was.

The production was eagerly awaited as the drama debut of A.B.C.-TV's attractive presentation officer, Tanya Halesworth.

Tanya, in nearly three years with the A.B.C., has ensnared Sydney viewers with her smile and charming manner.

She has become the closest approach to a TV personality unearthed in the Sydney viewing area—a hard, tough area for TV personalities to conquer.

"The Merchant of Venice" was television's first chance to see her as an actress.

When the play started with Portia at her home in Belmont with her suitors gathering, I thought Tanya was a competent Portia, her usual charming self, moving gracefully about in the flowing dresses of the day.

As the play progressed, she got better and better.

In the famous courtroom scene she was splendid. It

must surely put her in quite another light to her lucky employer, the A.B.C.

Owen Weingott's Shylock was proud, moving, and forceful, a different picture from the usual one of the cringing Jew. I preferred his opening scenes to the later ones.

Someone asked me whose "Merchant of Venice" I thought it was. It would be difficult to award any separate crown. Tanya and Owen Weingott shared the acting honors evenly, but, if I had to, I would say it was producer Alan Burke's "Merchant."

The production, as it moved from scene to scene from the happy, airy look of Belmont to the busy Rialto and sombre courts of Venice, was notable for its casting, direction, lighting, and camera work.

TV's fairy godmother

ALL little girls are entranced by fairy stories. And all little girls have a favorite that they remember all their lives—the lovely story of Cinderella, who, plucked from her dreary kitchen, clothed and coiffured by her fairy godmother, is transported to Prince Charming's side to win his heart.

TV has its own fairy godmother, Channel 9's tiny, blond Elaine White. Her pro-



Proud, moving, forceful . . . Owen Weingott in his role as Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice."

gramme, "My Fair Lady," seen every Tuesday at 12 noon, has taken Cinderella after Cinderella and transformed them from their everyday suburban selves into elegant women of the world.

Miss White provides everything but Prince Charming for her many Fair Ladies, but she makes it easy for them to entertain the man of their choice.

To top off her transformation the lucky lady is provided with an orchid corsage, a booking at one of Sydney's most exclusive restaurants for a free dinner for two, and tickets for "My Fair Lady."

It's not roses all the way, though, for TV's Cinderella. She has trials to face. She is chosen as a member of a panel of four hopefuls from a letter of application to Elaine White telling why she wants to be a fair lady.

On her big day, she faces the studio audience, who listen to her letter and a criticism of her clothes and figure by fashion photographer Ray Leighton. After this, the studio audience elect the winner by applause.

Chosen, the fair lady is photographed from all angles and then disappears from view for a week. During this time she is exercised to suppleness and better shape, massaged, styled, shampooed, set, pedicured, manicured, and clothed from top to toe.

The transformations are amazing. In the pictures below you see (at right) Mrs. G. Stein, of Lakemba, N.S.W.,



BEFORE and AFTER pictures of Mrs. G. Stein, of Lakemba, N.S.W.



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the leopard
changes its spots

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FILM REVIEWS AND GOSSIP

*** THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN

... is a thrilling experience in fast-gun action, itchy-trigger quips, and scenic photography. Bland gunman Yul Brynner accepts a proposition—salary small, danger high—from impoverished Mexican farmers to deal with bandits who plunder food from their isolated village. With his six-shooter band (including the slow-torouse, fast-to-draw Steve McQueen), Brynner prepares the farmers for the showdown. With powerful players in an absorbing plot, this Western is a winner.—Regent, Sydney. In a word . . . SLICK.

* THE LOVES OF SALAMBO

All heads roll in this bloodbath, where the Carthaginians and Barbarians meet head on in savage slaughter. Carthage's high priestess, Jeanne Valerie, and Barbarian chief Edmund Purdom snatch seconds between bouts for courtship.—Esquire, Sydney. In a word . . . BRUTAL.

BOB WAGNER's steady date in London these days is Joan Collins; and his estranged wife, Natalie Wood, is currently being squired round Hollywood by Joan's ex-boyfriend Warren Beatty. To make things even more interesting, the house Bob is renting in London—complete with butler, footman, and upstairs maid—belongs to another of Natalie's beaux, Peter Glenville.

HOLLYWOOD horror specialist William Castle, producer-director of films like "Macabre," "The Tingler," and "Homicide," has bought two of J. B. Priestley's early thrillers for filming. Priestley receives no payment for the books, but will instead draw a percentage of the gross. On his recent trip to London, Castle met up with Britain's horror king, Colonel James Carreras, whose Hammer Studios are to remake two Hollywood classics—"The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari" and "Phantom of the Opera"—later this year.



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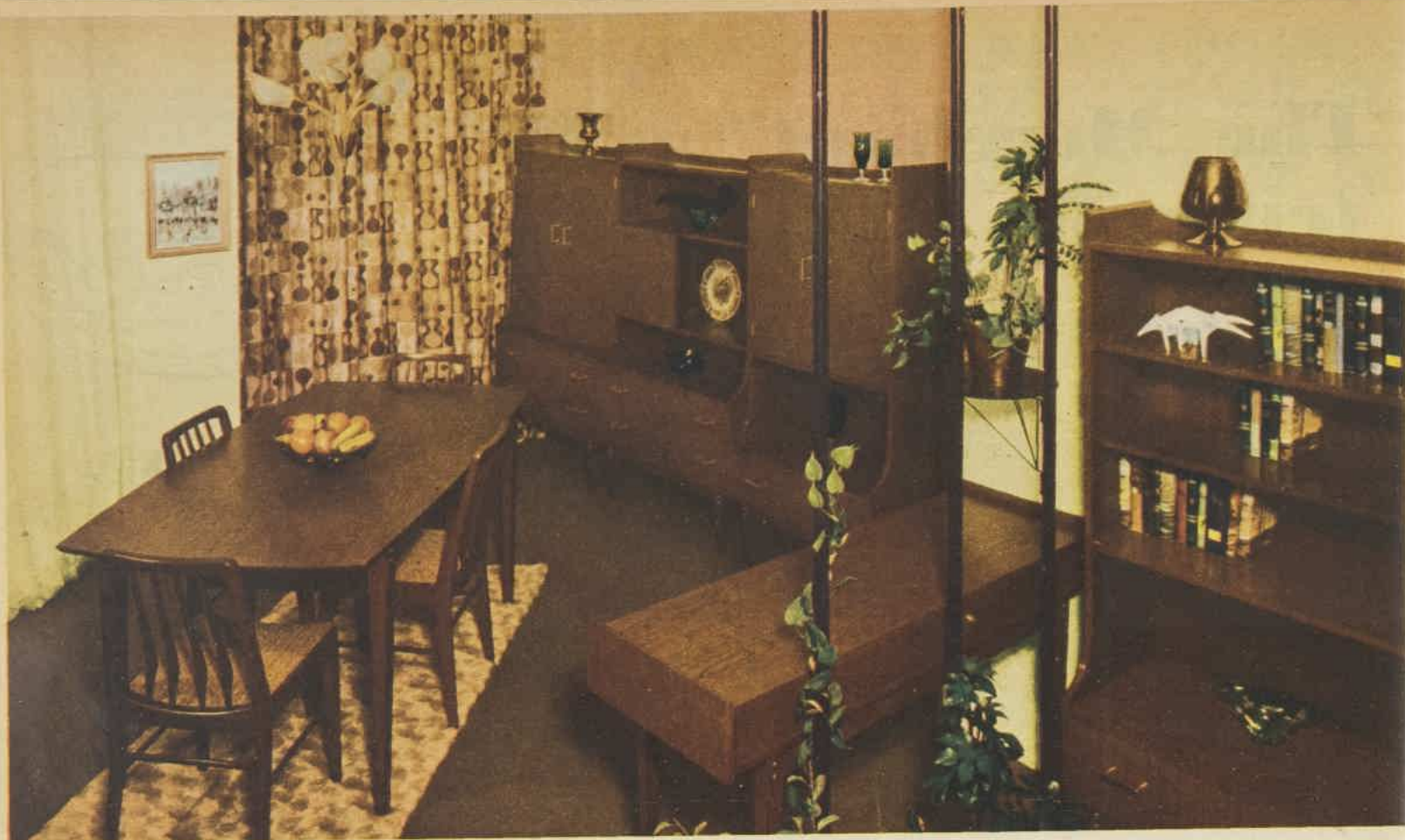
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INVINCIBLE INGRID

46—and not a wrinkle

By JON WHITCOMB

● *At forty-six, filmdom's most controversial figure literally glows with serenity. Apparently unscarred by the turmoil of her past, the invincible Ingrid Bergman faced only one problem for her latest picture: how to look old enough to pass for a woman of 40.*

THE film was United Artists' "Goodbye Again," from Francoise Sagan's "Aimez-vous Brahms" and starred Ingrid and Yves Montand.

Miss Sagan's novel dealt with the faltering romance of a 40-year-old woman decorator (Bergman) and her inconstant lover (Montand) and the effect on both their lives of a much younger suitor (Tony Perkins).

When filming began (at the Studio de Boulogne, Paris), a curious thing happened: Ingrid, who has just turned 46, had to be aged by the make-up department to look old enough for the role.

Said the director of make-up: "We have to put shadows under her eyes and shadows and wrinkles on her neck to give her the required maturity. When she comes into the studio in the morning, her face freshly scrubbed and without any make-up, she looks like a girl of 25."

Ingrid's youthful appearance and her unworried mood on the set presented a tremendous contrast to the day in 1956 when I had last seen her at this same studio.

This was the sixth year of her union with Roberto Rossellini; and, after a string of unsuccessful pictures directed by her husband, they were in desperate need of money.

The situation drove her from Italy to France to make a Jean Renoir film, "Paris Does Strange Things," with Mel Ferrer and Jean Marais. Although her husband and children were with her at the time, Ingrid was already facing the first cracks in her marriage.

Rested, beautiful

Now, five years later, Miss Bergman looked rested, more beautiful than ever, and 10 years younger. I told her so.

"Very strange," she remarked amiably. "Well that is wonderful. That's just what Hedda Hopper said. She put on her glasses because she couldn't believe it. She had to look very closely. She wanted to count my wrinkles."

Miss Bergman looked completely wrinkleless to me.

"I never wear much make-up," she said. "Not even on the screen unless it is required for the role. Here I must. I feel the character of the woman I play, sophisticated and worldly, would wear more mascara than some of the other heroines I've done."

"You seem much thinner than before. Have you been dieting?"

She laughed. "Ah, you think so? No, it must be because I wear my hair this way—there's a false little bun underneath, then the hair is rolled over it and pinned up, the front swept with big waves."

"Or maybe it's the clothes. The House of Dior did 20 changes for me in this film, and maybe they're responsible."

"Or maybe age makes one look more drawn."

No make-up

Miss Bergman said she wore no make-up once she left the studio, "unless you can call lipstick make-up."

"Please don't think I disapprove of it for others. If it makes them look better I think they should try. Why make people suffer an ugly face if there is a possibility for improvement?"

"But I think a great many women look better without it. I think I am one of those women. I like my own looks better the minute the make-up comes off. I happen to have a very nice gift from God, and that is a nice skin. Make-up just makes me look ridiculous."

Her fingers smoothed her skirt. "Since I live here in Paris (actually the house she shares with her husband, Lars Schmidt, is an old farmhouse outside Paris), I go to the local dress-makers for my clothes."

"I've tried them all—a dress here, another there—but only when I find the time." She giggled. "I don't seem to manage so well. I'll never be one of the 10 best-dressed women of the world."

There may be Eskimos north of the Arctic Circle who have not heard of the Perils of Ingrid, but surely few people anywhere in the world who read newspapers or listen to radio can be ignorant of her marital woes.

Certainly nothing she has played in films can approach her private life for suspense and anguish.

● To page 28

Serene and beautiful at 46, Ingrid Bergman plays the role of a Parisienne of 40 in "Goodbye Again," a romantic drama based on a novel by Francoise Sagan.





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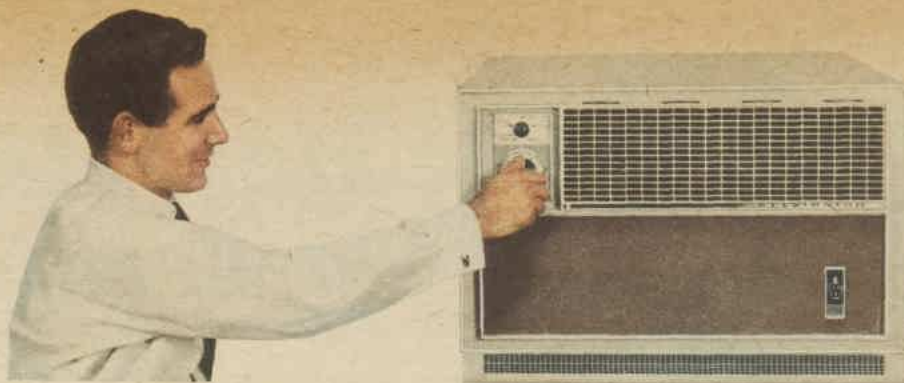



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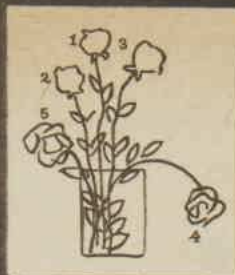
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ROSES' GLOW

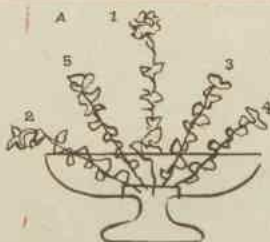
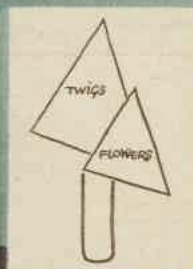
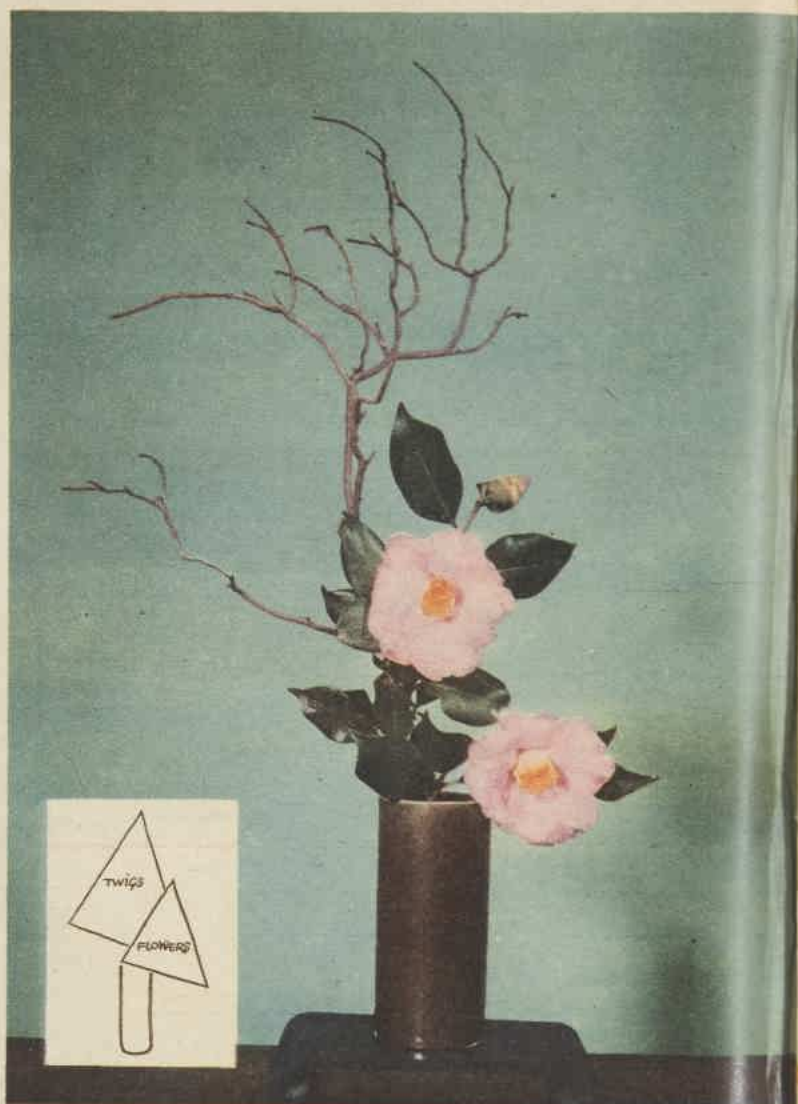
GOLDEN ECLIPSE roses are eye-catching, especially on a sunny window-sill. The container blends perfectly with the roses (it is a graceful antique stoneware vase), but many old glazed amber jugs would do. The roses are arranged in a triangular form, with heavy open blooms forming a solid base for the buds.

This arrangement by Mrs. N. Conley, Penshurst, N.S.W.

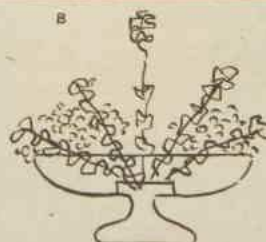
● Very little support is needed in a relatively narrow container of this type, provided a few leaves are left on the stems. A few inches of crushed chicken-wire will make sure they stay in place. Place the tall back buds first, and complete the line with the drooping bud at right and the partly opened rose at top left. (This is a bud with the petals forced gently open.) Place the other small buds in position next and the two fully opened blooms last of all.

A FOUR-PAGE FEATURE

Make the most of spring flowers



A: Place long horizontal needlepoint holders, establishing the line with the variety *Fragrance*. At this stage make a green leafy background to form a contrast with the pink and white flowers.



GERANIUMS — several varieties in shades of pink and white in a wide container. (Some sauce boats would do just as well.) Varieties: *Fragrance*, *Foliage*, *Lady Warwick*, *Lady Ilchester*, *Bridesmaid*, *Cliff House*, *Warre*, *Princess Victoria*.

B: Filling in the flowers, start with the longest outside stems. Leave the centre ones to the last.

This arrangement by Mrs. M. D. McDonald, Sydney.

THERE'S nothing so beautiful as fresh flowers for brightening a room. Even if you think your floral talents are limited to popping a bunch of daffodils in water, just as they come from the shop, your home will be a sweeter place for them. But there's more to "doing the flowers" than that. It is a very personal art that anyone can try at any time of the year.

Several things you'll need for a good job: strong scissors or secateurs, some chicken-wire, a small roll of copper wire, a needlepoint holder or two, a hammer or pliers for crushing heavy stems.

Pictures in this section were taken at flower shows in Sydney and Melbourne.

CLASSICAL

THE classic beauty of this perfect arrangement of two camellias, one bud, and a branch of *Rhus* lies first of all in the selection of the materials themselves. Just any branch would not have done as well—*Rhus* was chosen because its spreading shape at the left balances the heavy camellias at the right. Even so, it had to be trimmed here and there to perfect the idea.

Arrangement by Mrs. E. G. Waterhouse, of Gordon, N.S.W. (wife of Professor Waterhouse, patron of the Australian Camellia Research Society show, which is held yearly).

● First trim and place the branch. You can stop it swinging about by forcing a little crushed chicken-wire into the neck of the base. This will also keep the camellias in position. They may also be lightly wired together if you find it necessary. The arrangement is vertical, in the form of two overlapping triangles.

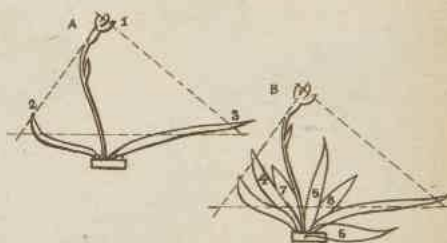


ASPIRING

BRILLIANT yellow irises in a green bowl. The pebbles are both practical and decorative—they hide the needlepoint holder and they also serve to remind us of the pebbles on the bank of a river where the irises might grow.

This arrangement by Mr. J. Grose, of Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.

A: First place the holder in position to the left of the container, then place the principal iris with the long stem so that its top is exactly over the centre of the holder for balance. Now place the two principal side leaves to define the triangle.

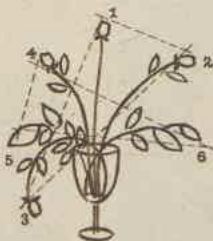


B: Five more leaves fill out the pattern, making the ideal uneven number of seven. Add the shorter irises, making a total of eight. You can do this work on a flat table surface. Finally fill the container with water and then add the pebbles.



DELICATE

FOR limited space, a delicate arrangement of "Cecil Brunner" roses in a wineglass. The form of a double triangle adds drama to the tiny pink flowers. A final touch is one rose dropped beside the glass as if it had fallen out.



● Use three tiny needlepoint holders—part of an interlocking set which is imported from Japan. They can be used to make up any size or shape of support. Place the tallest roses and the largest leaves in position first, and after this has been done force in the others with most of their leaves removed.

This arrangement by Mr. Stirling Macoboy, Sydney.

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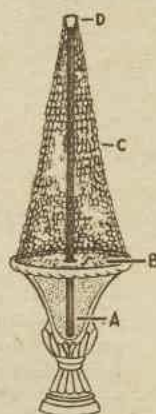
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SPRING FLOWERS *Continued*



"Tree" in an urn



A: Vase filled with dry sand.

B: Plate with hole for rod (fibre-board or very heavy cardboard is also suitable).

C: To tie in fruit, thread wire through tiny holes punched with sharp stiletto or drill. Twist at "blossom" end and cover with small fray of brown paper. Bananas pushed in but pierced and tied at end to secure.

D: Fasten wire netting to cork.

● Fruit or flowers piled high above an urn make a spectacular splash of color. They are, in fact, secured to a wire-netting "tree." The tree should be about twice the height of the base; the one pictured is 40 inches high, and would take four or five dozen pieces of fruit. Ceramic fruit is available in the shops, costing about 10/- for six pieces. Plastic fruit is cheaper. Fresh fruit could be used and ivy or virginia creeper. If flowers are used, pack the frame with damp fibre from the florist's and wire the flowers close together.

Arrangements by Mrs. B. Mander-Jones, Greenwich, N.S.W.

Lichened log



ARRANGE licheneous branches in the form of a triangle and place lichened bark to conceal metal trough. Place a red cyclamen and beetroot leaf in narrow glass bottle, giving the leaf height with a false wire stem.

● Red cyclamen and red beetroot leaves provide the color for this arrangement, apparently growing from a lichened log. Float the beetroot leaves overnight, and to keep the lichened twigs fresh leave them out in the rain when not in use.

Arrangement by Mrs. Joyce Johns, president of the University of Melbourne Floral Group.



ADD beetroot leaves and cyclamen to hide the bottle, but still preserve the original triangular shape.



FINALLY add the best cyclamen to the centre of the arrangement, completely hiding the bottle.

FRAMED IN LILIES

● A triple cornucopia, an old Italian piece, is the container chosen by Mrs. Joyce Johns, president of the University of Melbourne Floral Group, for this arrangement. For control of the blooms she used two-inch-mesh wire. She suggests that a light-gauge chicken wire is the best as a floral aid, as it bends easier than stronger wires.



1 Mark the basic outline with the back centre grouping of arum lilies and side branching of delicate pink almond blossom and also one head of white stock.

2 Fill in outline with more white stock and almond blossom, and add the green of euphorbia and spiky gladiolus leaves, together with a few aucuba leaves.

3 Fan out daffodils and add the central focal point, creamy magnolia blooms, and a wide spray of aucuba leaves.

THE CURVED LINE

● Magnolia blooms, almond blossom, variegated hydrangea leaves, and a single trail of Garryia elliptica are used in this arrangement by Mrs. Johns. To hold the flowers in place use a crosspiece of wire fastened round the neck of the container.



1 Mark basic horizontal line with magnolia blooms and two stems of almond blossom. Single tassel of Garryia elliptica emphasises the slender line of the graceful container.

2 Fill in with variegated hydrangea leaves and more almond blossom. Other firm-stemmed flowers could be used instead of the magnolias.



ORCHID ACCENT

● Orchids were used here by Mrs. Johns to show how well they combine with other flowers. This isn't extravagant, as orchids will keep up to six weeks and can be used over and over again with different blooms. A pin aid was used in the neck of the container, base of an old fruit comport sprayed a pale copper color. Favorite pieces of china and silver may often suggest a particular floral composition.



1 Place three pink orchids in an oblique line and arrange at the back the silvery green of the inside of the spiky leaves of Dutch iris, made into loops and bows.

2 Fill in the oblique line with flowering apricot and a scattering of blue grape hyacinths. Roses, bauhinia, or other single specimen flowers could replace orchids.



A friend and former Press agent, Joseph Steele, in a sympathetic book covering these events, called "Ingrid Bergman: An Intimate Portrait," ascribed to her a built-in restlessness which drove her to abandon her husband, child, and her Hollywood success for new horizons in Italy with Roberto Rossellini.

Six months later, when her husband, Dr. Peter Lindstrom, was still refusing Ingrid a divorce, she showed Steele a letter she had written to her sister-in-law: "Petter (the Swedish spelling of Peter) and Pia (her daughter) are constantly in my mind . . . but it is impossible for me to go back. I am a flyttfagel (bird of passage). Ever since I was a little girl I have hungered for something new, something

Continuing . . .

INVINCIBLE INGRID BERGMAN

from page 21

different. Much as I saw and experienced, it was never enough . . .

"At home with Petter everything was all right. During the years when we were separated while he was studying to be a doctor I longed for a home. Finally we got a home, fixed it up the way he wanted, then the flyttfagel began to spread its wings again.

"I should have been satisfied with all that I had, but instead I began to feel everything closing in on me.

"Then I met Roberto Rossellini and I found another flyttfagel. He

had a great curiosity about life and people in the world.

"I am sad about Petter, but the truth is that far inside of us we had grown far apart . . . Petter took me as a young girl and taught me much, but I hunger for more life, and Petter does not fly where I want to fly. I will never hate Petter. If I hate anyone it is myself, who has ruined a home and made a world-wide scandal."

The philosophical tone of this letter did not betray despair over Petter's stalling on the divorce.

She was already pregnant, and she knew that it was only a question of time before the news would be out. (Louella Parsons published the scoop. "My biggest story," she said.)

The negotiations with Peter dragged on for four months past the birth of Robertino Rossellini, and in the end Ingrid got a proxy Mexican divorce and went through a proxy Mexican marriage to Rossellini amid headlines that brought threats against her pictures all the way from women's clubs to the Legion of Decency.

The only thing that sustained her through this period was the unflagging devotion of her good friends on both sides of the Atlantic.

Meanwhile back in London, Ingrid brightened the family exchequer by making "Anastasia," co-starring Yul Brynner and Helen Hayes.

Later she did "Tea and Sympathy" on the Paris stage.

It was a glittering success and further damaged Rossellini's self-esteem. (Both "Anastasia" and "Sympathy" he called "junk.")

The idealistic try with Rossellini caved in on the shoals of financial insecurity and Roberto's frantic efforts to bolster their unequal earning power.

On a trip to India for the filming of a documentary, he did to Ingrid what Ingrid had done to Peter, and soon the newspapers were humming with rumors of his liaison with a married Indian woman, Sonali Das Gupta.

Said Ingrid: "If only Roberto had accomplished something successfully, the marriage might have been saved. I understood him, but I was powerless to alter the way things were. Roberto's pride was hurt. Everything seemed to go against him—very hard for a man of his talent and ability to swallow."

There followed a semi-comic soap opera in the matter of Ingrid's untangling from Rossellini.

It was reported that Sonali was expecting Roberto's child.

While Dr. Lindstrom was getting United States citizenship, Ingrid was switching hers back to Sweden.

In the meantime she had met Lars Schmidt, in whom she was developing a romantic interest. At long last Pia (renamed Jenny Ann) was allowed to spend a summer with her mother.

The Rossellinis were finally able to arrange a legal separation, but since Italy does not grant divorces, it was up to the lawyers to fight their way through a maze of technicalities and to try for an annulment.

Film successes

Ingrid received a second Oscar for "Anastasia" to join the one she had won earlier for "Gaslight."

Her films were now welcome again in America, and she went to work immediately in London on "Indiscreet" with Cary Grant, and "Ann of the Sixth Happiness" with the late Robert Donat.

Her friends approved of Schmidt. Said one, "He is the first man in her life without a big ego."

To Steele, she wrote, "Many people seem shocked that so soon after the separation I fell in love. But no one will ever know how many years I lived without any love at all."

In spite of the general climate of approval which now surrounds Miss Bergman, there are those who still regard her with some scepticism.

Said one studio executive I met in Paris, "You must keep in mind that here is a woman who walked out on her husband and daughter when Pia was still a very young child, and has said that she feels no regret, and would do the same thing all over again."

"It seems likely then that if another attractive temptation assailed her, she might succumb as before."

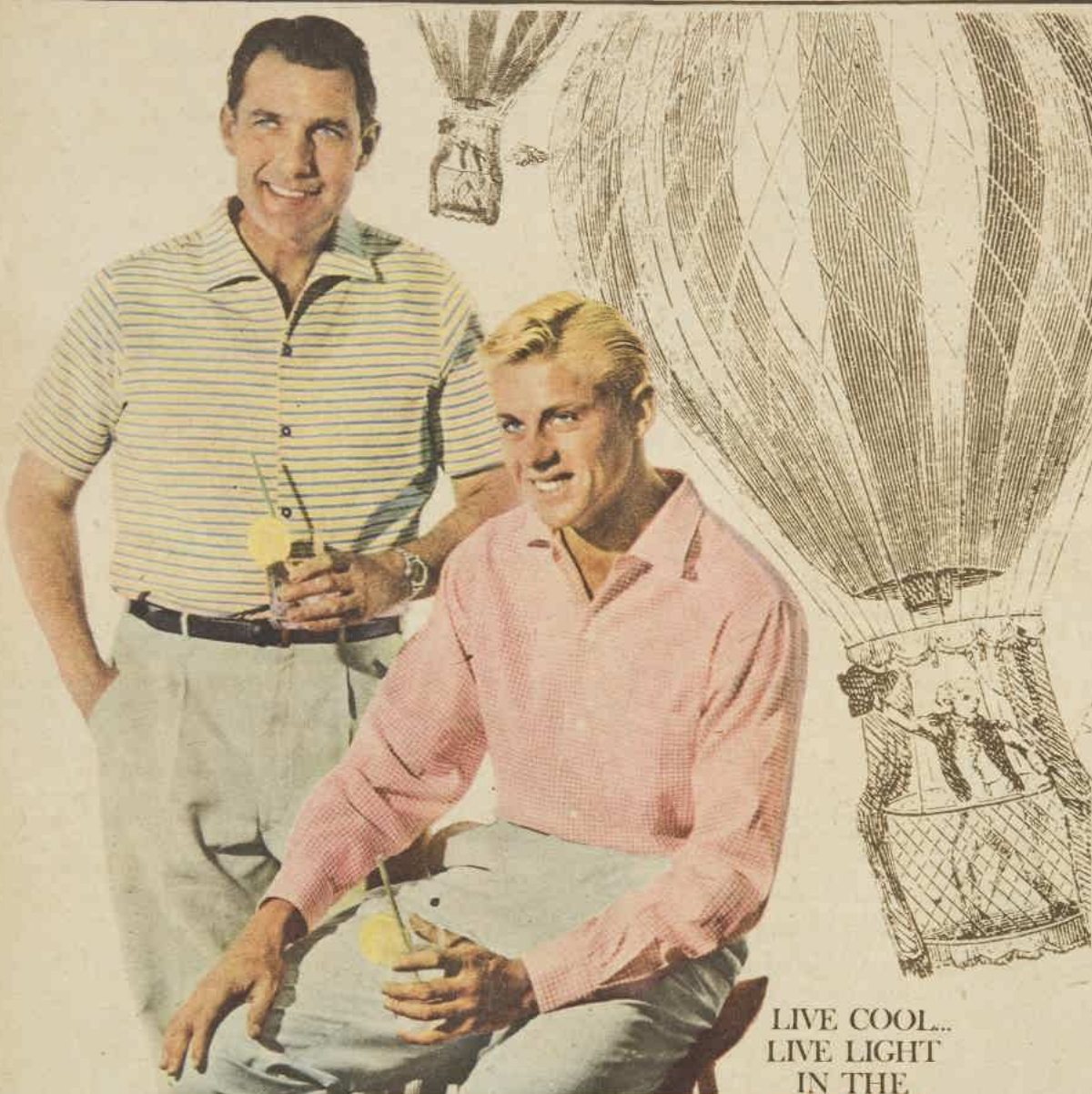
"She is an extremely attractive woman whose principal interest is herself. I doubt very much that she would ever be moved by the problems or opinions of others, even those of her immediate family."

Today, Ingrid, severe and beautiful, shows no visible signs of the rugged turmoil that she has been through since her arrival in Italy on March 20, 1949. Perhaps the explanation may lie in her superb constitution and her enormous capacity for living and for losing herself in her work.

She both lives and breathes acting, and on trips to New York she has been known to sit through as many as five movies in a single day.

It is necessary, she says, to keep track of what other actors are doing.

Physically, her magnificent body requires little effort to keep in condition.



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Heaven has no favorites

Defiantly they loved . . . part two of our serial

By ERICH MARIA REMARQUE

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

HOLIDAYING between races, professional driver CLERFAYT travels to Switzerland to visit his old co-driver HOLLMANN, a patient at the Bella Vista Sanatorium. Feeling superstitious because his contract is running out and upset because his new co-driver is dying as a result of a smash, Clerfayt begs Hollmann not to speak of racing, and so their conversation turns to discussing the other patients in the visitors' lounge, in particular a young girl, LILLIAN DUNKERQUE, and her Russian friend, BORIS VOLKOV.

One of Lillian's close friends has just died, leaving her in a state of deep depression which she tries to dispel by disobeying the rules of the sanatorium by going out at night with Clerfayt and Hollmann. As the days go by and Clerfayt stays in the village, he cannot understand his growing interest in the melancholy Lillian, especially when he compares her to his erstwhile companion, LYDIA MORELLI, a sophisticated woman of the world.

With no improvement in her condition, Lillian feels she cannot bear the imprisonment of the mountains any longer and decides to leave the sanatorium as a passenger in Clerfayt's car, never having had the courage to go by herself before. The head doctor and the matron reason unsuccessfully with her, and even Volkov's pleading cannot dissuade her.

After travelling all day, Clerfayt pulls up at Locarno, where Lillian feels complete joy at being below the mountains and in a world she has almost forgotten. As Clerfayt turns to leave after seeing her settled in her hotel room, she turns to him and says, "I didn't leave in order to be alone."

NOW READ ON:

THE suburbs of Paris stretched out grey, ugly, and rain-streaked; but the farther they penetrated into the city the more the enchantment began. Corners, angles, and streets rose up like paintings by Utrillo and Pissarro; the grey paled until it was almost silvery; the river appeared, with its bridges and scows and budding trees, with the colorful rows of bookstalls and the square blocks of the old buildings on the right bank of the Seine.

"From that spot," Clerfayt said, "Marie Antoinette was taken away to be beheaded. An extraordinary restaurant is right opposite. In this city you can combine hunger with history everywhere. Where would you like to stay?"

"There," Lillian said, pointing across the river at the light facade of a small hotel.

"Do you know the place?"

"How would I know it?"

"From the last time you were here."

"When I was last here I stayed mostly in hiding in a greengrocer's cellar."

"Wouldn't you prefer to stay somewhere near your uncle?"

"My uncle is so stingy that he probably lives in a single room. Let's drive across the bridge and ask whether they have any vacancies. Where do you stay?"

"At the Ritz."

"Of course," Lillian said.

Clerfayt nodded. "I'm not rich enough to live elsewhere," he said.

They drove across the bridge to the boulevard Saint-Michel and on to the quai des Grandes-Augustins, and stopped in front of the Hotel Bisson. As they got out of the car a hotel employee came out the front door carrying bags. "There's my room," Lillian said. "Someone is just leaving."

"Do you really want to stay here? Just because you saw the hotel from across the river?"

Lillian nodded. "That's just the way I want to live. Without recommendations and prejudices."

The room was available. The hotel had no elevator, but luckily the room was on the second floor. The room was small and sparsely furnished, but the bed seemed good and there was a bathroom. All the furniture was cheap, modern stuff except for a small baroque table. The wallpaper was old, and the electric light poor—but in compensation there shone outside the window the river with Conciergerie, quays, and the towers of Notre-Dame.

"You can leave here any time you please," Clerfayt said. "That's something people are apt to forget."

"Go where? To you in the Ritz?"

"Not to me, but to the Ritz," Clerfayt replied. "During the war I stayed there for half a year. I wore a beard and went by another name. On the cheaper side, facing the rue Cambon. On the other side, facing the place Vendome, were the German big shots. It was something to remember."

The porter brought up the bags, Clerfayt went to the door. "Would you like to have dinner with me this evening?"

"When?"

"Around nine?"

"At nine, then."

She watched him as he went out. Throughout this day's drive they had exchanged not a word about the evening in Locarno. She heard Giuseppe's starting roar and went to the window. Perhaps he'll be back, she thought, but perhaps not. She did not know, and it was not

To page 48

Lillian felt transfigured as she tried on the models while the women fluttered around fitting and pinning.



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Mother's dilemma

ARE children better off with only their father, whom they think is wonderful (and with them he is), or with both parents who can't agree? My husband and I have three girls whom we both love, but we just can't agree and he won't come to a Marriage Guidance Counsel. It isn't fair for children to see parents fighting, and I think I should leave him, allowing him to rear them, as he has the home. He's well liked and a good worker.

£1/1/- to "Worried Mum" (name supplied), Albany, W.A.

Guests who just drop in

MY family tell me I miss a lot of fun because I'm not equal to coping with droppers-in or surprise outings. I love to have guests whom I've invited and catered for, but my pet aversion is to be "walked-in" on. I have a phone and think it courteous for people—whether relatives or friends—to ring and see if it is convenient to call. I also like notice of a coming outing, so I can prepare and not leave dishes in the sink and beds unmade.

£1/1/- to "S.O.S." (name supplied), Queenscliff, N.S.W.

Finished her nursing course

AFTER more than five years away from nursing, I returned to my training hospital—a wife and mother—to complete the 14 months due before obtaining my certificate. I had the honor of being the first "mother" to graduate at this hospital. Without the help of my family and an elderly neighbor, I would never have made the grade. Now able to earn nearly £4 a day private nursing, I've never regretted going back to work. I know of only one other "mother" who completed her training. Are there any more?

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Wells, Melbourne, Qld.

Mother proud of her title

I HAVE a friend who encourages her son and daughter, aged 10 and 12, to call her by her Christian name. She thinks it creates a deeper unity in the family circle. But in my opinion anyone may address me by my Christian name; only my children may call me "Mother," a lovely name I consider a privilege to be called.

£1/1/- to Mrs. G. Burns, South Perth, W.A.

Your Bookshelf

with JOYCE HALSTEAD

"Death Packs a Suitcase"

Bryan Edgar Wallace (Hodder and Stoughton), 18/9.

To follow in the footsteps of a best-selling author-father would be hard enough for the most gifted writer. Edgar Wallace's son, with his first novel, would have found the comparison less testing had he not chosen to write a thriller. This one does not compare well. And yet his plot is intriguing and in these days not fantastic. A suitcase containing a new type of atomic bomb which, if exploded, would kill millions has been smuggled out of Russia in a suitcase by British Secret Service agents. It falls into the hands of criminals who hope to exchange it with the British Government for £15,000,000 worth of diamonds. No diamonds and they will let it off in Central London! The Foreign Office, Scotland Yard, and MI5 employ maximum resources to try to recover the suitcase without having to hand over the diamonds and to find the thieves. Deeply involved are agent Bill Tern and his girl-friend, Susan. Several murders are committed before the mystery is solved, but the culprit becomes obvious too soon and the unravelling is awkwardly handled.

"Wild Flower Hunter"

H. J. Samuel (Constable), 21/9.

With sweet old-world charm this book describes journeys of Ellis Rowan, a Melbourne-born painter of wildflowers. She began painting seriously in New Zealand, where her husband was stationed. Back in Australia she travelled to North Queensland and as far as Thursday Island painting flowers. Her collection of Australian flower paintings was later bought by the Government. The book has a color plate of an exquisite painting of wildflowers and several sketches by Mrs. Rowan's niece, Lady Casey.

● Ross Campbell is on holidays. His column will be resumed on his return.

Old — and rejected

PARENTS who have sacrificed to bring their children up well and give them a good chance in life are often not wanted in their declining years. I recently heard one young married woman say she hates old people in the house. Her widowed mother, now in her late seventies, spends her days in a cold, cheerless room on a pension. What lack of gratitude for any child to neglect his or her ageing parents.

£1/1/- to Mrs. V. Blackwell, Gippsland, Vic.

Sick visits

AS an ex-nursing sister and mother of two, I agree with "Visit or Not" (S.A.) that it is more upsetting than helpful for mothers to visit young children in hospital. Such visits not only upset their own children when they leave but other young patients who have not had visitors and think they've been forgotten.

£1/1/- to M. Smith, Dandenong West, Vic.

HYSTERICIS resulting from a departing mother upset a child and disturb the rest of the ward. Unless a child is really ill and likely to be in hospital for a long period, parents should not visit him, or, at least, not too often.

£1/1/- to "Nursie" (name supplied), Tamworth, N.S.W.

IF a baby in hospital is not visited daily by his mother, his security is often badly shattered. Daily visits are the next best thing to taking a room with the baby.

£1/1/- to "Mother of Five" (name supplied), Bowen, Qld.

WHEN my son was three he spent a week in hospital for a small operation. I visited him only once and felt the visit was one too many, for as soon as he realised I was leaving him he cried violently.

£1/1/- to G. Mills, Narrandera, N.S.W.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 27, 1961

THE FABULOUS FACE

BY IRENA DICKMAN

THE first time Greg Russell saw Tina he laughed at her. She was the last of the models to walk off the dais, the icing that was saved until after the cake was eaten. She was walking slowly, with her careful model's walk, down the aisle, and round to the dressing-room to change into the next creation, when Greg threw back his head and laughed, practically in her face.

"What," said Tina frostily, "are you laughing at?"

"That hat," said Greg. "Honestly, you must admit that that's the stupidest hat you ever saw in your life."

Tina stiffened, and then the corners of her mouth began to quirk.

"It is ridiculous, isn't it?" she said. "But that's the idea of it, you see. It's not to be taken seriously."

She grinned at him and wrinkled her nose as she went swiftly past him to change.

Later, Greg said to Maurice (pronounced the French way), the owner of the salon, "Who is she? The one with the blue-black hair and the face like a ghost?"

"That's Tina Merton, the girl with the fabulous face. And it's fabulous because it's as white as a ghost. My dear Greg, that wonderful blue look of the eyelids. Priceless. She's the model of the year."

"H'm," said Greg, unimpressed. "Introduce me, there's a good chap."

During the cocktail party that followed the parade, Maurice introduced them, and left them each with a martini in hand.

"What are you staring at?" asked Tina.

"You," said Greg. "The fabulous face."

Tina put her head on one side.

"Do you like it?" she asked pertly.

"Too peaky," he said. "How much do you weigh?"

"You're an odd man," said Tina. "What in the world are you doing at a mannequin parade? You'd look much more at home on a horse."

"Boat," corrected Greg. "I spend all my spare time in the boat."

"No, but seriously," said Tina. "What are you doing here?"

"Some detail about a fashion house comes obliquely into a book I'm writing. Maurice is an old friend, so I came along to see what made things tick."

"Oh," said Tina. "You're that Greg Russell, the one that writes detective stories. I read all your books. I'm a devoted fan of yours." Greg bowed.

To page 32

As the boat tossed about, Tina's lovely face took on a faint greenish tinge.

Illustrated by

SAO
DICKMAN

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Continuing . . . THE FABULOUS FACE

from page 31

"Just for that," he said, "I'll take you to dinner tonight."

"Sorry," Tina shook her head. "I have a date—a standing Friday night date."

"Tomorrow?"

"A rush job. Photographs. I can't pass it up, because it means money in the bank to me."

"What do you do on Sunday?" asked Greg.

"Well," said Tina proudly. "Rest, I've got an idea. We'll take the boat out and go for a cruise around, and you can rest all you want to."

Tina put her head on one side, a habit of hers, as though tasting the idea.

"Yes," she said. "I think I'd like that very much."

She had expected the boat to be a small cabin cruiser, such as many of her friends had, or a small five-ton yacht. But the Fare-thee-well was no toy. She lay lightly in the water, sheer fine gold and white beauty, with a tall, whipper mast and a fine spread of canvas.

"Oh, Greg," she said. "She's beautiful. She's a real seagoing ship."

"I've just been touring the Islands," he said proudly. "She's ideal for the kind of searamp existence I like to lead. Able to stand up to weather, but small enough for me to handle by myself if I want to. I was in the Navy during the war, you know."

She looked at him with a little shock of surprise that he should be old enough to have been in the war. The lines of his jaw and the fine wrinkles around the eyes showed that he was no boy and his temples were touched with grey. Yes, he would have been a very young sailor, because youth was still in his step and his smile and in his sea-blue eyes.

They cast off and left the harbor under the power of the engine. Once past the heads the sea began to slap a little at the Fare-thee-well's sides. Tina sat at the top of the companionway, leaning her head against the cool teak-wood of the deck housing. Greg looked at her shrewdly.

"Tina," he said. "You're bright green. Don't tell me you're going to be seasick so soon."

"I'm all right," said Tina, swallowing hard.

"You're not all right. Look, did you have any breakfast?"

"My usual breakfast," she said, and, as he looked quizzically at her, she added, "a cup of coffee and a wholewheat wafer."

"That is breakfast?" he asked, explosively. "Good heavens, child, how do you expect to keep from feeling seasick on an empty stomach?" He looked at his watch. "It's a bit early for lunch, but when you're at sea you write your own rules. I'll give you something to keep you going, and then I'll pop down to the galley and whip up something more substantial."

He went below and rummaged in a cupboard, bringing her up an enormous ship's biscuit, dry and hard as a piece of board.

"Here," he said. "Chew on that for a while. Now, keep your eye on that compass and keep her nor'-west-by-nor'. Can you do that?"

Tina nodded.

"Yes, I can do that," she said. "Don't cook a lot of lunch for me. I'm a very small eater."

Greg was already in the galley and his reply was an indistinguishable mumble. Tina nibbled on the biscuit and felt her queasy tummy start to settle down. She watched the compass and felt the pull of the boat as she kept it on course.

Around her the sea lay blue and green and opalescent, and the gulls flew around the mast of the Fare-thee-well. Suddenly Greg was back beside her, with an enormous plate of spaghetti in his hand.

"Come on," he said. "Wrap yourself around this."

"Oh, Greg," she said in horror. "Not spaghetti!"

"Why not?" he asked. "Don't you like it?"

"I love it. But, Greg, I'm a model. My figure is my fortune. I can't afford to put on weight."

"Is that all?" asked Greg, unconcerned. "You can live on lettuce for the rest of the week. Come on, wrap yourself around your lunch, and see if you don't agree that I'm the best spaghetti maker you ever came across."

She ate it all, and it was indeed very good, the meat sauce correctly flavorsome, the grated cheese sharp and biting. There was strong, milky, sweet coffee in big china mugs, and she ate and drank greedily.

"Greg," she said. "Do you do this all the time? Travel about in the Fare-thee-well?"

FROM THE BIBLE

—Two versions

• "Hold fast that which is good."

—Thessalonians 5:21. (Authorised version.)

• "Keep what is good in them."

—Thessalonians 5:21 (New English Bible.)

Paul gives this instruction at the end of his first letter to the people of Thessalonica.

"Oh," said Greg. "About six months in the year. It's enough to make me feel I'd like to be civilised again. And civilisation makes me glad I've got the boat."

"My," she said, draining her coffee mug. "I feel full and sleepy." She rolled her head a little against the deck house wall, and closed her eyes against the sun.

"Here, put this under your head," commanded Greg. "Have a nap. This is your rest day—remember?"

She took the pillow and slipped it under her head, stretching out on the deck. She lay there, listening to the little lap of the waves on the Fare-thee-well's side, and the throb, throb of the auxiliary engine.

When she woke, the boat was drifting and the engine was silent. The sun was low, and there was a chill little breeze. As she stirred, she saw Greg's face above her, grinning.

"Tina," he said. "You should see your face. You look like a broiled lobster."

She swung upright, her hands to her cheeks in horror.

"My face," she cried. "Greg, you haven't let me get sunburnt?"

He pulled her hands down gently.

"Of course you're sunburnt," he said. "You've been on the face all day—remember?"

"Greg," she said. "How could you? Don't you know I'm a model—that I can't afford to ruin my face with sunburn? Now I'll have to be out of work for weeks until it fades."

She pulled away from him, turning her back petulantly.

"Oh, Tina, for heaven's sake. Do you think I'd really let you get a burn? That I'd let anything happen to you? All right, you're a little red at the moment. Tomorrow it will have faded to a nice healthy glow."

"I can't afford a nice healthy glow. Don't you understand anything? I suppose that you're so old that you can't remember what models were like when you were young. If they had models all that long time ago."

He stood and looked at her for a moment and his face was very grave. "Yes," he said slowly. "I suppose I had forgotten. It is a long time since I was young. You'll have to forgive me, my dear. I seem to have forgotten a lot of things."

He went down the companionway, and Tina heard the engine kick over and start. Greg came up on deck again, moving close past her but very carefully not touching her. He took the wheel and turned the Fare-thee-well. He looked ahead, far ahead, toward the land.

Tina hesitated, and then came to stand in front of him.

"Greg, I'm sorry," she said. "I was rude and stupid, and I spoke without thinking. I quite understand that it would be difficult for you to realise how important things like sunburn and overweight can be to me."

He looked down at her and something of her own solemnity was echoed in his face.

"My dear child," he said. "There's absolutely no need for you to apologise."

Tina's voice was suddenly breathless.

"Don't call me that," she said.

"Dear child? Why not?"

She stood very close to him. "I don't want to be your child, Greg," she said.

Six months later Greg Russell had completed his book, and another one, and took them into his agent.

"Greg, you look bronzed and fit. Where have you been this time?"

"Japan, Murray. East, and points north, south, east, and west."

"That's funny," said Murray. "You're the second person I've met today who's just returned from Japan."

"Oh, who was the other?" asked Greg.

"It's an odd thing. Do you remember Tina Merton, who was model of the year last year? And then suddenly dropped out of sight? Well, it was Tina. I only had a moment to talk to her, because she was going off shopping or something equally ridiculous."

"How did she look?" asked Greg, smiling.

"Oh, awful. You know, she was the most exquisite creature, as fragile as a whisp of thistle-down. I don't mind telling you, I had a real thing about her. I did hear that she married some terrible globe-trotting type, although I never did hear his name. And to look at her I'd say that it must have been true. She's put on a terrible amount of weight, and that lovely white skin is brown as a nut. And her wonderful black hair—it looks as though someone had taken a razor to it."

"Perhaps they had," said Greg, still smiling. "Would you say that she looked—well, gross?"

"Um—not quite. I would say that 'in rude health' would fill the bill a bit better. They used to call her the 'Fabulous Face,' you know. Now she looks more likely to produce a whole hoard of bouncing children."

"Maybe she will," said Greg. And as Tina's husband he would be a good judge.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—September 27, 1961

The Wooing of Widow Graham



**No faint-hearted suitor
could hope to win Cynthia
while Eugene was about . . .
an amusing story**

By LELAND WEBB

leader of men, who has looked on death unblinkingly, and who wears the proof of his superiority in the form of three thick, gold stripes, has no terror of a small boy.

As the commander was also six feet and four inches tall, he decided the quickest and surest way to display his enthusiasm for all small boys was to bend down and scoop Eugene up to his own face level.

"Why, you must be little Eugene," he said, at his loudest and heartiest. "I have heard a great deal about you, young fellow, from your dear, sweet mother."

Eugene looked him straight in the eye with a cold and mournful dislike. "What did you come here for?" he asked. "My mother said she didn't even like you. And I don't, either."

The commander put him down gently, and never picked him up again. He never found out that Cynthia actually found him fascinating, and as a girl will, she had spent many idle moments thinking of a social life led by a naval officer's wife at various glamorous duty stations.

But as the commander approached the edge of romance, nerved himself to a declaration of his feelings, he would suddenly think, why should a child lie? and his desire would flee with his failing courage. And soon, Honolulu, Guantanamo, Yokohama faded out of Cynthia's idle musings.

"Why do you have such a silly, silly, silly name?" Eugene asked the general sales manager politely.

"Eugene! Mind your manners!" His grandmother turned her red face to the man who sat in the living-room with them, waiting for Cynthia. "A boy this age, Mr. Bingleberry, just pops out with anything that comes into his head. They seem to go through a stage."

"Bingleberry?" Eugene said, wide eyed. "I thought his name was Stinglesterry. Excuse me!"

"The name is Dingleberry," Mr. John Dingleberry said in a tight voice of a man who has said this so many times. "Originally, there may have been a Dingle family living in a place called Derry, or perhaps a Dingle married a Derry and the two names were joined. That's usually how such names come about."

But, inwardly, he had quailed, and out of an almost forgotten childhood, he heard an old and hateful chant. "Dingleberry, Bingleberry, Stinglesterry," his contemporaries would sing on dull days in the lives of young males between five and twelve when there is nothing for them to do but to tease and torment without let up.

Cynthia, too, found his name out of the ordinary, and it took extra effort to imagine herself signing her name "Mrs. John Dingleberry." But a woman is always prepared to put up with much from a man, and his name, objectively considered, was no more absurd than Stinglesterry, with which it rhymed, and it made a pleasant, plangent sound. Besides, John Dingleberry, being the general sales manager of his company, was held in the highest respect by all.

But the mortal blow had been struck. As Cynthia's attractions multiplied in his heart, they were subtracted in John Dingleberry's mind by Eugene's supercilious stare each time he called and the obvious delight Eugene took in pronouncing his name, always once, often twice, and now and then, three times in a single sentence.

"Hey, Mr. Dingleberry, look at that, Mr. Dingleberry. Mr. Dingleberry, do you like Wyatt Earp, Mr. Dingleberry. I say, do you like Wyatt Earp, Mr. Dingleberry?"

He never said Bingleberry or Stinglesterry, or any other variation. But he thought them, he thought them, John Dingleberry knew, and he knew it well. A man does not become general sales manager unless he can size up situations accurately. John Dingleberry knew he was licked, and soon Eugene was asking, innocently, "Whatever became of that man with the silly, silly, silly, silly name?"

To page 72

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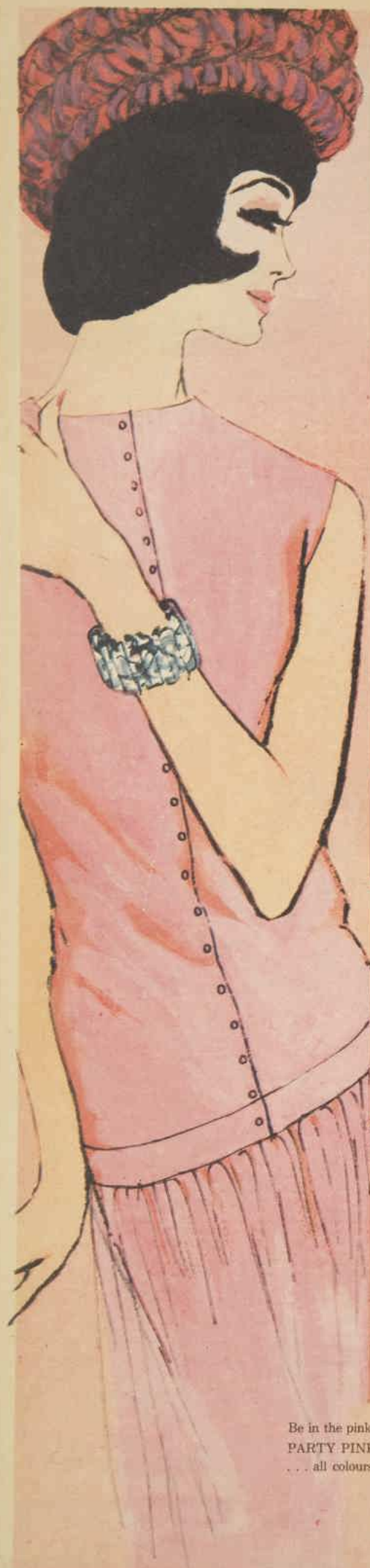
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Last orchid

A short short story

By PETA HUGHES



When Grace looked up, Tony was handing her a cellophane box carefully tied with a white ribbon.

FOR her luncheon date Grace wore her best-looking outfit, a simple, elegant coat over a sheath of cocoa-colored silk, with a tiny pillbox hat. Bill, her husband, had admired it extravagantly when she wore it for their anniversary celebration a few weeks previously. "You look good enough to eat," he told her.

She wondered what Tony would say, how she would look to him after ten years.

He had possessed the gift of making any woman feel wonderful. The way his eyes lit up, his smile, the things he said. And even if you suspected a certain glibness in his speech, it didn't matter.

Of course, he may have changed, Grace thought, frowning slightly as she pinned on the little hat. After all, it was ten years . . . She had changed, beyond a doubt. Ten years of housekeeping, looking after a husband and three active children had taken their toll.

She had been in love with him for a long time. And when Tony had left Brookfield to try his luck in the city, she had never doubted that he would come back for her. But he hadn't. He had even stopped writing after a time, and finally she had heard that he had married.

"Probably the boss' daughter," Brookfield had said maliciously. Tony's ambition had been well known.

Her heart had broken a little, and it had taken a long time to mend. She was still unsure of herself when, at twenty-five, she had met Bill Hathaway, who had come to Brookfield to do a locum for old Dr. Pattison, and who had stayed on, he said, because of Grace.

With quiet devotion he had overcome all her doubts and misgivings. They were married, and now, after ten years, she could dust off her memories of Tony and look at them without pain.

She was a mature person now, she hoped. Tony is just an old friend with whom I'm lunching, she told herself, and I don't give a darn if he's disappointed in me or not.

Nevertheless, as she walked up the steps of the hotel where they were to meet, she felt a little anxious. She wasn't sure whether she would recognise Tony right off.

She remembered him as tall, with wide, athletic shoulders, crisp dark hair, and deep blue eyes. A handsome man. Would he have changed the way people did in stories, his trim figure grown paunchy, his hair balding and grey, his shoulders stooped . . . ?

Over by the flower shop, in the corner of the foyer, there was a man who looked a little like the Tony she remembered. Grace walked toward him, and at the sound of her stiletto heels on the parquet floor the man turned.

It was Tony, and he had scarcely changed at all. His eyes were still dark blue and whimsical, there was no visible grey in his thick dark hair, and his waistline was as trim as ever. Or practically. He simply looked a little more mature, filled out, and the smile with which he greeted her was still boyishly charming.

"Gray," he said at once. "How marvellous to see you." Grace's heart lurched a little at the sound of the old name. She had almost forgotten it.

"I wondered if we'd know each other," she said, lightly, to cover the slight shock. "But you've scarcely changed."

"And you, if possible, look even more beautiful than I've remembered you all these years."

Same old Tony, she thought, amusedly. Ever ready with the neatly turned phrase.

She thought of Bill, mentally composing what she would tell him this evening about her luncheon date.

He would understand her curiosity to see Tony again. It was nothing more than that, she told herself. She was curious to see what the years had done to Tony and what his effect on her would be after all this time.

I am simply laying a ghost, she thought. The ghost of an old love.

There was, however, nothing ghostly about Tony. He was very much alive, and his eyes, which he kept on her, held the same sort of look she remembered so well.

The nerve of him, she thought. How dare he look at me like that, as though nothing had changed. As though . . . as though we were sweethearts still.

She took a sip of the cocktail he had ordered and began talking about Bill and the children. Her voice sounded a little too breathless, a little too anxious to affirm that the old days were indeed past, that Tony was unimportant to her now.

Tony nodded, agreeing with what she said politely. "You certainly look fine," he said softly. "Marriage and motherhood obviously suit you very well."

Grace smiled, still wordless, alarmed at the way his flattery retained its power over her. She felt her poise slipping under Tony's intent, admiring gaze.

It was very annoying. To hide her embarrassment she dropped her eyes and began to fumble in her handbag. When she looked up, Tony was handing her something—a cellophane box tied with a white ribbon, which he had managed to conceal until that moment.

The box contained an orchid, a superb one, the kind he had given her on special occasions long ago, the tawny kind, brown and russet, with flecks of gold.

Grace, looking at it, felt her embarrassment melt away, her poise return. The gesture, so extravagant, so very out-of-place, reduced the situation, in her eyes, to absurdity.

Laughter bubbled inside her, mingled with sympathy for Tony for having wasted an orchid on her. Her orchid days were done, at least as far as Tony was concerned, she thought, amused. The beautiful flower served only to remind her of how deeply buried the past was, the pleasant as well as the painful parts. Tony had given her orchids, and left her, and none of it mattered any more.

"It's gorgeous," she said gaily. "What a pity I'm only going home to cook the dinner! This proud beauty deserves a more glamorous setting . . ."

"I had hoped," Tony said swiftly, "you might take a run out with me to Arrow Bay this evening. We could have supper at the Inn . . . any chance?"

"Sorry," she said briefly. "You forget I am an old married lady now."

She smiled and began to talk of inconsequential things, but Tony's replies were stilted. They ate their lunch in an atmosphere of slight constraint, and as soon as they had finished their coffee Grace began to gather up her things.

"I have to fly," she said, brightly. "A school mothers' meeting." She stood up. "Thank you for lunch, Tony, and for this." She flicked the orchid with a gloved finger. "It was like old times."

He saw her to a taxi, and as she was borne away she raised her hand in farewell. Tony smiled stiffly and turned on his heel.

She was in the kitchen when Bill came home. "I have something for you," he said, when he'd kissed her. He handed her a package, wrapped in brown paper.

"Oh, good. I love presents."

She unwrapped the package and smiled. It was a little kitchen gadget, a new type of food-mill for slicing and shredding vegetables.

"Now, that is a present," she said, giggling happily. "You remembered that I wanted one. Thank you, sweetie."

Over their pre-dinner drinks she told him about Tony, and the orchid. "I gave it to Marilyn next door."

"Poor Cinderella," he teased her lightly. "No more orchids. Do you miss them very much, honey?"

"I still have them," she said solemnly. "You, and the kids, loving me, Bill. They're all the orchids a girl wants, really."

She closed her eyes as Bill stroked her hair, and behind closed lids saw a far horizon, and beyond it the ghost of an old love disappearing for all time.

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37-38-39-40
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Prizewinning recipes



CANNED FRUITS CONTEST

● In this four-page feature are the main prizewinners in our Canned Fruits Recipe Contest. In color over-leaf are the £1000 Grand Champion Prize winner and the £100 first prize winners and £50 second prize winners

FOURTH PRIZES, £20 EACH

SECTION 1: PEARS

Fourth prize of £20 to Mrs. B. Doohan, 3 Westmoreland St., Victoria Park, Perth.

GALA PEAR MOUSSE

Five eggs, 8oz. castor-sugar, 2 pints milk, 1 tablespoon instant coffee, 1 dessertspoon rum, 3oz. gelatine, 4 pint hot water, 3 pint cream, extra 2 tablespoons hot water, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 3 tablespoons chopped maraschino cherries, 1oz. angelica (chopped), 1 can pears, strawberries to decorate.

Separate 3 of the eggs. Then put the 2 whole eggs, the egg-yolks, and 4oz. of the castor-sugar in basin. Beat lightly, add 1 pint of the milk (warmed). Put mixture into top half of double saucepan, cook over simmering water, stirring all the time, until mixture coats back of spoon; cool. Put coffee, rum, and 2oz. of gelatine into basin, pour on 1 pint hot water, stir until gelatine is dissolved. Allow to cool slightly, stir into custard. Fold in 1 pint cream (beaten until thick). Beat 3 egg-whites until stiff, fold into custard. Pour half mixture into base of wetted ring-mould; chill. Stand remaining mixture in warm spot. Dissolve remaining gelatine in 2 tablespoons hot water, cook slightly, mix in 1 pint milk, 4oz. sugar, and the vanilla essence. Cool until beginning to thicken, fold in chopped cherries and angelica. Pour over set coffee layer in mould. Chill until set, then spoon remaining coffee mixture on top; chill until set. Drain pears, leave few whole, chop remainder into rough pieces. Turn mould out on flat dish, decorate top with pear halves, whipped cream, and strawberries. Spoon chopped pears round edge.

SECTION 2: PEACHES

Fifth prize of £20 to Mrs. G. Cory, Glentanna, Dalveen, Qld.

SAVORY PEACH SURPRISE

One large can peach halves (drained), 2 cups uncooked rice, 2-3rd cup diced grilled bacon, 1 small tin evaporated milk, 1lb. tasty grated cheese, 1 tablespoon fruit chutney, 1 tablespoon finely chopped chives, 1

tablespoon finely chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 2oz. raisins, 1 tablespoon butter, salt, pepper, 1 cup cooked diced chicken, ham, or any meat preferred, 3oz. cashew nuts.

Cook rice in boiling salted water 15 minutes, drain, rinse with cold water. Place in greased ovenware dish, preferably shallow. Toss chives, half the grilled bacon, half cashews, chutney, and raisins with the chicken. Place over rice. Arrange peaches on this. Melt butter in saucepan, add evaporated milk and cheese, stir over low heat until cheese melts. Add lemon juice, parsley. Season to taste. Pour over peaches in ovenware dish, sprinkle with remainder of bacon and cashews which have been lightly toasted in butter. Bake in slow oven 25 minutes, serve hot with wafer-thin toast triangles.

SECTION 3: APRICOTS

Fourth prize of £20 to Mrs. G. Ulbrich, 231 Mount Rd., Burnie, Tas.

APRICOT CHICKEN SUPREME

One chicken (about 3lb.), jointed, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon pepper, 4oz. butter, 4oz. thinly sliced ham, 8oz. mushrooms, 1 cup water, 1 cup apricot syrup, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, pinch mace, 2 teaspoons brown sugar, 12oz. frozen peas, 1 can apricot halves, extra butter.

Place flour, salt, and pepper in paper bag. Add chicken pieces, shake them in the seasoned flour. Brown chicken in half the butter; drain on paper. Trim ham slices of excess fat, cut in half lengthwise, roll up, and secure with cocktail sticks. Brown ham lightly; drain. Chop all but 5 mushrooms into small pieces, saute in remaining butter 5 minutes. Add parsley, mace, water, brown sugar, and apricot syrup. Cook 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Arrange chicken in large greased ovenware dish, pour mushroom mixture over. Remove cocktail sticks from ham rolls, place round dish. Slice reserved mushrooms thickly, brown lightly in little extra butter, place on top of chicken. Cover, bake in moderate oven until chicken is tender, basting with juices. Fill cavities of apricots with frozen peas, place them round chicken. Return to oven for further 20 to 25 minutes. Serve.

THIRD PRIZES, £30 EACH

SECTION 1: PEARS

Third prize of £30 to Mrs. M. Lock, 27 Sharpie Crescent, Grange, S.A.

CRYSTAL PEAR-PUMPKIN PIE

Pastry: Six ounces flour, 2oz. self-raising flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 4oz. butter, 3oz. grated cheese, 1 egg-yolk, milk to mix.

Rub butter into dry ingredients, add cheese, mix to firm dough with egg-yolk and milk. Roll out on floured board, line 9in. pie-case, chill.

If desired, a rich, sweet shortcrust can be made by omitting the grated cheese and cayenne, increasing the butter to 6oz., and adding 2oz. castor-sugar before mixing to a dough.

Filling: One and a half cups mashed cooked pumpkin, 1/2 cup brown sugar, pinch salt, 1/2 teaspoon each of nutmeg, cinnamon, ginger, 1 small can pears, 2 eggs, 1 cup evaporated milk, 1/2 teaspoon almond essence, 1/2 cup raw sugar, peanut brittle.

Combine pumpkin, brown sugar, salt, nutmeg, ginger, and cinnamon, add warmed milk, almond essence, beaten egg-



yolks; mix well. Stir in 2 tablespoons of pear syrup, fill into unbaked pastry-shell. Bake in hot oven 15 minutes, then reduce heat to moderately slow, bake further 25 minutes or until set. Beat egg-whites until stiff, gradually add half the raw sugar, spread over pear-halves, then sprinkle with remaining raw sugar. Arrange on top of pie, return to oven until meringue browns lightly. Sprinkle with crushed peanut brittle before serving.

SECTION 2: PEACHES

Third prize of £30 to Mrs. J. Quick, 51 Marlborough St., Henley Beach, S.A.

HONEY GLAZED FRUIT RING

Three-quarter pound self-raising flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 beaten egg, 1/2 cup milk, 1/2 cup honey, 1/2 cup orange juice, 1 can sliced peaches, extra 1/2 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg, 1/2 teaspoon allspice, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 1/2 cup raisins, 1/2 cup cherries.

Sift flour and salt into basin, rub in butter, add sugar. Mix to some dough consistency with beaten egg and milk. Turn out on floured board, knead lightly. Cut into 16 pieces. Roll each piece into small ball. Grease ring-tin, pour in mixture of the honey and orange juice. Arrange sliced peaches in attractive pattern round base of tin. Combine the extra sugar with the cinnamon, nutmeg, and allspice, place on sheet of paper. Dip balls in melted butter, then in spiced sugar mixture. Pack in layers round ring-



tin, sprinkling balls with raisins and cherries. Place in hot oven, bake 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, bake further 20 to 25 minutes. Turn out on hot plate, serve with custard or cream.

Canned unsweetened peach pulp could also be used in place of the sliced peaches in this recipe. Sweeten to taste with brown sugar or honey.

SECTION 3: APRICOTS

Third prize of £30 to Mrs. J. Haire, 6 Hoskins Ave., Kidman Park, S.A.

APRICOT FLAN BOURDALOUE

Pastry: One and a half cups flour, 6oz. butter, 2oz. icing- or castor-sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 1 or 2 tablespoons orange juice.

Sift flour into bowl, place softened butter, icing-sugar, egg-yolk, and fruit juice in centre, work ingredients lightly together with fingertips, then draw in the flour. Form into ball, chill 1 hour. Roll out on floured board, line greased 8in. flan- or pie-plate. Chill again few minutes, prick base and sides, bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes.

Crepe Bourdaloue: Two egg-yolks, 2oz. sugar, grated rind 1 orange, 1/2oz. mixture equal parts flour and cornflour, 1/2 pint milk, 2 egg-whites, 1 can halved apricots (well drained), 1/2lb. toasted almonds (halved).

Beat egg-yolks with 1 dessertspoon of the sugar until creamy, add orange rind and flour mixture, blend in lightly. Bring milk to boil in saucepan, pour over egg-and-flour mixture, stirring constantly. Re-



turn to saucepan and stir over heat until thickened; cool. Beat egg-whites until stiff, gradually add sugar, beat until meringue consistency. Fold into custard mixture. Spread mixture into cooked and cooled pastry-case. Mask all over with apricots (rounded side up), glaze with apricot syrup which has been simmered until reduced to half quantity. Stud with halved toasted almonds, chill.

(Alternatively use apricot syrup flavored with a few drops of lemon juice and thickened with blended arrowroot for thicker glaze.)

Fifth prize winners are on page 40



SECTION 1: PEARS

First prize of £100 to Mrs. A. King, Terrigal Rd., Terrigal, N.S.W.

FRUIT AND NUT CAKE

One cup butter, 1½ cups sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 3 eggs, 2 tablespoons milk, 1 cup warm mashed potato, ½ cup drained mashed pears, 2 tablespoons cocoa, 1 teaspoon ground cloves, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, pinch salt, 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons bicarbonate soda, 1 cup sultanas, ½ cup chopped nuts, coffee or chocolate icing, extra chopped nuts.

Cream butter and sugar together until fluffy, gradually add vanilla and eggs one at a time. Add milk, potatoes, pears, cocoa, and spices. Fold in sifted flour, salt, and soda. Lastly fold in the sultanas and nuts. Fill into large greased loaf-tin or slab-tin and bake in moderate oven 1 to 1½ hours. When cold, ice with coffee- or chocolate-flavored icing and sprinkle with nuts.

Chocolate Icing: Four ounces butter or substitute, 8oz. sifted icing-sugar, 1 tablespoon pear syrup.

Cream butter until light and soft. Gradually add icing-sugar, beating well. Stir in pear syrup to make a good spreading consistency.

Note: This is a rich, moist cake mixture which keeps exceptionally well.

SECTION 2: PEACHES

First prize of £100 to Mrs. J. Howard, Box 61, P.O., Hay, N.S.W.

CRUSTED BEEF LAYER

One and a half pounds minced steak, 1 large carrot, 1 large onion, 1 small can peas, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, ½ cup rolled oats, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon milk, salt, pepper, 1 can peach halves, 1 cup cooked rice, 1 large tomato (sliced), 1 tablespoon grated cheese, 2 cups mashed potato, 1 small tin mushrooms, butter.

Combine in basin the minced steak, grated carrot, grated onion, drained peas, tomato sauce, rolled oats, egg, milk, little salt and pepper, and one third of the peach halves (chopped). Mix all well together, place layer on the base of greased casserole-dish. Spoon over rice and arrange tomato slices and grated cheese on top. Cover with remainder of meat and bake in moderate oven 40 minutes. Remove from oven and spread over mashed potato. Arrange remaining peach halves on top, hollow side up, spoon mushrooms into cavities. Dot with little butter, return to moderate oven and bake further 20 minutes. Serve hot.

If desired, pork, veal, or mutton sausage mince could be used in place of the steak and extra flavors of other cooked vegetables could be added.



SECTION 3: APRICOTS

First prize of £100 to Mrs. V. Cooper, 7 Rayleigh St., Monto, Qld.

BAKED FISH ALEXANDRIA

One whole fish about 3lb. (cleaned and scaled but head and tail left on), 1 large can apricots, salt, 1 cup cooked rice, ½ teaspoon mixed herbs, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 1 dessertspoon chopped red pepper, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice or dry sherry, 1 tablespoon chopped ham or bacon, pepper, melted butter, 2 rashers bacon (rind removed), ½ cup grated cheese, extra ½ cup breadcrumbs, parsley.

Wash fish, dry, rub over with salt. Combine the cooked rice, ½ cup drained mashed apricots, herbs, soft breadcrumbs, onion, red pepper, lemon juice, ham, season with salt and pepper. Press into fish cavity, sew or skewer firmly. Place in greased ovenproof dish, brush with melted butter. Slit skin in few places and insert pieces of bacon. Cover with aluminium foil, bake in moderate oven, allowing 10 minutes per pound of fish. When nearly cooked, sprinkle with grated cheese and extra breadcrumbs. Return to oven to brown. Serve with creamed potatoes, peas, and apricot halves (sprinkled with chopped parsley).

Apricot Sauce: Two tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons flour, 1 cup milk, 1 cup apricot syrup, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon lemon juice or dry sherry, 2 or 3 apricot halves (chopped).

Melt butter, add flour and cook 1 minute. Stir in milk, blend in apricot syrup. Season. Add lemon juice and chopped apricots. Simmer 5 minutes.



GRAND CHAMPION

Best recipe entered

● The beautiful dessert illustrated
Prize of £1000 for Mrs. K. Loe
Beverly Hills

IT is a layered pie with crisp, sweet pastry-shell and a delicious filling in which the flavors of pears, caramel, and a rich custard are combined. A topping of whipped cream and small meringues gives this luscious dessert a gala appearance.

CARAMEL PEAR DESSERT

Pastry: Five ounces butter, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, 1½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, ¼ cup cornflour.

Cream butter and sugar. Add egg and mix well. Sift dry ingredients, leaving about 2 tablespoons for rolling. Mix into butter mixture and turn out on to floured board. Roll pastry thinly and fill into greased pie-plate or slab-tin. Prick base and sides with fork, chill 15 minutes, then bake in moderately hot oven 15 to 20 minutes.

Caramel sauce: One tablespoon butter, 1 cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup milk, 2 egg-yolks, ½ teaspoon vanilla. Stir butter and sugar over heat 3 minutes. Blend flour with a little of the milk and mix until smooth. Stir in egg-yolks and mix in remainder of the milk. Add this mixture to the butter and sugar. Cook over simmering water until the sauce thickens. Add vanilla, set aside to cool.

SECOND PRIZES, £50 EACH

SECTION 1: PEARS

Second prize of £50 to Mrs. N. Nelson, "Clare View," Gerrigong, N.S.W.

SWEET AND SOUR STEAK WITH CHEESE NOODLE RICE

One and a half pounds minced steak, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated raw potato, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon curry powder, 1 clove garlic (crushed), 2 cups soft bread cubes, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dry sherry, 1 large can pear halves, 1 diced onion, 1 medium-sized can sweet corn (drained), 4 tablespoons breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon melted butter, poppy seeds.

Combine steak, potato, parsley, salt, curry, and garlic. Spread half this mixture in flat ovenware dish. Place bread cubes and beaten egg into bowl, pour on sherry, stand 10 minutes. Slice 4 pear halves, place on top of meat. Cover this with well-mixed onion and corn, over this slice two more pear halves. Add the bread, egg, sherry, and cover with remaining meat. Bake in moderate oven 40 minutes. Sprinkle top with breadcrumbs, arrange daisy design with the remainder of pears on top. Brush with melted butter, sprinkle with poppy seeds. Bake further 15 minutes in slow oven. Serve with sweet and sour sauce and rice.

Sweet and Sour Sauce: Three-quarters cup drained pear syrup, 2 tablespoons vinegar, pinch salt, 1 dessertspoon soy sauce, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 1 small knob ginger (bruised).

Continued overleaf



SECTION 2: PEACHES

Second prize of £50 to Mrs. M. O'Brien, 12 Gregory Grove, East Preston, Vic.

PEACH CHOCO-MARSHMALLOW PIE

Pie-crust: Five cups rice cereal, 4oz. butter, 3 tablespoons castor or icing sugar.

Crush rice cereal, mix with sugar and melted butter. Press into greased 9in. pie-plate. Chill.

Peach Marshmallow: Two eggs (separated), 4 tablespoons sugar, 6 tablespoons milk, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 2 cups peach syrup (or make up required amount with water), $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sliced peaches.

Beat egg-yolks with half the sugar and milk, cook in top half of double boiler over simmering water until slightly thickened. Allow to cool. Dissolve gelatine in heated peach syrup; cool. Beat peach syrup until thick and white, gradually adding cooked custard. Fold in egg-whites beaten to mercurial consistency with remaining sugar. Fold in diced peaches. Pile into crust, leaving recess in centre.

Toffee: One cup sugar, 1-3rd cup water, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vinegar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups drained sliced peaches.

Mix sugar, water, and vinegar, stir over low heat until sugar dissolves. Bring mixture to boil, continue boiling until little syrup placed in cold water sets hard. Pour into greased tin, allow to set hard. Break into pieces. Combine with peach slices, pile into recess, pour over chocolate topping, serve.

Chocolate Topping: Two ounces chocolate, 2 tablespoons icing-sugar, 2 tablespoons milk.

Melt chocolate with icing-sugar and milk over hot water. Cool, spoon over toffee and peaches.



SECTION 3: APRICOTS

Second prize of £50 to Mrs. E. Sinclair, 14 East Crescent Street, McMahon's Point, N.S.W.

APRICOT BEEF BIRDS

One and a half pounds round steak (cut $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick), $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. minced pork, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 cup canned apricot halves (drained and chopped), 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, salt, pepper, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 cup water, 1 tablespoon flour, extra $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, spiced curried apricots.

Cut steak into 6 equal portions, pound each piece until about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick. Mix together the pork, breadcrumbs, apricots, onion, curry powder, salt and pepper. Divide mixture among pieces of steak. Roll each round filling secure with small skewers. Brown rolls in hot melted butter. Drain off butter, add water. Cover tightly, cook 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours or until steak is tender. Blend flour with extra water, add to pan juices. Cook, stirring constantly until thickened. Season sauce. Arrange rolls on hot serving-dish, pour over sauce, garnish with parsley, and add apricots to dish. Serve hot.

Spiced Apricots: One cup apricot syrup, 1 teaspoon curry powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 12 canned apricots, 2 tablespoons butter, walnut halves.

Bring to boil the syrup, curry powder, cinnamon, and brown sugar. Pour over apricots, arranged cut side up in baking-dish. Dot with butter. Bake in moderate oven about 20 minutes or until glazed, basting occasionally. If desired, decorate centres with walnut halves.

More prizewinners overleaf



GRAND PRIZE. £1000

Grand Champion in the contest

Above wins the Grand Champion
Mr. Lee, 48 Tooronga Terrace,
N.S.W.

Custard: Two tablespoons cornflour, 1 cup milk, 2 egg-yolks, 1 cup evaporated milk, 2 tablespoons castor sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla.

Blend little of the milk with cornflour and mix in egg-yolks. Heat remaining milk and evaporated milk slowly. Gradually stir in the cornflour mixture and sugar. Cook over simmering water until custard thickens. Add vanilla and set aside to cool.

Meringues: Three egg-whites, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup castor sugar, 1 teaspoon cornflour, few drops acetic acid.

Beat three egg-whites until stiff, gradually add sugar, beat well. Fold in castor sugar, and when mixture forms soft peaks add cornflour and acetic acid. Pipe small meringues on to tray lined with greaseproof paper. Cook in slow oven 1 hour or until dried out.

Assembling: Half pint cream (whipped with 3 teaspoons sugar and vanilla essence to taste), 1 large can pears, 3 tablespoons chopped cherries or desiccated coconut (toasted).

Drain pears and cut into pieces. Spread caramel sauce over pastry, then half the whipped cream. Place two thirds of the pear pieces on top of cream. Cover with custard. Spread on the remainder of the whipped cream, which has been mixed with remaining pear pieces. Top with the cherries or coconut and surround with the small meringues. Serve well chilled.

FIFTH PRIZES, £10 EACH

SECTION 1: PEARS

Fifth prize of £10 to Mrs. Y. Root, 5 York Street, Eltham, Vic.

SEAFOOD ENTREE

One large can pear halves, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup blanched almonds, 2 tablespoons cornflour, 1 teaspoon allspice, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. bacon rashers (rind removed), 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup breadcrumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup crushed nuts, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1 cup rice, salt, pepper, 1 pint milk, extra 1 tablespoon butter, 1 large finely chopped onion, 1 small can mushrooms, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream, 2 tablespoons brandy, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. prawns.

Drain pears, push almonds through flesh in centre. Dredge lightly in cornflour mixed with allspice. Roll each pear half in half rasher of bacon, secure with cocktail sticks. Dip in beaten egg, then in breadcrumbs mixed with crushed nuts. Place rolls on greased tin, sprinkle with melted butter, grill until bacon is cooked. Keep warm while preparing rice mixture. Wash rice, boil in salted water 3 minutes. Drain, rinse in hot water, drain again. Tip rice into saucepan containing seasoned boiling milk. Cook slowly, stirring occasionally until liquid is absorbed (rice should then be just tender). Keep warm. Heat butter in small pan, stir in onion, saute 5 minutes. Add

mushrooms, chopped parsley, and cream, mix into rice.

Assemble dish: Place half rice in greased ovenware dish, brown under slow grill. Place pears on top (remove cocktail sticks), spoon over remaining rice. Sprinkle over any remaining mixed nuts and breadcrumbs. Heat brandy in small container, add the shelled prawns to it, light and flame for $\frac{1}{2}$ minute. Spoon prawns and brandy over rice. Cover at once to put out flame and serve at once.

SECTION 2: PEACHES

Fifth prize of £10 to Mrs. V. Sisto, P.O. Box 116, Mourilyan, via Innisfail, North Qld.

PEACH CARNIVAL

Sponge: Two eggs (separated), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 dessertspoon peach syrup, 1 dessertspoon peach jam, 1oz. arrowroot, 2oz. self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking-powder, pinch salt.

Beat egg-whites stiffly, gradually add sugar, beating well until all sugar grains have disappeared. Beat in egg-yolks one at a time. Continue beating few seconds while adding peach juice and jam. Fold in flour, arrowroot, and salt and baking-powder which have been sifted twice. Pour into greased 9in. sandwich-tin, bake in

moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Cool.

Sauce: Two egg-yolks, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nuts, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sauterne.

Place egg-yolks in top half of double saucepan, mix in sugar and cinnamon, add chopped nuts, sauterne. Cook over simmering water, stirring constantly until thickened. Cool.

Jelly: One ounce gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water, 1 tablespoon sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sauterne, 1 small can sliced peaches, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups peach syrup, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup glace cherries, whipped cream.

Soften gelatine in water, add sugar, sauterne, and peach syrup. Bring to boil in small saucepan. Cool. Mash all but about $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of peaches. Add mashed peaches to mixture, place in refrigerator until beginning to thicken. Arrange reserved peach slices and cherries in daisy design in base of greased 9in. mould. Slice sponge in half, spread with sauce. Place one half in mould, spoon jelly mixture over, then add the other half of sponge. Chill thoroughly. Unmould on to serving platter, decorate with whipped cream.

SECTION 3: APRICOTS

Fifth prize of £10 to Mrs. J. Keath, P/hag 4, Broadford, Vic.

SOUR CREAM MOULD WITH APRICOT SHERBET

Mould: One cup sour cream, 2 tablespoons crushed macaroons, 2 tablespoons milk chocolate (broken into small pieces), $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla essence, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon rum.

Whip sour cream until thickened, add chocolate pieces, macaroon crumbs, sugar, rum, and vanilla; mix all well together. Pour mixture into cold wet mould, chill in refrigerator until firm.

Apricot Sherbet: One can apricot halves, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon powdered milk (mixed with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk), 2 stiffly beaten egg-whites.

£5 AWARD FOR SAVORY PIE

THIS week's prize of £5 in our regular weekly contest is awarded to Mrs. T. Branch, 257 Bathurst Street, Hobart, for an unusual mock chicken dish.

Spoon measurements are level.

MOCK CHICKEN POTATO PIE

One large or two small rabbits, salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. bacon rashers, 1 onion (chopped), 1 cup diced cooked potato, 1 cup diced cooked carrot, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1 clove garlic (if liked), 1 tablespoon crushed almonds, salt, pepper, 1 pkt. creme of chicken soup, water, 4 hard-boiled eggs (sliced in halves), potato pastry (see below), green peas, pumpkin.

Prepare rabbits by soaking in salted water 1 hour; drain. Remove tail bone, cover with fresh water, boil steadily with bacon until just tender. Remove meat from bones, chop into cubes. Remove excess fat, rind from bacon, and chop. Mix together in deep, greased ovenproof dish the rabbit, bacon, onion, potato, carrot, chopped parsley, crushed garlic, almonds. Season to taste with salt, pepper. Prepare soup as directed on packet, using only 3 cups water. Stir soup into other ingredients; mix well. Arrange hard-boiled eggs on top of mixture, prepare potato crust (see below). Roll out pastry and cover pie, decorate pie with scraps of left-over pastry. Cut small slit in top to allow steam to escape. Bake in moderate oven 1 hour or until crust is golden brown. Serve piping-hot with green peas and pumpkin.

Potato Pastry: Two cups cold mashed potato, 1 cup flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking-powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon each of salt and cayenne pepper, milk to mix, 2oz. butter.

Mix mashed potatoes with sifted flour, baking-powder, salt, cayenne pepper. Add sufficient milk to make soft but dry dough. Roll out thinly, dot with 1-3rd of the butter, fold into 3. Roll again, repeat 3 times. Chill before using.

Strain apricots, reserve 1 cup syrup. Rub apricots through sieve, reserve 1 cup pulp. Combine apricot syrup, water, sugar in saucepan, simmer over low heat 10 minutes; cool. Add apricot pulp and lemon juice, freeze until firm in refrigerator trays. Remove to cold basin, beat until light and fluffy, fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites and milk mixture. Return to trays, freeze until firm. Serve with sour cream mould.

SWEET AND SOUR STEAK WITH CHEESE NOODLE SAUCE

(from previous page)

Combine all ingredients except cornflour, bring to boil. Blend cornflour with little warm water then stir into mixture. Cook 1 minute, stirring all the time. Remove knob of ginger, simmer further 2 minutes.

Cheese Noodle Rice: One cup rice, boiling salted water, 1 pkt. chicken noodle soup, 4 cups boiling water, 1 cup grated cheese.

Place rice in saucepan of boiling salted water, cook rapidly 7 minutes; drain, rinse well in clean water. Place chicken soup and the boiling water in the saucepan, stir until boiling, and add rice to this mixture. Continue cooking until rice is tender and most of the stock absorbed. Lightly mix in the grated cheese.

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69 VALUABLE CONSOLATION PRIZES —

6 'Sunbeam' Mixmasters, 6 'Sunbeam' Frypans
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Imagine! The kitchen you've always dreamed of — right in your own home! You get £200 cash for alterations, £75 for cupboards, plus nearly £600 worth of fittings and appliances. Remember, too, there are 69 valuable consolation prizes to be awarded throughout Australia. If you don't own your own home, you can still receive all the appliances and fittings plus £275 cash. Anyone can win — and it could be you! Read the rules carefully, then send as many entries as you like. Closing date is October 31st.

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Here are 7 typical ways to enjoy Heinz Spaghetti:

1. WITH TOAST
2. WITH AN EGG
3. WITH MEAT BALLS
4. IN A CASSEROLE
5. WITH A SIZZLING STEAK
6. IN SANDWICHES
7. WITH CHOPS AND SAUSAGES

Alongside each of these dishes, write in which of the following occasions you believe to be the most appropriate time to enjoy them: Each occasion to be used only once.

BREAKFAST — LUNCH — SUPPER — EVENING MEAL
— SATURDAY LUNCH — CAMPING — BARBECUE

Fill in the details below, attach 2 labels* from any 8 oz. or 16 oz. can of Heinz Spaghetti and mail to —
'Dream Kitchen', H. J. HEINZ CO., Box 57, Dandenong, Vic.

NAME (Block letters) _____

ADDRESS _____

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GROCER'S STORE NAME _____

GROCER'S ADDRESS _____

* Not required where this contravenes State Laws.

RULES OF THE CONTEST:

1. The correct solution will be as selected by the Cooking Editress of "The Australian Women's Weekly".
2. The Heinz "Dream Kitchen" will be awarded to the nearest, correct entry received. Neatness will also be considered for consolation prizes. Neatness will be judged by The Advertising Manager, H. J. Heinz Co. Pty. Ltd., Art Director, U.S.P. Benson Pty. Ltd., Advertising Manager, Australian Women's Weekly.
3. The Major Prizewinner will receive all the appliances and fittings detailed in this advertisement together with cash payment for structural alterations (£200). Cupboards and Benches (£75).
4. Consolation Prizes: One Sunbeam "Mixmaster" and one Sunbeam "Frypan" will be awarded in each Australian state. £10 Grocery Orders will be redeemable only at the store nominated on the Entry Form.
5. Judges' decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into.
6. There is no limit to the number of entries from one person subject to such persons being residents of Australia. Each entry must be accompanied by 2 labels from any 8 oz. or 16 oz. can of Heinz Spaghetti (not required where this contravenes State laws).
7. Employees and their families of H. J. Heinz Co. or their Advertising Agents are excluded from entry.
8. Contest closes with entries posted no later than October 31st, 1961.
9. All prizewinners will be notified by mail. List of major prizewinners will be published in "The Australian Women's Weekly", November 28.



Enter as often as you like — extra entry forms at your grocers

Cookery Course

JAM-MAKING, Part 1

— Choosing fruits, pectin tests

MAKING jams and jellies to stock the pantry shelves is one of the most rewarding branches of household cooking. It is also an economical method of ensuring a good supply of these delicacies throughout the year.

This lesson discusses basic jam-making principles. Jellies, marmalades, and conserves and the correct bottling of all jams will be discussed next week.

EQUIPMENT

The following equipment is necessary for making all types of jams.

1. Cast or pressed aluminium preserving pan, boiler or large saucepan with wide top to allow evaporation and prevent jam frothing and bubbling over while boiling.
2. Long-handled spoon, preferably wooden, for stirring.
3. Jars free from chips and cracks.
4. Soup ladle or enamel mug for filling jars.
5. Waxed or parchment covers, paraffin wax and/or screw tops for coverings.

FRUIT TO USE

For jams of good color and flavor, well set, but not stiff, with good keeping qualities (i.e. will keep without mould forming), it is necessary to use fruit rich in pectin or to combine a pectin-rich fruit (such as apple) with a fruit poor in pectin (such as blackberry).

Fruit for jam-making is best used early in its season, freshly picked, dry, just ripe or slightly underripe, when the pectin-acid content is highest. As fruit ripens the acid it contains changes pectin to sugar, so the jam does not set so well.

The acid in just-ripe or slightly underripe fruit is necessary to draw out the pectin, improve flavor, and help to prevent sugar crystallising.

If fruit is overripe jam does not set; if picked during wet weather jam may ferment or mould quickly.

PECTIN CONTENT

Rich in pectin and acid: Cooking apples, black currants, damson plums, plums, gooseberries, lemons, limes, grapefruit, Seville oranges.

Moderately rich in pectin and acid: Apricots, blackberries, greengage plums, loganberries, raspberries, sweet oranges, mandarins.

Poor in pectin and acid: Late blackberries, cherries, pineapple, marrow, pears, peaches, strawberries.

TO OVERCOME PECTIN DEFICIENCY

1. Combine fruit deficient in pectin with pectin-rich fruit (for example, apple with

blackberry or marrow with damson plums).

2. Add lemon juice, which is rich in pectin and contains acid.

3. Add commercial pectin, following manufacturer's directions.

Sweet fruits are deficient in acid and to bring pectin into solution it is necessary to add acid in any of the following ways:

- a. Add lemon juice, allowing 1 tablespoon to 2lb. fruits.

- b. Add citric acid, allowing $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon to 2lb. fruits.

- c. Add tartaric acid, allowing $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon to 2lb. fruits.

TO TEST PECTIN CONTENT

When fruit has simmered with water until soft, place 1 teaspoon of mixture into glass, add 3 teaspoons methylated spirit, and leave 2 minutes to form clot.

Large, firm clot indicates fruit is rich in pectin.

Medium-size, not-so-firm clot indicates fruit moderately rich in pectin.

Weak, flabby clot indicates fruit with poor pectin content.

USE OF SUGAR

Use best-quality crystal sugar or loaf sugar. Correct proportion is important.

For fruit with moderate to rich pectin content use 1lb. sugar to 1lb. fruit.

For fruit with poor pectin content use $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar to 1lb. fruit.

Sugar, warmed for quicker dissolving, is added after fruit and skins have simmered until soft.

BASIC METHODS

1. Remove stalks, stones, any bruised parts, skin from such ingredients as pineapple, marrow.

2. Place fruit in preserving pan, greased to prevent burning.

3. If additional pectin or acid is necessary, add at this stage.

4. Pour over small quantity of water, approximately $\frac{1}{4}$ pint to 2lb. fruit. Juicy fruits may not require any water.

5. Cook gently over low heat until fruit is soft and pulpy. Stir frequently to prevent sticking.

6. Add warmed sugar, stir over low heat until dissolved. Jam must not be allowed to boil until all sugar is dissolved.

Note: Sugar can be warmed in enamel or crockery bowl in slow oven.

7. Boil jam rapidly, stirring occasionally, until it jells when tested.

TO TEST

Spoon a little on to saucer, leave 2 or 3 minutes in cool place. If it jells, glazes on surface, and crackles when touched, jam is cooked. If no skin forms further boiling is necessary to evaporate more water.

BASIC RECIPES FOR MAKING JAMS

PLUM JAM

Three pounds plums, 3lb. sugar, 1 cup water.

Halve plums, remove stones. Crack few stones, remove the kernels. Place fruit, kernels, and water in preserving pan. Bring to boil, cook rapidly until plums are tender, stirring frequently. Warm sugar, stir into plums, continue rapid cooking until mixture jells when tested on saucer. Bottle and seal.

PINEAPPLE JAM

Two pounds peeled and shredded pineapple (slightly underripe), 2lb. green apples, 1 pint water, juice 1 or 2 lemons, 3lb. sugar.

Mix shredded pineapple with peeled chopped apples, reserving apple cores and pips. Place fruits in preserving pan with water, lemon juice, and apple cores and pips tied in muslin. Simmer until fruits are quite soft, stirring frequently. Add warmed sugar, bring slowly to boil, stirring constantly until sugar dissolves. Cook quickly until jam jells when tested. Allow to stand 5 minutes before bottling in clean, dry, heated jars. Seal and label when cold.

MULBERRY JAM

Eight pounds mulberries, 2 small teaspoons citric or tartaric acid, 6lb. sugar.

Place washed fruit (stalks removed) in pre-

serving pan over low heat, cook until juice starts to flow. Simmer gently 15 minutes, add citric or tartaric acid and warmed sugar. Cook quickly, stirring occasionally, until it jells when tested (15 to 30 minutes). Stand 4 or 5 minutes, bottle into clean, dry, heated jars.

DRIED APRICOT JAM

(A good jam to make when fresh fruit is not available.)

One pound dried apricots, 3 pints water, 3lb. sugar, juice 1 lemon, 2 or 3oz. almonds (optional).

Wash apricots thoroughly, cover with water, soak 24 hours. Place in preserving pan with lemon juice, bring to boil. Simmer $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, stirring occasionally. Add warmed sugar and split blanched almonds. Boil quickly, stirring frequently, until it jells when tested. Bottle in clean, dry, heated jars.

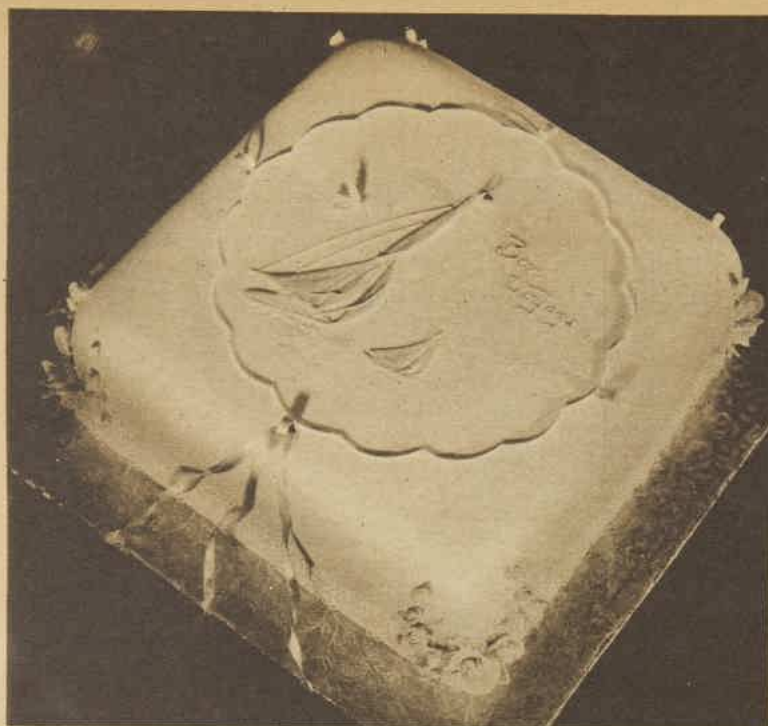
GRAPE JAM

Six pounds muscatel grapes, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint water, 2 teaspoons citric acid, 4lb. sugar.

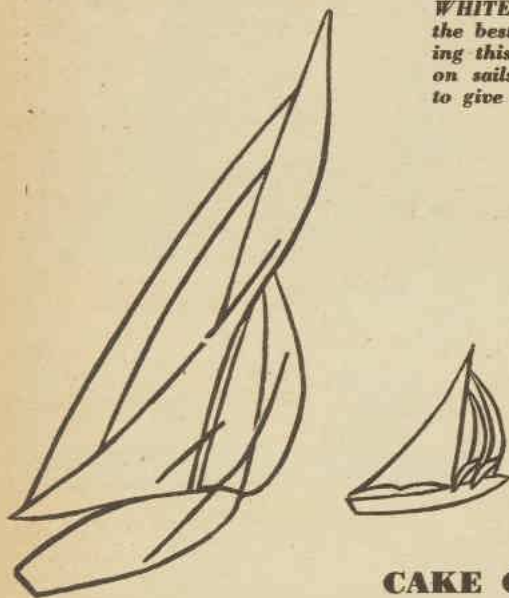
Wash grapes, drain, remove all stems. Place in preserving pan with water, simmer until soft, skim off seeds as they come to surface. Add citric acid and warmed sugar. Cook steadily until jam jells when tested. Allow to stand 5 minutes before filling into heated jars. Seal and label when cold.

NEXT WEEK: Jam-making, Part 2

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 27, 1961



WHITE or pale blue would be the best colors for fondant covering this cake. Extra painted lines on sails and hull could be used to give an effective etched design.



SCALE - SIZE patterns (left) for both the boats can be traced on to waxed paper and piped or carefully pricked on to top of cake for outlining and flooding of sails, hulls.

CAKE OF THE MONTH

Bon voyage decorations

- This month's cake, in honor of a departing traveller, has a simple design of boats and seagulls which would also be appropriate for a yachting enthusiast.

THE centre design is surrounded by a circle of 1in. scallops and narrow colored ribbons to represent streamers. Side designs include fine extension work and "lace" edging with a corner horseshoe effect of tiny piped or moulded roses and forget-me-nots.

FLOODWORK

Place selected design (two boats are used on cake above) underneath waxed paper. With writing-tube, pipe over outlines in royal icing, using one or more thicknesses, as desired. Then soften icing with water or lemon juice to half normal piping consistency. With large writing-tube, pipe soft icing to fill in design, being careful to keep point of tube immersed in icing to prevent air bubbles. Set aside to dry, carefully peel paper from back and place design in position on cake. Extra color and lines can be painted on to designs with food colorings (diluted or full strength) and fine brush.

FLOODWORK DESIGNS

The cake decorator does not need to be a competent artist to draw designs for floodwork. Greeting cards of all descriptions have most attractive designs, parts of which can be copied or traced off to form basic cake design. Moulded or piped flowers and leaves can then be added. Patterned materials, lace-work, and similar fabrics will also give ideas

to copy. Embroidered transfers of animals and figures are excellent for copying for children's cakes.

TO PIPE BIRDS

Most types of birds can be piped in royal icing from one basic pattern. Size and color depend on type — whether they represent doves, seagulls or tiny blue birds. One pattern is described below, but decorators, after practice, could try forming birds in other positions.

First pipe wings and tail on to waxed paper and allow to dry. Then insert them into wet icing body piped on to paper or directly on to cake. For right wing use fine writing-tube, and, from starting-point, pipe 3 or 4 lines out to right and back. First line forms front of wing shape. Make each following line slightly shorter than last to fill feathered section. Lines should fan out a little at tips. Pipe left wing in similar way except lines go to left. Pipe 3 out-and-back lines for tail, making centre line short.

For body section use thicker tube and more pressure on bag. When body is required length, releasing pressure slightly, lift tube with up and slightly backward movement. Give slight squeeze for head, then pull off sharply for beak. Insert dried wings and tail into body, as directed above, supporting if necessary until body is dry. Paint on tiny black dots for eyes and gold and silver for wing tips, if desired.

Need a dreamy idea for "special occasion" desserts?



Easy! **O**pen
a can
of
perfect
peaches

RUN UP THIS LUSCIOUS "PEACH PAVLOVA DELUXE"

It's simple — when you start with canned peaches! All the messy work is done for you . . . your **cooking** becomes **creating!** And canned fruits are always perfect — so you're sure of success. See for yourself — serve this delightful dessert at your next party.

INGREDIENTS: 1 can sliced peaches; 4 egg whites; $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar; teaspoon vanilla; teaspoon vinegar; pinch salt. **METHOD:** Grease two 8" circles of paper. Add salt to egg whites, beat till stiff. Gradually beat in $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar. Mixture should be glossy and stand in peaks. Fold in remaining sugar. Stir in vinegar and vanilla. Spoon half of mixture on to each paper circle. Place on oven trays, and bake in slow oven for $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Place 1 layer of sliced peaches between meringue rounds. Decorate top with sliced peaches and whipped cream.



FOR GOODNESS SAKE,
EAT MORE CANNED FRUIT

AUSTRALIAN CANNED FRUIT
SALES PROMOTION COMMITTEE

ACT99P

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 27, 1961

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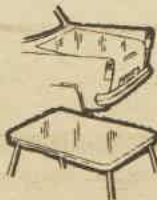


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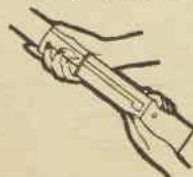


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FINE APPLIANCES AROUND THE HOUSE—AROUND THE WORLD

HOOVER

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 27, 1961

● "Prevention is better than cure." Today the emphasis is on preventive medicine, a highly important aspect of which is . . .

THE aim of modern preventive medicine is to prevent people from getting diseases—a course preferable to trying to cure them after a disease has been contracted.

Preventive medicine is not only to safeguard the health of babies and children but to make them more resistant to disease.

Immunisation prevents diseases, which could otherwise be fatal, from attacking the child.

It is important then that all parents should have a simple understanding of what is meant by "immunity."

The normal blood contains certain substances (known as "antibodies") that attack any foreign organisms (bacteria, viruses) which may enter the bloodstream. They are body-defenders against disease.

Some people, when exposed to certain infectious diseases, do not contract them because of the protective qualities of their blood.

They are said to possess a "natural immunity."

It is a familiar fact that one attack of some infectious diseases gives protection against another attack of the same disease, and this is known as "acquired immunity."

This response on the part of the blood can be artificially

its toll of hundreds of children's lives every winter.

Now it is almost entirely prevented by immunisation.

In Sheffield, England, there were 6818 cases of diphtheria in the three years from 1934 to 1937.

Then an intensive immunisation campaign was carried out, and in the three years 1949-1952 there were only four cases and no deaths.

Diphtheria in Australia is very rare now, and if the death of a child from it is reported, it is usually found that the child was not immunised in its first year or did not have the necessary "booster" injections.

Whooping-cough is still a serious disease with dangerous complications, but the mortality rate has fallen consider-

Thus, immunisation should be carried out at the earliest age compatible with safety and efficiency, and three months is suggested as the best age at which this immunisation should be commenced.

It was also once considered that babies under the age of six months responded poorly or not at all to the injection of the diphtheria toxoid.

But it has now been proved that babies at three months can be successfully immunised against diphtheria as long as they are given a "booster" injection some months after the first course of injections.

It doesn't matter at what age the baby is immunised against tetanus, as long as he is protected by the time he begins to move about, perhaps getting cuts or treading on rusty nails, etc.

Children of all ages respond well to the tetanus injection.

The Three-in-one Injection:

For some time immunisation against diphtheria, whooping-cough, and tetanus has been given in one injection.

Doctors think this is preferable, as the three diseases can be prevented at the same time, instead of giving three separate injections.

Numerous tests have proved that the "Triple antigen" given is well tolerated by young babies and the response of the blood to it (in the manufacture of the "antibodies") has been good.

It can be safely and successfully given at three months.

To establish active immunity, a full course of inoculations must be given—which means two further injections after the initial dose are given at intervals of one month between each.

At six to twelve months after the last of these injections

Both these diseases are just as dangerous in older children as they are in babies and toddlers.

An emergency "booster" for tetanus should be given when a child receives a cut or wound of a nature that is likely to be followed by tetanus, unless it occurs less than six months after the basic or a "booster" injection.

It is most important that the parent or guardian of every child immunised against tetanus should be given a written statement so that a

and its value in protecting against the dreaded "paralytic poliomyelitis" has since been demonstrated in many countries.

In Australia 15 million doses have already been given.

Without immunisation this type of poliomyelitis can occur at any age, but it is most frequent in infancy, with 65 per cent. of all cases in the Commonwealth occurring before the age of 15 years.

Pregnant women are in a group that is susceptible to this disease.

Vaccination against poliomyelitis may be carried out at all ages, except in babies, when the injections are usually given between the age of 6 and 9 months, as by then the maternally derived "antibodies" will have diminished and will not interfere with active immunisation.

All parents should also be immunised against polio whenever supplies of the Salk Vaccine for adults are available.

There is a course of three injections with one month between the first and second injection, and seven months between the second and third injection.

It should be noted that a four-in-one injection for the simultaneous immunisation of

infants and young children (6 months to 2 years) against diphtheria, whooping-cough, tetanus, and poliomyelitis can now be given.

Clinical tests in Melbourne have shown that the "quadruple antigen" given for this injection is well tolerated by young babies, and that the blood-response to it is very satisfactory.

This four-in-one injection is not given before six months, or after two years, for the following reasons:

1. The inherited immunity from the mother interferes with the normal response of the blood to the polio components of the injection earlier than six months.

2. After two years, the reaction to the whooping-cough component might be severe in older children.

This quadruple injection is given in the same way as in the three-in-one injection, and the first "booster" dose is given at five to seven months after the last of the three injections.

These injections are sometimes given by private doctors if preferred, but in many cases immunisation is carried out by the various local councils, who notify mothers when this is available.

IMMUNISATION

By SISTER MARY JACOB

(Information by courtesy of the Commonwealth Serum Laboratories, Melbourne.)

"Simple, harmless"

produced and can be used as a preventive measure against possible infection.

A mother passes on to her baby at birth her acquired immunity to certain diseases.

This is called "maternal immunity."

This inherited immunity, however, begins to dwindle rapidly after three months, leaving the baby then susceptible to various infectious diseases.

Immunity and the common cold is still a vexed question.

Much research work is now being carried out to find a suitable immunising agent against this troublesome, widespread infection.

Active protection against many diseases can be given by controlled injections of harmless substances called "antigens" and "toxoids."

The injected antigens are usually either killed bacteria or viruses which cannot cause disease, or inactivated toxins such as toxoids, which cannot cause deleterious effects.

It is a matter of common experience that the prevention of an infectious disease by the use of these measures is simple and harmless, whereas the cure of the disease may be difficult, and sometimes impossible.

All parents should be told of the vital importance of having their babies immunised early.

At one time diphtheria was a dreaded disease which took

ably. Preventive measures against tetanus have been taken for nearly 60 years. Active immunisation has been available for about 20-25 years.

Statistics show there are still about 55 deaths annually from this dreaded disease in Australia, which indicates that not enough advantage is taken of immunisation facilities.

Today, by the time a baby is a little more than six months old, he can be relatively immune to diphtheria, whooping-cough, and tetanus with active immunisation; and, if he has been vaccinated, to smallpox also.

(NOTE: It is now considered advisable to have babies vaccinated against smallpox, as with the quick arrival of planes from Eastern countries there is always a danger of some undetected cases getting into Australia.)

The reason for vaccination in infancy is that it is much safer to perform the first vaccination in infants than in older children or adults.

They have a much milder reaction to it and the immunity lasts for some years.)

It was once thought that immunisation of babies by the age of one year was early enough.

However, the need for protection against whooping-cough is greater in young babies, since most of the severe and sometimes fatal cases occur as early as six months.

Polio vaccine

tions a "booster" dose should be given, for the immunity should be adequately maintained during childhood by these "booster" or reinforcing doses.

A further "booster" should be given at three years and another just before the school-going age.

Doctors strongly stress the importance of these "booster" injections against diphtheria and tetanus and consider them as important as the primary dose.

record of the last injection can be shown.

If this is not done, the doctor who treats the child for an injury may administer tetanus antitoxin when it is not necessary.

The poliomyelitis vaccine (Salk Vaccine) was proved to be effective in a mass immunisation during the summer of 1954 in the United States of America by the National Foundation of Infantile Paralysis.

The safety of the vaccine

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THE INTERNATIONAL PASSPORT TO SMOKING PLEASURE

AT HOME *with*

Margaret Sydney

● Now that the children have gone back to school, it's rather horrifying to think that the next holidays, not so far away, will be Christmas. What's happened to the year?

I'VE always been amused by the man who said that as you grow older the policemen get younger, the hills get steeper, and your friends won't speak UP.

For women, you could add to that that the school holidays get closer and closer together so that the year whizzes by without any of the elegant extras getting done.

The year 1961 was going to be a big one for me. In my spare time I was going to replan the back garden entirely and lay it out, and I was also going to do some inside painting and some furniture covering.

Now that we're well into September I can only say, "What spare time?"

There's a sort of serial argument going on among the members of my tennis club over the school holidays, the general opinion being that they're too long.

In spite of my grumbles about where the year has gone to, I don't agree with this at all.

The argument is that fourteen weeks' holiday in the year is much too much in a tough, modern world where technical knowledge is increasing all the time.

They feel that a month's holiday would be plenty for the children (and for the teachers), and that the rest of the time could be spent much more profitably in work that would fit the young for the examinations, which are becoming more competitive all the time, and for the hard grind of earning a living later.

"The holidays are so long that the kids get bored," they say.

"Children grow up without any idea of what it's like to work steadily at anything with just the one break of two or three weeks at the end of the year."

Well, that's just too bad!

Are we getting so childish that we resent being grown-up ourselves and are jealous of our children, or is the toughness of modern life knocking us silly to the point where we want our children to go round muttering "Life is real, life is earnest," and behaving like adults?

Children mature in leisure hours

IF you think back into your childhood, aren't the happiest memories of all those of the long summer holidays when the sky was always blue and the sun was always hot—somehow it never seemed to rain in the holidays, remember?

You went barefooted, you didn't know what day of the week it was, and you spent endless sunny hours doing practically nothing with the greatest possible expenditure of effort and enthusiasm.

I'm pretty certain I did more growing, and more growing up, in those times than I ever did with ink on my fingers and my legs wound untidily round a classroom chair.

My children are growing up into a tougher world, I know, in some ways. Life's getting to be more and more of a rat-race every day, but that doesn't seem a good reason for pushing people into it earlier and earlier.

In my opinion, any effort to push children's noses harder to the grindstone by shortening their holiday time is an effort to rob them of a bit of their childhood.

As for the teachers—well, good luck to them. They're doing a job that I wouldn't take on at any price.

I don't know whether they NEED 14 weeks' holiday or not, but if the children need it, the teachers have to have it.

Try describing

a tomato

THE end of the holidays were made trying for Diana by her efforts to bully the rest of the family into suggesting a topic for an article for the school magazine, which she'd rashly promised to hand over on the first day of term.

Nobody's suggestions were any good—they were either too hard or too drubey.

Di's standards are high, which means she thinks it ought to be possible to turn out some sort of a literary masterpiece between dinner and bedtime while keeping one eye on the television set.

She got very indignant with me when I took my nose out of a book to suggest that she might try describing a tomato.

How would you describe a tomato to someone who had never seen or touched or smelled one?

I had just found this description sent back to Europe by Acosta, one of the first travellers to the New World to try this queer fruit.

"They be colde and very wholesome," he said, "a kind of graine great and full of iuyce, the which gives a good taste to sauce, and they are good to eat."

The best travellers always leave out something you want to know — Acosta quite forgot to say what color they were.

"Mum, why don't you stop her?"

AT the ripe old age of 18, Katherine can no longer remember what it was like to be young.

Just at present she disapproves of everything Diana does—the way she speaks, the way she laughs, her clothes, her lipstick when she's out of uniform—and there's a constant disapproving cry of "Mum, for goodness' sake, why don't you stop her."

Diana has just discovered the opposite sex. Presumably, she's always known that it existed, but I think she thought it was entirely confined to Hollywood.

Suddenly she's stopped swooning over Marlon Brando, and is displaying a lively interest in the b. 1944, Sex M, inhabitants of the neighborhood.

Because Kat has been around a little longer and should know more, Diana is always applying to her for information.

"You know Jimmie Blank . . ." she will say.

"Never heard of him," says Kat.

"But you must," Di says. "He only lives round the corner."

"You know, he's got a sister with red hair and a red sort of dog she takes out."

"You must have seen him hundreds of times—he's fantastically good-looking . . ."

"Wouldn't know him if he stood up in my porridge," Kat says rudely.

Mike is no help to Di. "Course I know him," he says. "He's a super bowler—off-spinner."

"He doesn't waste time on girls."

I have an uneasy feeling that Di is going to get to know young Mr. Blank by fair means or foul, and that "Mum, why don't you stop her" is going to be a fairly constant cry in the next few years.



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Continuing . . . HEAVEN HAS NO FAVORITES

very important. The important thing was that she was in Paris, that it was evening, and that she was breathing.

She unpacked her things. She had not brought much with her; nor did she have much money. She telephoned her uncle and a stranger's voice responded. Her uncle had given up his telephone years ago, it seemed.

For a brief moment, she was panic-stricken. Her monthly cheque had been coming to her through a bank, and it was a long time since she had heard from her uncle. He couldn't be dead, she thought. Strange, that always occurred to one first. Perhaps he had moved. She asked the hotel clerk for a city directory. There

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was only the old one, from the first year of the war. Even now there was still a shortage of coal. The room grew chilly in the evening.

The twilight began creeping through the window, grey and dirty. Lillian took a bath to make herself warm, and got into bed. For the first time since she had left the sanatorium, she was alone. She was really alone now for the first time in years. The money she had would, at most, last a week.

With darkness, a new form of panic began to grip her. Where could her uncle be? Perhaps he had gone travelling for a few weeks. Per-

haps he had had an accident, and perhaps he was dead. Perhaps Clerfayt, too, was already swallowed up in this unknown city, had taken himself off into another hotel, another existence, and she would never hear from him again.

She shivered. Romantic daring quickly faded in the face of a few facts, in the face of cold and loneliness. In the warm cage of the sanatorium, the radiators would be humming now.

There was a knock at her door. It was the hotel porter with two packages. She saw that the small one contained flowers. Flowers could only come from Clerfayt. In her gratitude and in the dimness of the room, she gave the man far too large

a tip. Quickly, she opened the second box. A woollen blanket lay inside. "I imagine you will need this," Clerfayt had written. "There's still not enough coal in Paris."

She unfolded the blanket. Two small cartons fell out of it. Light bulbs. "French hotels always economise on light," Clerfayt had written. "Replace your bulbs with these—they will make the world twice as bright."

She followed his advice. At least it was now possible to read. The porter brought her a newspaper. She looked into it, but after a while she laid it aside. These things no longer concerned her. Her time was too short. She would never know who was elected President next year, nor what party was uppermost in the Chamber of Deputies. Nor did such distant matters interest her; her whole being was filled with the will to live. To live her own life.

She dressed. She had her uncle's last letter; he had written her from that address six months ago. She would go there and inquire further.

There was no need of hunting. Her uncle was still in his old flat; he had only given up his telephone.

"Your money?" he said. "As you like. I've been having your monthly allowance sent to Switzerland; it was hard to get a permit to transfer the funds. Naturally, I can have it paid to you in France. To what address?"

"I don't want it in monthly instalments. I want to have all of it right now, at once."

"What for?"

"To buy clothes."

The old man stared at her. "You're like your father. If he—"

"He's dead, Uncle Gaston."

Gaston looked down at his big, bleached hands. "You don't have much money left. What do you mean to do here? My word, if I had the luck to live in Switzerland!"

"I haven't lived in Switzerland. I've lived in a hospital."

"You don't know anything about managing money. You'd spend it in a few weeks. You'd lose it—"

"Possibly," Lillian said.

He stared at her in consternation. "And what do you do when you've lost it?"

"I wouldn't be a burden on you."

"You ought to marry. Are you all right now?"

"Would I be here if I were not?"

"Then you ought to get married."

LILLIAN laughed. It was too obvious; he was anxious to shift the responsibility for her to someone else. "You ought to get married," Gaston repeated. "I could arrange for you to meet some suitable people."

Lillian laughed again, but she was curious to see how the old man would go about it. He must be almost eighty, she thought, but he acts as if he has to provide for another eighty years. "All right," she replied. "And now tell me one thing: Don't you ever feel the impulse to take everything you have and go out into the world and squander it?"

"Just like your father!" the old man replied contemptuously. "He never had any sense of responsibility, or foresight, either. I've a good mind to have you placed under guardianship."

"You can't do it. You think I'll throw my money away—but I think you're throwing your life away. Let's leave it at that. And see that I can have the money tomorrow. I want to buy those clothes soon."

"Where?" the old man asked quickly. "At Balenciaga's, I think. Don't forget that the money belongs to me."

"Your mother—"

"I want it tomorrow," Lillian said, giving Gaston a light kiss on the forehead.

Clerfayt called for her. They drove to the Restaurant Le Grand Vefour. "How was your first collision with the world?" he asked.

"I have the feeling that I've come among people who think they're going to live forever. At least they act that way. They defend their possessions and let their lives slip by."

Clerfayt laughed. "And yet while the war was on, they all vowed that they would never again make the same mistake if they came through it alive. Human beings are great at forgetting."

"Have you forgotten it, too?" Lillian asked.

"I've made a great effort to. I haven't quite succeeded."

"Is that why I love you?"

"You don't love me. If you loved me, you wouldn't use the word so lightly—and wouldn't tell me."

"Do I love you because you don't think of the future?"

"Then you would have had to love every man in the sanatorium. Let's see—we're going to have sole with roasted almonds and drink a young Montrachet with it."

"Then why do I love you?"

"Because I happen to be here. And because you love life. I am an anonymous specimen of life to you. Extremely dangerous."

"For me?"

"For the one who is anonymous. He can be replaced at random."

"So can I," Lillian said. "So can I, Clerfayt."

"I'm no longer quite so sure of that. If I had any sense, I'd clear out as soon as possible."

"You've barely arrived."

"I'm leaving tomorrow."

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Continuing . . . HEAVEN HAS NO FAVORITES

"Where to?" Lillian asked, without believing him.

"Far away. I have to go to Rome."
"And I have to go to Balenciaga's to buy clothes. That's farther than Rome."

"I really am going. I must see about a contract."

"Good," Lillian said. "That will give me time to plunge into the adventure of the fashion houses. My uncle Gaston is already talking of placing me under guardianship — or marrying me off."

Clerfayt laughed. "He would like to put you into a second prison before you know what freedom is."

"What is freedom?"

"I don't know either. I only know that it is neither irresponsibility nor aimlessness. It's easier to say what it is not than what it is."

"When are you coming back?" Lillian asked.

"In a few days."

"Do you have someone in Rome?"

"Yes," Clerfayt said.

"I thought so."

"Why?"

"It would be strange if you had been living alone. I wasn't living alone, either, when you came."

"And now?"

"Now," Lillian said, "I'm far too drunk on life itself to be able to think it over."

SHE went to Balenciaga the following afternoon. Aside from sports things suitable for the sanatorium, Lillian had hardly any wardrobe. Some of her dresses dated from wartime; others had been her mother's.

She watched the women who sat around her. She studied their clothes and probed their faces for the kind of excitement that filled her. She did not find it.

The parade of the mannequins began. The girls on their slender ankles seemed wafted in like artificial animals, long chameleons who changed their clothes like the colors of their skins and silently glided past the chairs.

She settled on five dresses. "Would you like to try them right away?" the saleswoman asked.

"May I?"

"Certainly. These three will fit you just as they are; the others are a little too wide."

"When can I have them?" Lillian asked.

"When do you need them?"

"At once."

The saleswoman laughed. "At once means in three or four weeks at the earliest here."

"I need them at once. Can I have the models that fit me?"

from page 48

The saleswoman shook her head. "No. We need them every day. But we'll do what we can. We're overwhelmed with work, Mademoiselle. If we were to carry out all the orders in turn, you would have to wait six weeks. Shall we try the black evening dress now?"

The models were brought to a booth lined with mirrors. The seamstress came along to take the measurements. "You've chosen very well, Mademoiselle," the saleswoman said. "The dresses suit you as if they were designed for you. Monsieur Balenciaga will be delighted when he sees them on you. A pity he is not here now."

"Where is Monsieur Balenciaga?" Lillian asked merely from politeness as she slipped out of her dress.

"In the mountains." The saleswoman mentioned a resort near Lillian's sanatorium. To Lillian it sounded like some place name in the Himalayas. "He's having a skiing holiday there," the seamstress said.

"Yes, that is the place for it," Lillian straightened up and looked into the mirror. "You see, that is what we meant," the saleswoman said. "Most women buy what they like. You bought what suits you. Don't you agree?" she asked the seamstress.

The seamstress nodded. "Now for the coat!"

The evening dress was coal-black

and clinging, but the coat that made up the costume was wide and cape-like, of a half-transparent material that stood out as if it were starched.

"Striking!" the saleswoman said. "You look like a fallen archangel."

Lillian looked at herself. Out of the big three-leafed mirror three women returned her look, two in profile and one full face, and when she moved a little to the side she saw, reflected from the wall mirror behind her, a fourth, who had her back turned to her and seemed on the point of going away.

"Striking!" the saleswoman repeated. "Why can't Lucille wear it this way?"

"Who is Lucille?"

"Our best model. The one who showed the dress."

Why should she wear it this way? Lillian thought. She will wear a thousand other dresses, and will go on

modelling dresses for many years, then marry and have children and grow old. But I will wear it only this summer. "Can't you make up this dress in less than four weeks?" she asked. "I need it and I have little time."

"What do you think, Mademoiselle Claude?" the seamstress asked.

The saleswoman nodded. "We will begin on it at once. It will be ready in two weeks."

"Two weeks —" It was like two years.

"If all goes well, ten days."

She went for fittings every day. The quiet of the booth cast a strange spell over her. Sometimes she heard the voices of other women from outside, but in the grey-and-silver haven of her own booth she was isolated from the bustle of the city. The seamstress moved around her like a

To page 54

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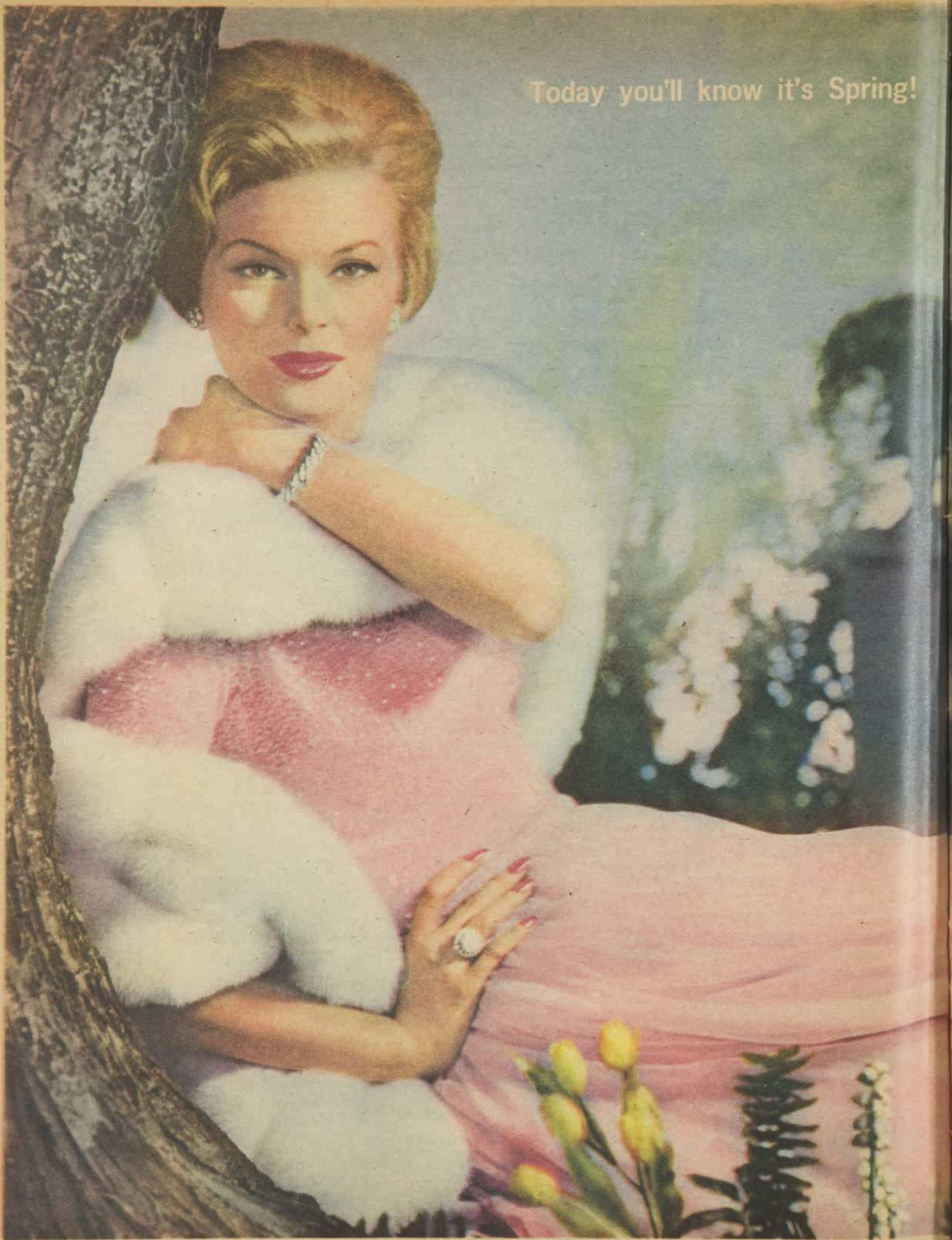


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A new burst-of-honey pink . . . for a new kind of girl!

Meet the Honey Bee Girl . . . such a feminine female!

Is it any wonder that most of life's honey seems
to be gathered for her?

So be dark, be fair . . . or whatever your hair . . .
but, oh, be a Honey Bee today!

Let this glorious golden pink have its way on your lips
and fingertips and with everything you wear.

Simply delicious—what a girl this is! After all—
wasn't the honeymoon named for her?



Revlon's 'Honey Bee Pink' . . . in extra-creamy
'Lustrious' and extra-lasting 'Lanolite' lipstick,
Cream and Frosted Nail Enamel to match,
'Futura' Lipstick Case designed by
Van Cleef and Arpels.



Red cars travel **SEAROAD** to Tasmania because their owners know an ideal place for a holiday!

Blue cars travel **SEAROAD** to Tasmania because their owners love their overnight sea voyage!



Black cars travel **SEAROAD** to Tasmania because their owners know the convenience of the roll-on roll-off ferry!



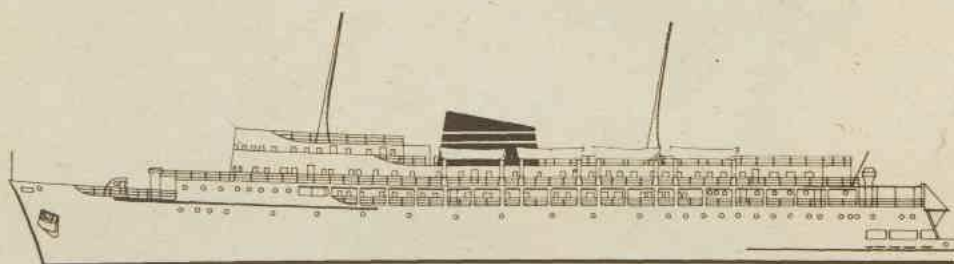
Green cars travel **SEAROAD** to Tasmania because their owners like to holiday in their own car!

Grey cars travel **SEAROAD** to Tasmania because the Princess is gyro stabilised!



Tan cars travel **SEAROAD** to Tasmania because it's the most economical way!

Everybody travels **SEAROAD** to Tasmania because it's the ideal aperitif to a holiday!



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AUSTRALIAN

NATURE

● Rarest of the Australian finches, the Red-eared Firetail (*Zonoeginthus oculatus*), is found only in the far south-west, from Perth to Esperance. It is seldom seen, because it likes dense undergrowth and has secretive ways. The two birds shown were photographed by Mr. M. K. Morcombe, Armadale, W.A. (A coupon to order our picture book, "Australian Nature," is on page 73.)

Continuing . . . HEAVEN HAS NO FAVORITES

priestess around an idol. She pinned, pleated, gathered material, cut, murmured inaudible comments from a mouth bristling with pins, knelt, eased here and drew in there in an ever-repeated ritual.

Lillian stood still and beheld in the mirrors three women who resembled her and at the same time were far away from her, to whom something was being done before her eyes that only distantly had anything to do with her, and that nevertheless profoundly transformed her. Sometimes the curtain of her booth was lifted and another client looked in with the swift, keen glance of the eternal warriors of the sex, ever watchful, and ever on their mettle. At such time

from page 49

Lillian felt that she no longer had anything in common with all that. She was not out to capture a man; she was out to capture life.

Balenciaga returned. He sat in on a fitting and said not a word. Next day, the saleswoman brought something gold into the booth. "Monsieur Balenciaga would like you to have this dress," the saleswoman said.

"I have to call a halt. I've already bought more than I should have; every day I've ordered something more."

"Try it on. You'll be pleased with it." The saleswoman smiled. "And

I assure you that the price will be satisfactory. The House of Balenciaga would like to have you wearing its clothes."

Lillian put on the gown. It raised the color of her face and shoulders to a golden bronze tone. She sighed. "I'll take it. It's harder to say no to such a dress than to the blandishments of Don Juan and Apollo."

Not always, she thought, but at the moment it was so. She was living in a weightless world of grey and silver. Mornings, she slept late; then she went to Balenciaga; afterward she wandered at random through the streets; and in the evenings she had dinner by herself in the hotel's restaurant. The restaurant happened to

be one of the best in Paris; she had not known that.

She had no desire for company and missed Clerfayt only slightly. The anonymous life that poured in upon her from all sides, from streets, cafes, and restaurants, was powerful enough and new enough to her so that she did not yet greatly miss a life of her own. She let herself drift; the crowd sustained her and did not shock her; she loved it because it was life, unknown, thoughtless, foolish life devoted to the thoughtless and foolish goals which bobbed on its surface like colored buoys on a choppy sea.

"You have bought wisely," the saleswoman said to her at the last fitting. "These are dresses that will never be out of fashion. You can wear them for years."

Years, Lillian thought, shivering and smiling. "I will only need them for this summer," she said.

It was like awakening from a mild intoxication. For almost two weeks she had lost herself among dresses, hats, and shoes like a drinker in a wine cellar. The first dresses were delivered, and she sent the bills to Uncle Gaston, who, after all, had only sent her monthly sum. He had made the excuse that these financial rearrangements were taking a great deal of time.

Next day her uncle appeared, highly excited. He sniffed around the hotel, told her that she was completely irresponsible, and, wonder of wonders, demanded that she move to his apartment.

"So that you can have me under your control?"

"So that you can live more economically. It's a crime to spend so much on things to wear. They would have to be made of gold to be worth these prices."

"They are made of gold. It's a pity you don't see it."

"To sell sound, interest-bearing securities for a few scraps of cloth—" Gaston groaned. "I'll have to have you placed under guardianship!"

"Just try to. Every judge in France would understand my actions. In the end, it would be you who would be sent to a mental hospital for observation. If you don't let me have my money, and soon, I'll buy twice as many things and send you the bills."

"Twice as many of these rags! You're

"No, Uncle Gaston, I'm not crazy. You are. You who stint yourself on everything, so that a dozen heirs whom you hardly know and heartily detest can go through the money later on. But let's not talk about it any more. Stay to dinner with me. The restaurant here has very good food. I'll put on one of my new dresses for you. And while we eat, you can tell me more about how sensible people live. At the moment I'm hungry as a skier after six hours' practice. No, hungrier! Going for fittings gives you an appetite. Wait downstairs for me. I'll be ready in five minutes."

She came down an hour later. Gaston, pale with ill-humor and the boredom of waiting, sat in the lobby at a small table which held a leafy plant and a scattering of magazines. To her delight, he did not recognise her at once.

AFTER their meal, Gaston looked around. "Well, Lilly," he asked, "are you really intending to stay in this place?" He looked around. "Don't you think it's a mistake?"

"I was just going to ask you about that. After the wine, you've actually become almost human."

Gaston sipped at his liqueur. "I'll give a little party for you."

"You threatened me with that once before."

"A dinner party. I still have a few bottles of wine—only a few, but they're the equal of this."

"Good."

"You've become a beautiful girl, Lilly. But hard!"

Hard, Lillian thought. What does he mean by hard? And am I like that? Or is it only that I have no time for the fraud of so-called good manners, which strews a little glitter over black truths, and thinks that that has made them disappear.

From her window she could see the spire of Sainte-Chapelle. It thrust its filigree sharpness into the sky above the grey walls of the Conciergerie. She recollected the Sainte-Chapelle of earlier days. On the first day of good sunshine she went to see it.

It was almost noon, and the room, with its high stained-glass windows, was flooded with light, as if it were a transparent tower of radiance. It seemed to be nothing but windows, full of Madonna blues and glowing reds and yellows and greens. So powerful was the torrent of colors, she could feel the hunk on her skin, as if she were taking a bath in colored light.

She recalled the last time she had been in Sainte-Chapelle. That had been during the time a hunt was on for her father. She and her mother had spent their days in churches, because those were the safest places to be. Lillian had come to know most of the churches in Paris from the vantage point of the darkest corner, where she and her mother hunched, pretending to be at prayer. But after a while they had begun sending spies even into the churches, and the dim aisles of Notre-Dame no longer meant safety.

To page 64



JOIN THE CELEBRATION . . . LOOK FOR PECK'S BIRTHDAY SPECIALS AT YOUR STORE!

For generations, Peck's have been adding wonderful flavour appeal to good food wherever it is eaten . . . at the family meal table, at school with the children, at picnics and parties. Now, Peck's invite you to share the savings on their 60th birthday specials at your store! Look for all the quality products, like Peck's Meat and Fish Pastes (including Peck's famous Anchovette), Peck's Canned Prawns, Tuna and Goulash.

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- Peck's Anchovette with chopped celery, hard-boiled egg, or grated carrot.
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- Peck's Paste (any variety) with chopped nuts.
- Peck's Fish Paste (any flavour) with mayonnaise and grated carrot.
- Peck's Prawns or Peck's Tuna with mayonnaise.

SUMMER DRESSES FOR YOU TO BUY



ETHNEE: Gingham in pink, pale blue, lemon, caramel, pale green, and white checks. Ready to wear: 32-34in. bust, £4/17/6, 36-38in., £4/19/11. Cut out only: 32-34in. bust, £3/4/6, 36-38in., £3/7/6. Postage 5/- extra.

● For any of these dresses, either complete or ready to sew, send mail orders to Fashion Patterns, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. State name of dress, size, and first and second color choices. No C.O.D. orders, please.

JACKIE: Pure silk in white spots on beige, pink, sea-green. Ready to wear: 32-34in. bust, £6/16/6, 36-38in., £6/19/8. Cut out only: 32-34in. bust, £5/4/3, 36-38in., £5/9/6. Cotton in white spots on pale blue, Capri-blue, navy, red, pink, olive. Ready to wear: 32-34in. bust, £5/7/3, 36-38in., £5/8/9. Cut out only: 32-34in. bust, £3/17/6, 36-38in., £3/19/9. Postage 5/- extra.

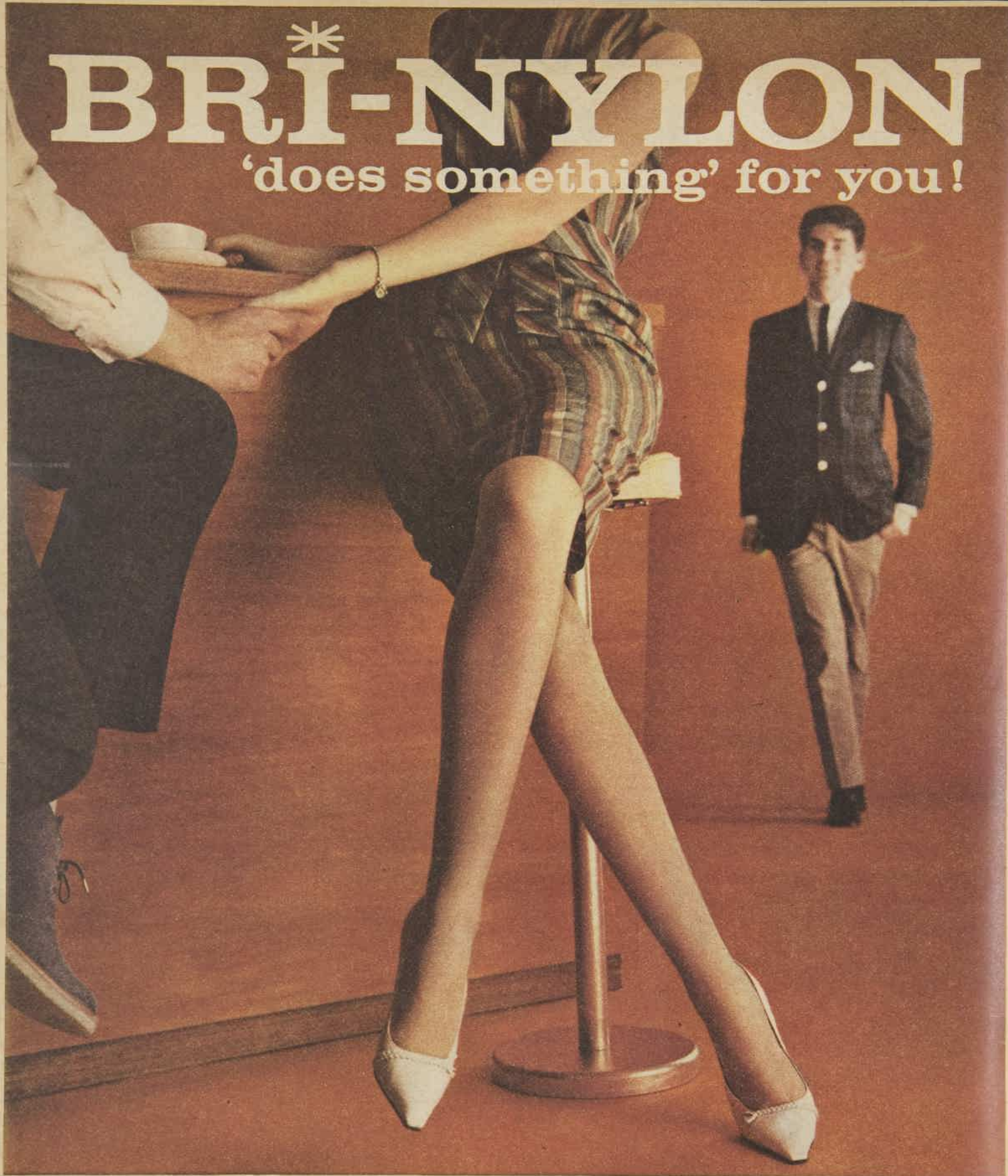


MARCIA: Drip-dry faille poplin in black/black silk trim, caramel or bone/champagne trim, polar-ice, pale blue, pale pink/white trim. Ready to wear: 32-34in. bust, £6/5/6, 36-38in., £6/7/9. Cut out only: 32-34in. bust, £4/16/6, 36-38in., £4/17/9. Sandek in black/black silk trim, aqua or petal-pink/white silk trim, bone/champagne trim. Ready to wear: 32-34in. bust, £6/9/9, 36-38in., £6/12/6. Cut out only: 32-34in. bust, £4/19/6, 36-38in., £5/3/6. Postage 5/- extra.

JULIET: Attractive button-through dress with unusual sleeves. Drip-dry faille poplin in caramel, blue, polar-ice, champagne, lemon, and pale pink. Ready to wear: 32-34in. bust, £5/17/9, 36-38in., £5/19/11. Cut out only: 32-34in. bust, £4/8/6, 36-38in., £4/11/6. Postage 5/- extra.

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It's no secret that everyone looks at your legs. You know by the way they look that **BRI-NYLON** stockings really 'do something' for you. And those devastating new deeper tones! You'll find them in all **BRI-NYLON** ranges. See and be seen in the seductively beautiful new **BRI-NYLON** stockings by Beau Monde, Betty Bond, Holeproof, Kayser, Nightingale, Rosslyn, Sutex and Worth.

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ENSEMBLE ELEGANCE

*Reborn in Paris, the
dress-coat combination
—an important all-
seasons fashion.*

ELEGANT understatement gives lunch-to-dusk adaptability to Dior's lilac-pink sleeveless dress with low-belted double-breasted jacket.



DUO (above) of flared low-waisted dress and matching collarless coat with three-quarter length sleeves are Heim's stunning contribution to the reborn ensemble look.



SUPREMELY wearable (left), either separately or together, are Chanel's paired lightweight coat and easy dress in navy and white.

Continued overleaf

(Ensemble Elegance)

Smart Check Mates

To make a dress lead a dual life, there is nothing like the all-seasons, never out-of-fashion check — now sometimes called “squared colors.”



EASY - FITTING jumper top (right) can make the matching dress serve as part of a jumper suit or can be taken off and carried as a jacket.

SOFTLY feminine jacket in squared navy and pale beige silk (above) comes off to reveal a slender, summery little dress of navy silk.



TAILORED coat of heavy cotton in a pattern of squared terra-cotta and white (right), worn over a “little nothing” dress in black. Coat has black accents.



BLAZER-INSPIRED jacket of squared white and deep charcoal-grey (left) gives a double life to the matching charcoal dress that is worn underneath it.



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your whole mouth pure...
refreshed with **Stripe**



Stripe, the toothpaste with *germ-fighting* red stripes

Nothing has ever made your mouth so clean, so fresh as STRIPE'S germ-fighting red stripes. Why? They contain Hexachlorophene, the wonder germ-fighter that kills odour and decay causing germs, keeps your *whole mouth* pure hours after brushing. And with STRIPE you can be sure your teeth are thoroughly clean. Isn't it good to know the whole family gets this daily protection with Stripe, the toothpaste with germ-fighting red stripes.

You know you're right—it's in the stripe



Stripe

*With active concentration
of Hexachlorophene
in the red stripes.*

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 27, 1961

A FINE REXONA PRODUCT

Page 59



Modess *because*

a "Magic Channel" of protection
a discreet deodorant you can trust

Only Modess gives you all these refinements... the luxurious softness of MASSLINN cover... the extra absorbency of "Magic Channel"... a discreet deodorant for complete protection at all times. The most trustworthy napkins ever created! Modess with MASSLINN cover... Modess Super... Modess with Gauze cover... and now New Modess Vee-Form, the anatomically shaped napkin.



Products of Johnson & Johnson

HOME HINTS

● These useful hints sent in by readers will help to lighten your daily household chores. Each one wins a £1/1/- prize.

DRY baby's woollens quickly by laying them on a towel which has been pegged between two lines. They will not be pulled out of shape by pegs, and the sun and air will dry them quickly. — Mrs. C. Murphy, Houghton P.O., Adelaide.

To make the job of opening screw-top jars and bottles easier, use a piece of coarse sandpaper held round the lid. Keep a sheet of sandpaper handy in a kitchen cupboard. — Mrs. J. Renton, 34 Clota Avenue, Box Hill, Vic.

When fruit juice has been spilled on a tablecloth, dip a piece of bread in cold water and put it over the stain immediately. The stain will soon disappear. — Mrs. M. N. Bone, Manchester Rd., Chewton, Vic.

After oiling a sewing-machine, run a piece of ordinary blotting-paper back and forth several times. This absorbs excess oil and prevents the staining of fabric while sewing. — Mrs. K. O'Leary, Peterborough, S.A.

Corks in small bottles often break if pulled out with a full-sized corkscrew. Try using a cup hook instead. Screw it in carefully, put a finger under the hook, and pull gently. — Mrs. J. Bungert, 106 Arthur St., Finchley Park, S.A.

To remove obstinate stains from bone or white shoes, rub gently with a soft pencil eraser. — Mrs. A. McElroy, 36 Goomalibee St., Benalla, Vic.

When marcasite jewellery becomes very dull, bring back the sparkle by rubbing a stick of school white chalk lightly over the stones. Polish with a dry small brush and finish with a gentle rub with a soft cloth. — Mrs. E. Hardy, 876 Wellington St., West Perth.

If you have allowed ice-cream mixture to become too hard before the final beating, it can be creamed quickly and easily by using a potato-masher. — Mrs. C. W. Turner, 97 Vermont Rd., Launceston, Tas.

Preserve lemons by dipping them into melted paraffin wax. The wax sets and forms an airtight covering. When required for use, place lemons over hot water for a few minutes to melt the paraffin. — G. Buck, 3 Westmorland St., Millen, W.A.

When washing up dishes that have had onion or fish on them, put a piece of lemon in the water and it will remove the odor. — Mrs. L. W. Brown, Woongoolba, via Beenleigh, Qld.

Line your wicker laundry basket with a plastic cover. Thread elastic round the outer edge and it will remain secure. Your washing will always be clean and the plastic can be wiped over quickly with a damp cloth. — Mrs. C. M. Brookes, 44 McRae's Avenue, Penshurst, N.S.W.

When making meringue or any recipe with egg-whites, you'll be amazed at the difference if you add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of cream of tartar. The cream of tartar gives body and firmness and prevents discoloration. — Mrs. G. Knowles, 59 Dilliga St., Virginia, Qld.

For a picnic without flies, try taking along a small tin with a tight-fitting lid containing a sponge or rag soaked in oil of lavender. Set the tin in the centre of the picnic and you'll find the area completely free of flying pests. — Mrs. J. Pollard, 13 Galway Grove, Traumberg, S.A.

Make your own Christmas stockings inexpensively by dyeing some old mosquito netting red and starching stiffly. Iron flat and cut out in the shape of the stockings. Sew up and begin filling with small toys, etc., as you buy them. — Mrs. M. Lawson, 18 Watt St., Gympie, Qld.

Whiten piano keys by wiping with a soft white cloth moistened with methylated spirit. Finish off with a clean duster. Repeat each day for a week and the yellow stain will vanish from the keys. — Miss M. Petrow, 19 Heidelberg St., East Brisbane.

If you need an additional skirt-hanger for your separates, try winding elastic bands round each end of an ordinary coat-hanger. This will prevent the loops of the skirt from slipping off the hanger. — Miss D. Whiteside, 11a Cook Rd., Centennial Park, N.S.W.

Before beating preserved eggs for cakes or puddings, stand them in warm water for a few minutes and they will beat up as lightly as fresh eggs. — Mrs. J. LeFene, Pyengana, Tas.

It is a good idea to clean a few pieces of cutlery each morning after washing up. This adds only five minutes to your working schedule, but it eliminates that last-minute rush to clean all the silverware when an important visitor is coming to dinner. — Mrs. E. Fredericks, 1 Rosewood Rd., Amberley, Qld.

When using a sewing-machine at night, you can see to thread the needle if you hold a white cloth underneath it. — Mrs. F. Mocken, Mineral Works, Robbs Jetty, Fremantle, W.A.

SEND US YOUR HINTS

If you have a household hint to pass on to other housewives, send it to Home Hints, Box 4088 W.W., G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for every one published.



Modess BELTS

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in
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Judith Aden's
new sun-spiced lip colour

TAHITI SPICE is here to herald in your most beautiful Spring; to accent the colour-bright tones of the new Spring fashions. TAHITI SPICE is a fashion event . . . and, to celebrate, Woolworths and Judith Aden offer you a chance to win an unforgettable air cruise to Tahiti itself . . . the magic isle . . . just by entering a simple contest. Make straight for the Judith Aden counter at your nearest Woolies. Try the magic of "Tahiti Spice" . . . and while you're there, pick up your entry for the "Tahiti Holiday" contest. It's easy.

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Tahiti itself . . . with £400 in crisp new travellers' cheques to spend as you wish. You could easily be the lucky winner and it doesn't cost a penny!



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Judith Aden
FASHION-KEYED BEAUTY AIDS

You just cannot buy better whatever you pay

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WOOLWORTHS

They built a dream home



Colorful decoration adds charm to the dining-area of the home Norman and Roberta Harris built for themselves at Berwick.

● For just on £2000, including the cost of land, an ex-P.O.W. war pensioner and his schoolteacher wife have built themselves one of the most charming homes in Berwick (Vic.) . . . almost entirely out of Masonite hard-board and feature boards.

THEY are Mr. and Mrs. Norman Harris (both 48), a couple who had absolutely no knowledge of building or carpentry when they started their big project two years ago.

Courageously persevering in spite of ill-health and limited money, they have built a house which will inspire and encourage all do-it-yourself home-makers trembling on the brink of a similar effort.

"We really owe our house to a combination of bad luck, good luck, and the remarkable simplicity of building with hardboard," Mrs. Harris said as she showed me over her home this week.

"The bad luck hit us first. We were in Victoria on holidays from Western Australia when my husband suffered a severe recurrence of a war disability dating back to his days in Changi as a member of the 2/4th Machine Gunners.

"He was put in a military hospital and told he mustn't risk the trip back to the West.

"So we were faced with finding somewhere to live. That was where the good luck came in, because we decided to build ourselves a timber-frame hard-board house.

"We didn't even own a set of tools at that stage, but we had seen the Masonite Display

Home at the Melbourne Show and had both fallen in love with it.

"Once we started on our house we found we needn't have worried about our lack of skill or experience, as Masonite is so easy to use."

With £675 of their £2000 capital the Harrises bought a block of land at Elgin St., in Berwick—a quiet little town

Said Mrs. Harris: "We did everything ourselves, except the plumbing and electrical work.

"We lined all the rooms with Masonite. Norman, who is something of a perfectionist, was delighted with the finish he could get with it."

Materials chosen by Mrs. Harris include Seadrift for walls of the entrance hall, passage-way and bedroom, and Ridgeboard as feature walls in the pleasant, roomy kitchen-dining area and sitting-room.

"I am very color-conscious and have always been interested in interior decoration," she said.

"Feature hardboard appealed to me as the perfect background for colorful furnishing."

Now that their home is almost complete—only a small amount of lining remains to be fixed in a couple of rooms—Mrs. Harris has gone back to her profession: teaching.

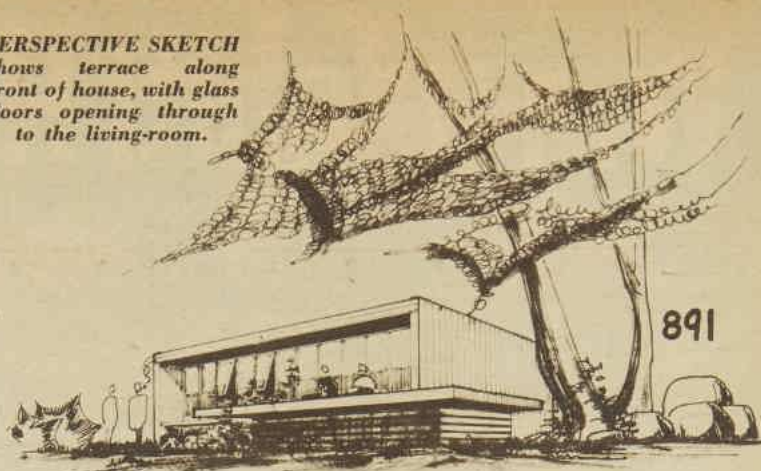
At the nearby township of Officer she teaches 78 lively youngsters aged from 4½ to seven, who make up the State school's lower division.

She said, "I was very much against the idea of building when Norman first suggested it.

"Now it's just unbelievable happiness to find dreams can come true if you are prepared to go a few steps to meet them."

ADVERTISEMENT

PERSPECTIVE SKETCH shows terrace along front of house, with glass doors opening through to the living-room.



The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

ARCHITECT-DIRECTED

Home Plans Service

● This week's Home Plan is a holiday house which could be adapted to suit everyday needs.

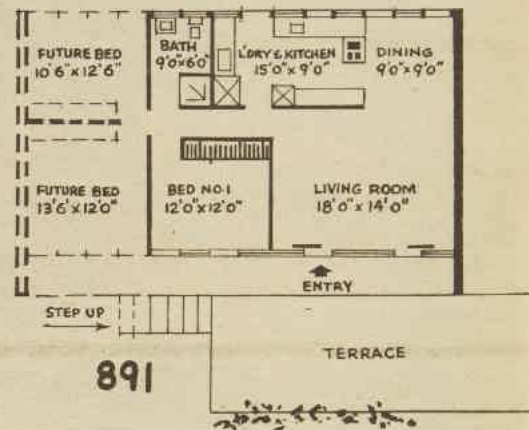
IT has been designed for the family who want to build the nucleus of their home first, then add on more rooms as finances permit.

The first stage, 9 squares in all, consists of a living-dining-room, bedroom, kitchen, bathroom, and laundry.

Long terrace

The living-room opens through glass doors on to a terrace which runs the length of the house.

The kitchen and laundry are combined in one large room, 15ft. by 9ft., and the



FLOOR PLAN shows nucleus of house with future bedrooms drawn in. Total area of this unusual house is 12 squares.

laundry has direct access to the back garden.

The master bedroom, with its large built-in wardrobe, has windows opening out on to the terrace.

Stage 2 consists of two large bedrooms amounting to 3

squares and bringing the total area of the house to 12 squares.

Both these rooms have built-in wardrobes. The second bedroom would open on to the terrace, built to extend along the length of the house when completed.

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We offer the choice of thousands of different designs based on our basic plans. Secure our series of booklets and choose the house which most nearly fits your needs. Our architects will alter the selected plan to fit in with your wishes and to suit your site. The full plans and specifications can cost as little as £10/10/-.

Send coupon now for further information. If you contemplate building a home, this service can save you a lot of money. THIS IS A COMPLETE ARCHITECT-DIRECTED HOME-DESIGN SERVICE FOR YOUR USE, and all normal architect services are available.

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☐ Please send the series of booklets showing illustrated plans for 130 homes. (I enclose 15/- to cover complete cost.)

● Enter The Australian Women's Weekly-Masonite £2000 "Hardboard-in-the-Home" Contest — closes October 2.

DON'T MISS OUT ON BIG PRIZES

● You still have time to enter this unusual contest which has many handsome prizes. Closing date is October 2.

THE "Hardboard in the Home" Contest, which is being conducted by The Australian Women's Weekly with The Masonite Corporation (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., appeals to both men and women.

There are four sections in the contest, and you may enter any one or all of them.

Another twenty progress prizes of £5 each are announced this week (see below). These are awarded for entries in all sections.

You can send as many entries as you wish, but, remember, THE COUPON (on this page) MUST BE ATTACHED TO EACH.

SECTION 1 — HOUSE INTERIOR

On this page are a roof-off drawing and a floor plan of a six-room house.

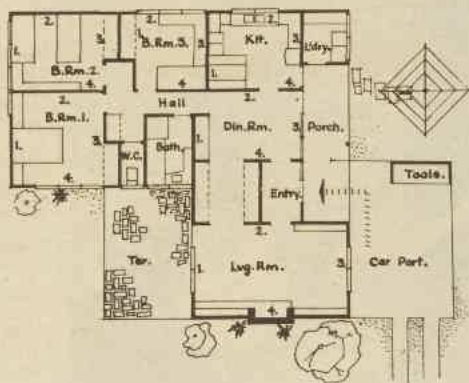
You must choose four of the six rooms and plan a decorating scheme for each of the four—choosing hardboard for the ceiling, walls, and any built-in furniture shown in the house plan. Use hardboard in the various textures available.

These textured hardboards can supply your color scheme or you can choose colors in paint on the plain hardboard.

When you set out your entry, follow the numbers on the walls shown on the floor plan. (See details of house, which is Plan No. 301 in our

Home Plans Service, in August 9 issue.) When you have decided on colors and textures, make up a list, numbering each wall of each of the four rooms, then adding the ceiling color or texture. For this section send a written entry or use the special entry guide.

Two special guides are available at all hardware stores that stock Masonite and from all our Home Planning Centres (addresses opposite). One guide shows samples of



Masonite colors and textures. The other guide shows "exploded" views of each room, enabling you to experiment with various colors and gain a clear picture of the completed room.

SECTION 2 — BUILT-IN AND MOVABLE FURNITURE

Your entry should contain a drawing or photograph of the piece of furniture, and, if possible, drawings of the separate pieces used, with measurements marked and brief instructions for making. Make sure all drawings are clear.

ROOF-OFF view of house, showing built-in furniture, and (left) floor plan with numbered walls for listing in Section 1 of contest.

SECTION 3 — HOUSE RENOVATIONS AND REPAIRS

A photograph or rough but clear drawing should be sent with description of the repair.

SPECIAL SECTION—TOYS OR SMALL HOUSEHOLD ITEMS

Send drawings or photographs with measurements and instructions for making.

(Do not send in the actual article.)

How to enter

Entries, addressed to "Hardboard in the Home" Contest, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney, must be delivered by 5 p.m. Monday, October 2. Add the number of the section and your name and address to every page.

Conditions of the contest were published on August 9.

THE PRIZES

GRAND CHAMPION

Chosen from any of Sections 1, 2, 3 £1000

Section 1—

First Prize £100

Second Prize £50

Section 2—

First Prize £100

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Section 3—

First Prize £100

Second Prize £50

Three prizes of £5 each in Sections 1, 2, 3.

SPECIAL SECTION

First Prize £80

Second Prize £25

Each week for four weeks a total of 20 progress prizes of £5 each in any or all of the four sections.

£5 progress prize winners

Mrs. R. Blieschke, 15 Esmond Rd., Port Pirie, S.A.

Mr. G. Campbell, 77 Kooyong Rd., Armadale, Vic.

Mr. G. Carroll, 24 Ferry St., Maryborough, Qld.

Mr. N. A. Cox, 517 Woodville Rd., Guildford, N.S.W.

Mr. W. Dunstan, C/o Post Office, South Warrandyte, Vic.

Mr. V. Elliott, 19 Trelawney St., Eastwood, N.S.W.

Mr. C. M. Graham, Unwins Bridge Rd., Tempe, N.S.W.

Miss M. Grant, Oak Hills Station, via Ingham, Qld.

Miss L. Henningsen, 23 Robert St., North Unley, S.A.

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Mr. J. Smith, 14 Humphreys Ave., Nunawading, Vic.

Mrs. I. Wallis, 66 Morgan St., Carnegie, S.E. 9, Vic.

Mrs. I. Werner, 182 Lloyd St., Dimboola, Vic.



PROGRESS PRIZE of £5 goes to Mr. and Mrs. K. S. Mathers, 52 Norris Street, Hermit Park, Townsville, Qld., for this entry in Special Section—Toys. It is a model service station. Base (31in. x 34in.), walls, and ramp are made of Standard Presdwood; roof is Ridgeboard.

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Continuing . . . HEAVEN HAS NO FAVORITES

from page 54

Then friends had advised her mother to spend the days in Sainte-Chapelle, because the attendants there were reliable. At the time Lillian had recoiled from the vivid light, feeling herself there like a criminal dragged from his dark den into the merciless glare of a police searchlight, or like a leper exposed to the probing brightness of an operating room. She had hated it and never forgotten it, and felt it as a painful imposition.

Now all such feelings were gone. Lillian stretched her whole body in the rippling light. It seemed to her that she could hear it. One could hear so many things, she thought, if only one could be quiet enough. She breathed deeply. She breathed in the gold and blue and wine-red. She

felt even the sanatorium and its last shadows dissolving in these colors: the grey-and-black gelatine sheets of the X-ray photographs curled up and burned with a small, bright flame. That was what she had been waiting for. That was why she had come here. She was happy. The happiness of radiance, she thought; the most immaterial in the world.

The attendant had to tap her on the shoulder. "Closing time, Mademoiselle."

She stood up and looked into the man's tired, careworn face. For a moment she could not understand his being unaware of what she felt—

but even miracles were probably accepted as ordinary when you had them happening all the time.

Suddenly she thought of Clerfayt. She smiled. She was ready. She had heard nothing from him since she had left Paris. That had not hurt her; she had not expected to hear. She did not need him yet; but it was good to know that he existed.

In Rome, Clerfayt had sat around offices, cafes, and workshops. He spent his evenings with Lydia Morelli. At first he thought of Lillian sometimes; then he forgot her for days on end. He was touched by her, and that was something that did not easily happen to him with women. She

seemed to him like a lovely young pup that exaggerated everything it did. She would settle down, he thought. She still labored under the illusion that she had to catch up on everything she had missed.

Pretty soon she would find out that she had missed nothing. She would get her bearings and become like the others—like Lydia Morelli, for instance, or an inferior copy of Lydia. She did not have Lydia's sardonic cleverness, or her female ruthlessness. All in all, she was the type for a slightly sentimental man with poetic notions who could devote a great deal of time to her, he decided—not for him.

She should have stayed with Volkov. Apparently, the fellow had existed only for her, and so, of course, had lost her on that very score. That was the law of life. Clerfayt was accus-

tomed to living differently. He did not want to be drawn too deeply into anything. Lydia Morelli was right for him. Lillian had been a charming, brief holiday experience. She was too provincial for Paris, too demanding and too inexperienced. He didn't have the time for that.

Having come to this decision, Clerfayt felt relieved. He would telephone Lillian in Paris and see her again, to explain the thing to her. Perhaps there was nothing even to explain. But then, why did he want to see her again? He signed his contract, and stayed another two days in Rome. Lydia Morelli set out for Paris on the same day he did. He drove Giuseppe; Lydia took the train. She hated automobile trips and aeroplanes.

Lillian had always been afraid of the night. Night was associated with suffocation, with shadowy hands reaching for her throat, with the frightful and unbearable loneliness of death. In the sanatorium, she had kept the light on in her room, in order to escape the illumination of the full moon, reflected from miles of virgin snow, or the dim, unnerving pallor of moonless nights when the snow looked grey, when it stretched outside the windows like the most colorless thing in the world.

THE nights in Paris were kinder. The river was outside, and Notre-Dame, and now and then a drunk making a commotion in the street or a car whose whirling tyres hummed over the pavement.

When the first things arrived from Balenciaga, Lillian did not hang them in the wardrobe. She hung them around her in the room. The velvet dress hung above the bed, with the gold one close beside it, so that she could touch them when she started up out of sleep, out of primordial terror dreams, the dreams of falling, plummeting alone, with a smothered cry, from endless darkness into endless darkness.

At such times, she could stretch out her arms and grasp the dresses, and they were like gold-and-velvet ropes which she could use to draw herself back out of the shapeless greyness, back to walls, time, relationships, space, and life. She ran her hands over them, felt the cloth, and stood up and walked about her room, and felt that her dresses surrounded her like friends; they hung on their hangers from the walls, from the doors of the wardrobe, and her shoes stood in a row on the dresser, golden and chestnut and black, perching on their high heels as though they had been left behind by a troupe of extremely chic Botticelli angels who had briefly flown to Sainte-Chapelle for midnight mass, and would be returning at dawn.

Only a woman could know, she thought, how much comfort there could be in a tiny hat. She wandered about at night among her acquisitions, held the brocade up to the moonlight, pulled a small cap over her hair, tried on a pair of shoes, and sometimes a dress. In the pale light, she stood studying herself in the mirror, looking into the muted phosphorescence, into her face, at her shoulders to see whether they were already gaunt, and at her legs to look for those concave curves of emaciation in the thighs.

Not yet, she thought, not yet, and continued the silent, ghostly game, another pair of shoes, a little hat with barely substance enough to cling to the head, and a few pieces of jewellery she owned, which at night had a singular witchery. And the image in the mirror

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You've found your ideal, if what you ask is a glamorous escort to take you everywhere you want to go, one to fall in love with, who'll go shopping, carry parcels, give you a tag of prestige and encourage your driving without criticism. Your "dream-boat" is the MORRIS 850—the incredible wonder car with east-to-west engine and simplest of controls. Security, too? Yes. Years hence you'll find the re-sale value still so high, your Morris 850 will bring in a nice little nest egg for your future. How about "going-steady" with MORRIS 850 yourself? Ask your nearest '850' Dealer to introduce you. Price £775 (incl. sales tax)

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Postage on both cut out and ready to wear, 5/- extra.

NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address on page 75. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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HEAVEN HAS NO FAVORITES

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smiled and questioned and looked back at her as though it knew more than she herself

When he saw her again, Clerfayt stared at her — so much had she changed. He had telephoned her after his second day back in Paris — had done so as a burdensome duty, and with the thought of, at most, an hour with the girl. He stayed the evening. It was not the clothes alone; he perceived that at once. He had seen enough women who dressed well, and Lydia Morelli knew more about clothes than an army sergeant about drill.

The change was deeper. It seemed to him that a few weeks ago, he had left a half-grown girl, a slightly awkward creature not quite adult, and had come back to find a young woman who had just passed a mysterious border of adolescence, so that she still had its charm, but with it had acquired the magical sureness of a beautiful woman.

He had decided to make a clean break with Lillian; now he was glad he still had a belated chance to try holding her. Away from her, he had magnified the aspect of her that had struck him as rather provincial. What with her over-intensity and social uncertainty, he had decided that she was what he would call

hysterical. None of this was in evidence now. A flame was burning here, quietly and strongly, and he knew how rare that was.

"My uncle Gaston wants to give a party for me," Lillian said a few evenings later.

"Oh?"

"Yes. He wants to marry me off."

"Still?"

"More than ever. He's terribly worried. Not only that I'll be ruined, but that he'll be involved in it, if I go on buying clothes the way I have been doing."

THEY were sitting in the Grand Vefour again. Once more, as on their first evening there, they had sole with roast almonds, and again they drank a young Mont-trachet. "You seem to have lost your tongue in Rome," Lillian said.

Clerfayt looked up. "Have I?"

Lillian smiled. "Or is it the woman who came in a while ago?"

"What woman?"

"Must I point her out to you?"

Clerfayt had not noticed Lydia Morelli come in. Now he spotted her. What the devil had brought her in here, of all places? He did not know the man she was with, except that his name was Johnson and that he was reputed to be very rich. Lydia had certainly lost no time, for he had told her only this morning that he would not be able to meet her this evening, either. Now, too, he realised how she had tracked him down: he had been here several times with her a year

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my
sole



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2. One-piece sole assists balance, inspires confidence from the very first toddling steps.

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ago. I ought to be careful with my favorite restaurants, he thought irritably.

"Do you know her?"

"Fairly well—not especially."

He saw that Lydia was studying Lillian and already knew to the last fold what Lillian was wearing, where the dress came from, and how much it cost to within a hundred francs. He imagined that she had even appraised Lillian's shoes, although she could not see them. In such matters Lydia was clairvoyant.

He could have prevented this thing from happening if he had given the matter thought; but now, since it had come about, he decided to exploit it. The simplest emotions always

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remained the most effective. One of them was rivalry. If he could make Lillian jealous, so much the better.

"She's very well dressed," Lillian said.

He nodded. "She's noted for that." Lydia was forty. She looked like thirty by day and like twenty-five in the evening, when the light was flattering.

"She's beautiful," Lillian said. "Have you had an affair with her?"

"No," Clerfayt replied.

"That was foolish on your part," Lillian said.

He looked at her in surprise.

"Why?"

"She's very beautiful. Where is she from? From Rome?"

"Yes," he said. "From Rome? Why? Are you jealous?"

Lillian quietly set down her glass. "Poor Clerfayt," she replied. "I am not jealous. I have no time for that."

Clerfayt stared at her. With any other woman he would have thought this a lie, but he knew at once that in Lillian's case it was not. She meant it, and it was so. Abruptly, without transition, without knowing the reason, he was in a vile temper. "Suppose we talk about something else?"

"Why? Because you came back to Paris with another woman?"

"That's nonsense! What makes you think anything so absurd?"

"Isn't it true?"

Clerfayt thought only for a moment. "Yes, it is true."

"You have very good taste."

He remained silent, waiting for the next question. He was prepared to tell the truth. He knew that he had walked into this thing of his own accord, and he was angry with himself; but he knew also that nothing could help him now, logic least of all. Lillian had escaped him, and in the most dangerous fashion—without a struggle. To win her back, he had no choice now but to do something extremely risky in a contest the clever usually waged only with mirrors—to make an admission that might lose him everything.

"I did not want to fall in love with you, Lillian," he said.

She smiled. "That's no remedy. School-boys act that way."

"In love no one is ever grown up."

"Love—" Lillian said. "What a sweeping word! And what a multitude of things it hides!"

She looked at Lydia Morelli. "It is much simpler. Shall we go?"

"Where to?"

"I'd like to go back to my hotel."

Clerfayt did not reply. He paid the bill. It's over, he thought. They went out through the centre door, passing Lydia Morelli's table. She ignored Clerfayt. The man in charge of the cars of restaurant guests had parked Clerfayt's car on the sidewalk quite near the entrance. Lillian pointed toward Giuseppe. "That's what gave you away. Drive me to the hotel!"

"Not quite yet. Let's walk about the Palais-Royal. Is the garden open?" he asked the man.

"Only the arcades, sir."

They walked through the palace arcades. It was a cool evening; the smells of soil and spring were strong. Gusts of wind blew down from above into the garden; the wind was much warmer than the night that had settled in among the trees. Clerfayt stood still. "Don't say anything. And don't make me explain anything. I can't."

"What is there to explain?"

"Is there really nothing?"

"Really not," Lillian said.

"I love you."

"Because I haven't made a scene?"

"No," Clerfayt said. "That would be a hell of a reason. I love you because you have made an unusual scene."

"But I am not making one at all," Lillian replied, drawing the narrow fur collar of her jacket more tightly around her neck. "I don't think I know how to."

SHE stood before him, and the restless wind blew in her hair. Suddenly she had become a complete stranger to him, a woman whom he had never known and whom he had already lost.

"I love you," he said again, and took her into his arms and kissed her. He smelled the faint fragrance of her hair and the bitter perfume of her throat. She did not resist him. She hung in his arms, her eyes wide open and absent as if she were listening to the wind.

He shook her. "Say something! Do something! Tell me to go away, if that's what you want. Slap me in the face! But don't be like a statue."

She tensed and he released her.

"Why should you go away?" she asked.

"Do you want me to stay, then?"

"To 'want' is such a cast-iron word tonight. What am I to do with it? It fractures so easily, too. Do you feel the wind? What does it want?"

He looked at her. After a while he said, with profound amazement, "I think you mean everything you say."

She smiled. "Why not? I've already told you that everything is far simpler than you assume."

He remained silent for a moment, not knowing what he should do. "All right, I'll drive you to the hotel," he said at last.

She walked along quietly at his side. "What is the matter with me?" he thought. "I'm all mixed up and annoyed with her and Lydia Morelli, and the only one I ought to be annoyed with is myself."

They reached the car. At that moment Lydia Morelli and her escort came out of the restaurant. Lydia might have liked to snub Clerfayt again, but her curiosity about Lillian was too strong. Moreover, she and her escort were obliged to wait in the narrow street; Clerfayt's car had to be manoeuvred out of the jam of cars parked side by side before they could have their own.

With perfect composure, she greeted Clerfayt and introduced her escort. She gave an amazing display of adroitness as she went about getting the facts on Lillian. Clerfayt thought he would have to intervene, but he discovered in a moment that Lillian knew how to fend for herself.

While the two parking attendants, with much shouting, were pushing cars back and forth and holding up traffic, and he was talking automobiles with Lydia's escort, the two women engaged in an apparently innocuous conversation, all thrusts and parries and deadly amiability.

Lydia Morelli would surely have been victorious had she been fencing on her own plane; she was older than Lillian, and had far more skill and spite. But it seemed as if she were directing her thrusts at absorbent cotton.

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Crumbs — it's a good idea!

CORN-CRISPED COOKING

Here's a delicious new way to cook CUTLETS, CHOPS, FISH, CHICKEN, SAUSAGES, and POTATOES! Corn-crisped cooking is crisp, golden — with that special home-cooked flavour . . . and easy as 1-2-3! Try it and see.

Easy as 1-2-3

No shortening!
No frying!
No turning!

BAKING TIMES & TEMPERATURES

Fish	20 mins. at 375°F
Chicken pieces	1 hr. at 350°F
Cutlets	45 mins. at 350°F
Chops	45 mins. at 350°F
Parboiled potatoes	1 hr. at 400°F
Skinless sausages	40 mins. at 350°F



DIP pieces in Nestle's® Ideal® Evaporated Milk (thin milk just won't do).



ROLL in seasoned Kellogg's® Corn Flake Crumbs or crushed Kellogg's Corn Flakes.



BAKE on Tiger Brand® Aluminium Foil to golden crispness — see baking chart above.

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Continuing . . . HEAVEN HAS NO FAVORITES

Lillian treated her with such disarming naivete and such insulting courtesy that all of Lydia's strategy was useless; she was unmasked as the aggressor — and thereby already half defeated. Even her escort could not help noticing that she was the more aroused of the two.

"Your car, sir," the parking attendant told Clerfayt.

Clerfayt drove down the street and around the next corner. "That was a first-class performance," he said to Lillian. "She does not know who you are, where you are from, or where you are living."

"She will know by tomorrow, if she cares to," Lillian replied equably.

"From whom? From me?"

"From my dressmaker. She placed my dress."

"Does it annoy you?"

"I couldn't care less," Lillian took a deep breath of the night air. "Let's drive across the Place de la Concorde once more. Today is Sunday; they'll have the fountains illuminated."

"I think you don't care about anything, do you?" he asked.

She turned toward him and smiled. "In a very intense way, that's true."

"I thought so. What's done this to you?"

I know that I am dying, she thought, feeling the light of the street lamps gliding over her face. I know that more definitely than you, that's all.

CLERFAYT drove down the Champs-Élysées. At the Rond-Point the song and the white spray of the water was girded by yellow tulips as disciplined as a squadron of Prussian soldiers practising "at attention" with the upright bayonets of their blossoms.

He would have liked to stop and kiss her, but he was not certain what would happen then. Curiously, he felt somehow cheated, and what he wanted most to do was to drive his car into the bed of yellow tulips and crush them. He wanted to lash out at everything around him. That done he would seize Lillian and drive somewhere with her — But where? To a cave, a hiding place, a room — or back again and again to the impersonal question of her bright eyes which never seemed to look directly at him?

"I love you," he said. "Forget about everything else. Forget about the woman."

"Why? Why shouldn't you have someone? Did you think I've been alone all the time?"

Giuseppe took a leap forward and stalled. Clerfayt started him again. "You mean in the sanatorium?" he asked.

"I mean in Paris."

He looked at her. She smiled. "I can't be alone. And now drive me to the hotel. I'm tired."

"All right."

Clerfayt drove along by the Louvre, past the Conciergerie, and across the bridge to the boulevard Saint-Michel. He was furious and helpless. He would have liked to beat Lillian, but that was out of the question. She had only admitted to something to which he had already admitted and he did not doubt her for a moment. All he wanted now was to win her back again. She had suddenly become more important than anything else, the ultimate in desirability to him.

He did not know what he ought to do, but something had to be done; he could not simply leave her at the hotel entrance. This was his last chance; he must find a magic word to hold her or else she would get out, kiss him smilingly, absently, and vanish into the entrance of the hotel which smelled of bouillabaisse and garlic, climb the worn, crooked staircase past the nook where the porter dozed, his midnight snack of Lyons sausage and wine at his side.

Up the steps she would go, and the last he would see of her would be her slender ankles showing brightly in the gloom of the narrow stairway, and once she was in her room two wings, no doubt, would sprout from her golden bolero jacket and she would fly out the window, swiftly, not to Sainte-Chapelle, of which she had spoken to him, but on a high-fashion witch's broom from Balenciaga or Dior, off she would whisk to some witch's sabbath in which only devils who had broken every speed record, talked fluently in six languages, knew philosophy from Plato to Heidegger, and, on the side, were piano virtuosos, poets, and world boxing champions.

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The porter yawned and woke up. "Can you bring us something from the kitchen?" Clerfayt asked him.

"Certainly, sir. What shall it be? Vichy? Champagne? Beer?"

"First of all, we'll want some caviare. You must have some in the pantry."

"I can't open that, sir. Madame has the key."

"Then run to the Restaurant Laperouse on the corner and get us some there. The place is still open. We'll wait here. I'll take care of your desk while you're gone."

He took money from his pocket.

"I'm not in the mood for caviare,"

Lillian said.

"What are you in the mood for?"

She hesitated. "Clerfayt," she said at last, "I don't generally bring men home with me at this time of night. That's what really is worrying you, isn't it?"

"That's so," the porter put in. "Madame always comes home alone. It isn't normal, Monsieur. Would you like champagne. We still have some Dom Perignon 1934."

"Bring it, you blessed spirit," Clerfayt cried. "And if not caviare, what is there to eat?"

"I want some of that sausage," Lillian pointed to the porter's provisions.

"Take what's here, Madame."

There's plenty more of it in the kitchen."

"Bring us a good-sized piece then," Clerfayt said. "With dark bread and a piece of Brie."

"And a bottle of beer," Lillian said.

"No champagne, Madame?" The porter's face fell. He was thinking of his percentages.

"The Dom Perignon in any case," Clerfayt declared. "Even if it is only for me. I have something I want to celebrate."

"What?"

"The breakthrough of feeling."

Clerfayt posted himself in the porter's box. "Go along. I'll keep an eye on things until you're back."

"Can you run the switchboard?" Lillian asked.

"Of course. I learned that in the war."

She leaned her elbow on the coun-

ter. "You learned a great deal in the war, didn't you?"

"Most of what I know. After all, it's almost always wartime."

Clerfayt jotted down an order for a carafe of water, and a traveller's request to be awakened at six. He handed a bald-headed man the keys to number twelve and two young Englishwomen the keys to twenty-four and twenty-five.

The porter came up from the kitchen with the bottles and the sausage. He was perfectly willing to go to the Tour d'Argent or Laperouse if anything else were needed.

"No, I don't think we need anything more, after all," Clerfayt said.

"Do you have another room vacant?" The man looked quite aghast. "But Madame already has her room."

To page 68



CHEEZ WHIZ: you can spread it, or spoon it into cooked dishes.



SANDWICH RELISH: blended gherkin flavour.



SMOKAY: distinctive smoked "ham" flavour.



DANISH BLUE: full-flavoured blue-veined cheese.



CHEDDAR CHEESE SPREAD: fully-matured mellow flavour.



GORGONZOLA: rich flavour with slight nip.



CREAM CHEESE SPREAD: delicate flavour, smooth, creamy texture.



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Continuing . . .

HEAVEN HAS NO FAVORITES

from page 67

"Madame is married. To me," Clerfayt explained, further befuddling the porter, who now could not understand why the Dom Perignon had been ordered.

"We have number six," the man said uncertainly. "Next door to Madame."

"Fine. Take everything up there."

The porter carried the food up to the room. After looking at his tip, he once more mentioned he would run errands all night, if necessary. Clerfayt wrote out a small list of purchases — toothbrush, soap, and a few other items to be left in front of the door in the morning. All that would be taken care of, the man promised. He went away, and came back once more with some ice for the champagne. Then he departed for good.

"If I had left you alone tonight, I was afraid I'd never see you again," Clerfayt said.

Lillian sat down on the window-sill. "That's something I think every night."

"What?"

"That I may never see things again."

She did not reply.

"You know that I am not saying that because of this evening," he said, not knowing that he was lying. "Forget this evening. It was chance, stupidity, and confusion. I would not want to hurt you for anything in the world."

She remained silent for a while longer. Then she said thoughtfully: "I think I cannot be hurt at all, in a certain sense. I really think that. Perhaps that makes up for the other thing."

Clerfayt did not know what to say to this. He understood vaguely what she meant, but did not want to think of it. He wanted not to believe it. He looked at her. "At night your skin is like the inside of a sea shell," he said. "It gleams. It does not swallow the light; it gives it back. Do you really want to have the beer?"

"Yes. And give me some of the Lyons sausage. With bread. Does that upset you?"

"Nothing upsets me any more. I feel as if I had been waiting forever for this night. Below the porter's box down there, smelling of sleep and garlic, the world has come to an end. We have just made it to safety in time."

"Have we?"

"We have. Don't you hear how quiet it has become?"

"You have become quiet," she replied, "because you have gained your objective."

"Have I? It seems to me that I've walked into a fashion show."

"Oh, my silent friends," Lillian looked at the dresses, which still hung about in the room. "They keep me company and tell me about fantastic dances and masked balls. But I won't need them this evening. Shall I gather them up and lock them in the wardrobe?"

"Let them hang. What have they told you?"

"So many things. About fiestas and cities and love. And a great deal about the ocean. I've never seen it."

"We might drive to it," Clerfayt poured her a glass of beer.

"In a few days. I have to go to Sicily. To a race there. I'm

FROM THE BIBLE

● "I will call on the Lord, who is worthy to be praised."

—2 Samuel 22:4.

In a song of thanksgiving, David gives God the glory for his deliverance from his enemies.

not going to win it. Come with me!"

"Do you always want to win?"

"I find it a good idea, once in a while. Idealists can do a lot with money."

Lillian laughed. "I'll tell that to my uncle Gaston."

Clerfayt looked at the dress of gold which hung at the head of the bed. "That is a dress for Palermo," he said.

"I wore it a few nights ago."

"Where?"

"Here."

"Alone?"

"Alone if you like. I was having a party with Saint-Chapelle, a bottle of Pouilly, the Seine, and the moon."

"You won't be alone from now on."

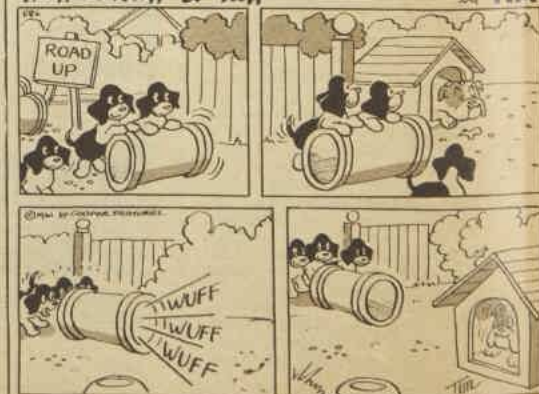
"I was less alone than you think."

"I know," Clerfayt said. "I talk about my loving you as though it were some kind of favor I were doing you. That's not how I mean it. I express myself crudely, because I'm not

To page 70

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff





Our Man between heaven and earth

Not, as you might think, an excerpt from *The Perils of Pauline*, but Our Man, unconventional yet unabashed, setting out on his travels. Where to? Anywhere where there are fresh, lively, exciting designs to be found for wallpapers and fabrics, or where

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 27, 1961

Page 69



For that heavenly feeling of luxury! Dainty nylon tricot slip... elegantly tailored with scalloped satin and rose trimmed bra. Insert at hem. 32-38. Pink Pearl, White and Black. **89/6**

Matching gussie, 36-40. **19/6**

* Individually boxed.



Another fine creation from Hilton Hosiery.

H9 73

Continuing...

HEAVEN HAS NO FAVORITES

used to talking about such things."

"You don't express yourself crudely."

"Every man talks crudely when he tries not to lie."

"Come," Lillian said. "Open the bottle of Dom Perignon. Beer isn't your drink, I can see. It makes you a little too fumbling, philosophical, and full of generalities. What are you sniffing at? What do I smell of?"

"Of garlic, moonlight, and lies I can't quite analyse."

"That's good. Let's find out

from page 68

was not mistaken; it was noon. Not for months had he slept so long, and he became aware that he was very hungry. Opening the door, he peered out. There lay the package of things he had ordered the night before. The porter had remembered everything. He ran water in the tub, bathed, and dressed.

The canary was still singing. Clerfayt went over to the other window, which looked out on

"Don't you want any breakfast?"

"The oysters will do fine for breakfast. And a light Pouilly."

"Twelve?" the oysterman asked.

"Eighteen," Lillian amended. She turned to Clerfayt again. "Come over. And will you bring the wine?"

Clerfayt went down to the restaurant for wineglasses and a bottle of Pouilly. He also brought bread, butter, and a piece of ripe Pont l'Eveque. "Do you do this often?" he asked.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



way back to earth and hold on there. It's so easy to fly into space when the moon is full. And dreams don't even obey the laws of gravity."

A canary was singing. Clerfayt heard it in his sleep. He woke up and looked around. It took a moment before he realised where he was. Sunlight, white clouds, and shimmering water were playing on the ceiling of the room, which seemed to be turned upside down. The blanket was bound with green satin ribbon.

The window was open and Clerfayt could see the birdcage with its canary hanging in the window of a room across the courtyard. A woman with massive bosom and yellow hair sat at a table just within the window. She was eating, and, as far as he could make out, it was not breakfast but lunch; a half-bottle of Burgundy stood on the table.

He looked at his watch. He

the quay. The traffic was roaring by at full volume. The booksellers' stalls stood open, and a bright-colored tug moved by on the river, a barking spitz on its deck.

Clerfayt leaned out, and in the adjoining window saw Lillian's profile. She, too, was leaning out, with an attentive, collected air, unaware that he was observing her, slowly letting down a shallow basket on a string. Down on the footpath an oyster vendor had just set up his boxes. He seemed familiar with the procedure. The basket reached him; he lined it with damp seaweed and looked up. "How many? They are good today."

"Six," Lillian replied. "Twelve," Clerfayt said. She turned and laughed.

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

"Almost every day," Lillian pointed to a letter on the table. "Day after tomorrow is the dinner at Uncle Gaston's. Would you like an invitation?"

"Not especially."

"Good. It would sabotage the purpose of the dinner, which is to find me a rich husband. Or are you rich?"

"Never for more than a few weeks. Will you get married if a rich enough man turns up?"

"Give me some of your wine," she replied. "And don't be silly."

"I'd believe anything of you."

"Since when?"

"I've been thinking about you."

"When have you had time to think about me?"

"While sleeping. You're unpredictable. You function by other laws than the ones I know."

To page 71

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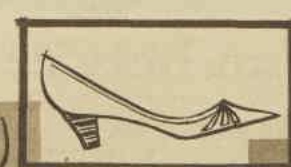
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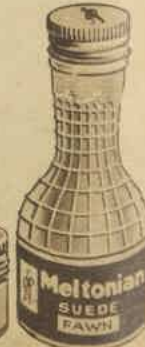
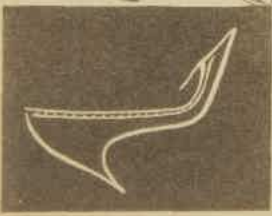
Meltonian

keeps your new Spring shoes looking fresh as a daisy...

Leather or suede, white or coloured — whatever shoes you choose this Spring, there's a wonderful Meltonian cleaner to keep them looking bright and fresh. Meltonian creams are now available in all the new colours to spring-clean and protect every shade of leather — including the new Glo-calf cleaners for pearlised shoes! For your white shoes, there's Meltonian's special all-purpose spirit white and for suede shoes you can choose from a full range of Meltonian suede cleaners. Remember, Meltonian creams and suede cleaners not only clean your shoes — they bring the colour back like new and protect the leather from cracking and drying.



There's a Meltonian colour for every shade of shoe and every type of leather!



MELTONIAN—WORLD LEADERS IN SHOE DRESSINGS FOR OVER 100 YEARS

Continuing . . . HEAVEN HAS NO FAVORITES

"Good," Lillian said. "That can never do any harm. What are we doing this afternoon?"

"This afternoon I'm taking you with me to the Ritz. I'll deposit you in a secluded corner of the lobby behind a few magazines for fifteen minutes while I go to my room and change. Then we'll have a big lunch, and later a dinner and tomorrow the same, in order to undercut Uncle Gaston's plans for day after tomorrow."

She looked out the window and did not reply. "If you like, we can go to Sainte-Chapelle, too," Clerfayt said. "Or to Notre-Dame, or even to a museum. I'm even ready to go up the Eiffel Tower or take a tour on the river-boat."

"I've already taken the Seine tour." "What about the Eiffel Tower then?" "The Eiffel Tower? Thither I'll go with thee, beloved!"

"So I thought. Are you happy?"

"What's that?"

"Don't you know yet? But who really knows what it is? Dancing on the head of a pin, maybe."

LILLIAN was on her way back from Uncle Gaston's dinner. The Vicomte de Peystre was driving her to her hotel. She had spent a disconcertingly boring evening over excellent food. The company had consisted of several women and six men. The women had been like hedgehogs, so sharply had they bristled with inquisitive hostility.

Of the men, four had been unmarried, all wealthy, two young, and the Vicomte de Peystre the oldest and wealthiest. "Why do you live on the left bank?" he asked. "For romantic reasons?"

"By chance. That is the best reason I know."

"You ought to live on the Place Vendôme."

"It's amazing," Lillian said, "how many people know where I ought to live better than I do."

"I have an apartment on the Place Vendôme which I never use. A studio, completely modern in its appointments." "Would you care to rent it to me?"

"Very gladly." "How much is the rent?"

Peystre shifted in his seat. "Why talk about money? Look at the place sometime. If you like it, you may have it."

"With no conditions attached?"

"None whatsoever. Of course, it would give me pleasure if you would dine with me now and then—but that, too, is not a condition."

"That's very generous of you," Lillian said.

"Would you like to visit it tomorrow? We could have lunch together tomorrow afternoon."

Lillian studied the narrow face with its white brush of moustache. "My uncle really wanted to get me married," she said.

The Vicomte laughed. "You have plenty of time for that. Your uncle has old-fashioned views."

"Is the apartment large enough for two?"

"I think so. Why?"

"In case I want to share it with a friend."

Peystre studied her for a moment. "That is a possibility, too," he said then.

"Although, to be candid, the apartment would be rather too small for that. Why not live alone for a time? You have only been in Paris for a few weeks. For the present, you ought to come to know the city. It has so much to offer."

"You are right."

The car stopped and Lillian got out. "Well, then, when? Tomorrow?" the Vicomte asked.

"I must give the matter thought. Would you mind if I asked Uncle Gaston's advice?"

"I wouldn't do that if I were you. It might give him quite the wrong impression. You wouldn't do it, anyhow."

"Wouldn't I?"

"Not when you tell me beforehand that you will. You are very beautiful and very young, Mademoiselle. It would be a pleasure to set you in the environment that is proper for you. And take the word of a man who is no longer young: you may find this sort of life picturesque, but it represents lost time for you. What Uncle Gaston may think is quite irrelevant. What you require is luxury. Grand luxury. Forgive my speaking so, but I know about these things. Goodnight, Mademoiselle."

from page 70

She mounted the stairs. Uncle Gaston's gallery of prospective husbands had amused and depressed her in a macabre fashion. At first she had felt like a dying soldier to whom someone is telling stories about a plush life. Then, she had imagined that she was on a strange planet where people lived forever and had corresponding problems.

She had not understood what the other guests were talking about. Things she was indifferent to were of the highest importance to them—and what she was seeking was surrounded, for these others, by a curious taboo. Vicomte de Peystre's offer seemed to

her the most sensible thing she had heard this evening.

"Was it a nice party?" Clerfayt asked from the corridor.

"Are you here already? I thought you would be out drinking somewhere."

"I didn't feel like it."

"Were you waiting for me?"

"Yes," Clerfayt said. "You are turning me into a respectable person. I don't any longer want to drink. Not unless you are drinking with me."

"Did you used to drink a lot?"

"Yes. Always between races. And often between accidents. Out of cowardice, I think. Or to run away from myself. That's over now. I spent this afternoon in Saint-Chapelle.

Tomorrow, I'm going to the Cluny Museum. Someone who saw us together mentioned that you look like the lady on the unicorn tapestries they have there. You're having a great deal of success. Would you like to go out again?"

"Not tonight!"

"You've spent the evening with sober people who believe that life is a kitchen, a parlor, and a bedroom, not a sailboat with far too many sails, which may turn over at any moment. You have to offset all that."

Lillian's eyes began to shine. "So you have been drinking after all?"

"I don't need to, with you. Wouldn't you like to drive around a little?"

"Around where?"

"Down every street and to every nightclub you've ever heard of. You're gloriously dressed—a shame to

waste it on Uncle Gaston's candidates. At the least, we must take this dress out—even if you yourself don't want to. Dresses carry responsibilities along with them."

"All right. Let's go driving. Slowly. Through many, many streets. Not one of them covered with snow."

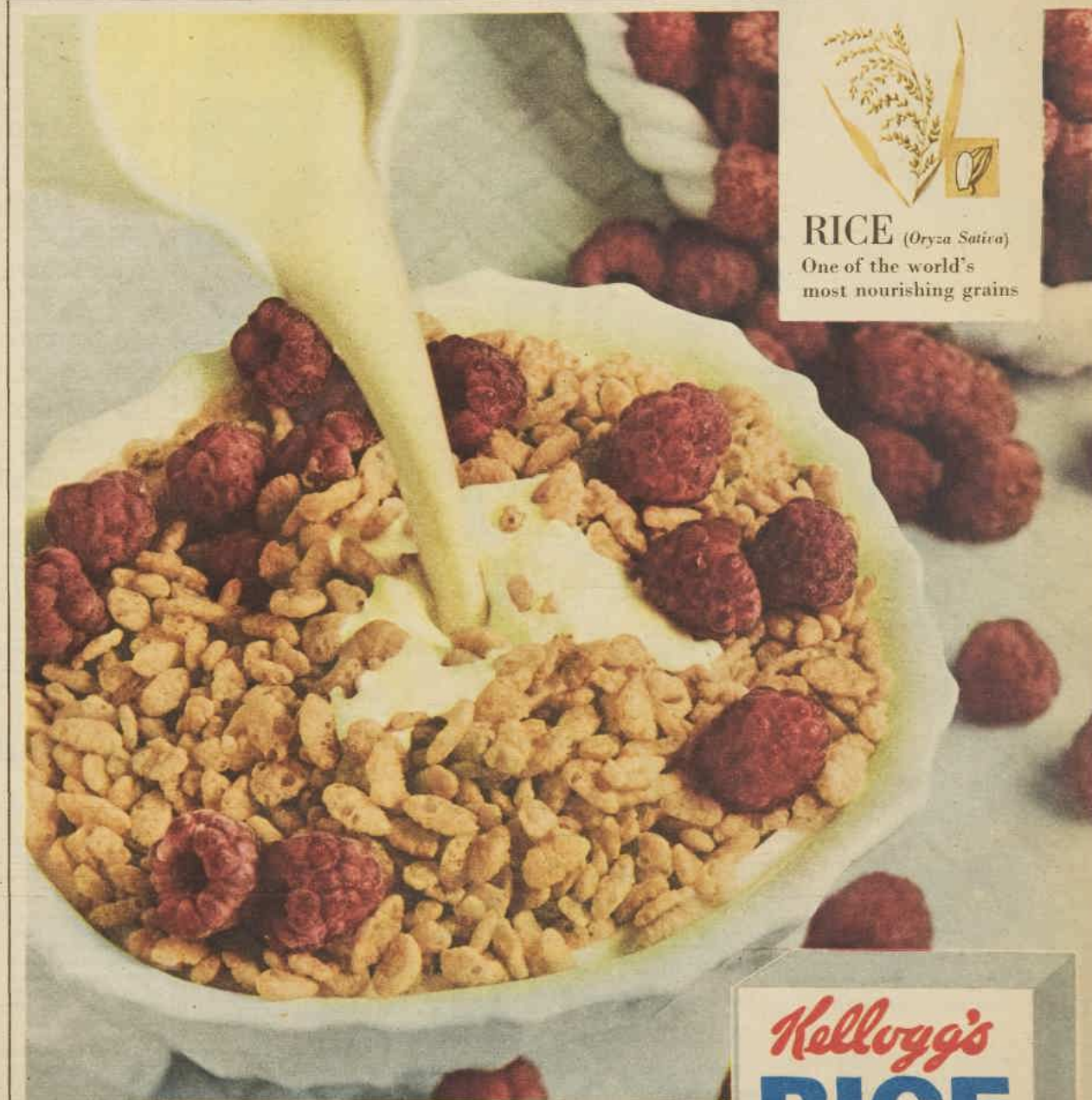
Clerfayt fetched Giuseppe out of the tangle of parked cars on the quay and waited in front of the hotel door. The restaurant next door began to close.

"The pining lover," someone said at his side. "Aren't you too old for such a part?"

It was Lydia Morelli. She had come out of the restaurant ahead of her escort.

To be continued

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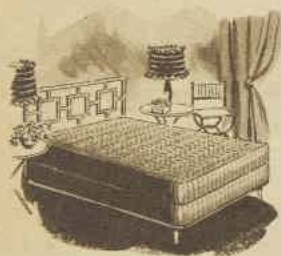
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—September 27, 1961

Page 71



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MATTRESSES • PILLOWS

***** AS I READ *****

THE STARS

By EVE HILLIARD: Week starting Sept. 25

- ARIES**
MAR. 21—APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, brown, green.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Sat.
- TAURUS**
APR. 21—MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Gambling colors, navy, white.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Sat.
- GEMINI**
MAY 21—JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, green, gold.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.
- CANCER**
JUNE 22—JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, mauve, blue.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Wed.
- LEO**
JULY 23—AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, red, black.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.
- VIRGO**
AUG. 23—SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, orange, brown.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.
- LIBRA**
SEPT. 24—OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, silver, gold.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.
- SCORPIO**
OCT. 24—NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, yellow, grey.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.
- SAGITTARIUS**
NOV. 23—DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Sat.
- CAPRICORN**
DEC. 21—JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, white, black.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.
- AQUARIUS**
JAN. 20—FEB. 18
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, grey, red.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.
- PISCES**
FEB. 19—MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Gambling colors, grey, red.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Friday.
- ★ If young, you are about to meet a handsome stranger who will play a part in your life. If slightly older, there could be an offer of marriage. If engaged or married, good fortune awaits your beloved.
- ★ Many of you now acquire something for which you have been longing. For some of you it may be a diamond ring to mark your engagement. Whatever it is, you'll be thrilled whenever you look at it.
- ★ Only the bold will win the prize. You are usually confident of success. Calculate the risk, but you have the stars on your side. A reasonable gamble will probably pay off. Now is the time to act.
- ★ Good news comes to a member of the family. There is the possibility of promotion to a better job with more pay or a distinction that increases prestige. Some acquire a new labor-saving gadget.
- ★ While the distance travelled may not be great, the result of your expedition could be very important. You may be told that you have been selected for a job, that a business matter has been finalised.
- ★ That account is likely to be less than you expected, so you'll pocket the difference for future needs. You might receive a small refund or a bonus which fattens your bank-book.
- ★ Personal relationships will be particularly harmonious. People will be glad to see you, invitations showered on you. You can sail serenely through social situations which normally would floor you.
- ★ If you are trying to discover what your beloved would like for a present, tactful fishing will give you the answer. If someone is trying to spoil your romance, be a good listener and you'll handle it.
- ★ You are at your best on the sports ground. If you compete in any event, the prize may be yours. If you are unable to play any game at present, you'll find renewed vitality in outdoor life, picnics.
- ★ Now is the right moment to ask favors, make requests, set forth your claims. If dealing with government bodies, you are under favorable stars. Don't hesitate to seek support for your projects.
- ★ If a student sitting for an examination, this week is likely to be a turning-point in your affairs. If a student for pleasure, your skill will bring satisfaction. Read all you can on your subject.
- ★ You may be obliged to work hard to further your career or win friends. You may take life more seriously than usual, but you'll reach your goal and you will be able to relax later and enjoy the results.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

Continuing... THE WOOLING OF WIDOW GRAHAM

from page 33

A tactical genius never fights with the same weapons twice, so Eugene said nothing to Mr. Henry Sudloe of a rude or mocking nature. Henry Sudloe owned and operated his own business, and he was perhaps the shrewdest, most resourceful, and the most determined of Cynthia's three suitors. He was not a man who could be dissuaded from his purpose by words, certainly not those of a small boy.

So Eugene said nothing to Henry Sudloe, nothing at all. But he managed to sit directly across from him and stare at him. Minute after everlasting minute, he sat and stared at him without expression and he only blinked during the seconds when Henry Sudloe glanced away from him.

Henry accepted Eugene's attentions, at first, with calm, kindness, and some amusement. The boy was quiet, perhaps a thinker. Henry liked to remember that, as a boy, he had been a thinker himself. (Actually, he had been a schemer, but men are prone to these mis-memories about their boyhood.) Also, looking at any small boy Henry always became sentimental and would often think that he might be in the presence of a future President of the United States or General Motors.

But on following evenings

he found himself becoming unaccountably restless, then vaguely uneasy, and soon he began to find Eugene just a little bit more than a little bit too much.

He began to have absurd thoughts that the future of the Republic was imperilled or that General Motors was destined for bankruptcy by the year 2000. One night he and Cynthia had a foolish argument about the proper discipline for children and Henry Sudloe retired from the scene.

Eugene's behaviour was perfectly natural. Brats are made, not born. He could hardly be expected to understand that young widows have a right to a second chance at love and happiness, and that in gaining a husband for herself Cynthia would also secure exactly what Eugene needed, a father.

True, she had explained to him before her first bachelor came to call. She told him where she was going, that she would be back home after a while. And she also purposefully delayed coming out to greet her suitors so that Eugene could become acquainted with them and they with him.

But small boys live in an eternal present; after a while and forever are the same to them, as they do not mean here and now. All Eugene understood was that his mother was leaving him and going away

To page 73

Elastoplast



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NEW
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Continuing . . . THE WOOLING OF WIDOW GRAHAM

from page 72

with a large stranger. Maybe she would come back, maybe not. His father had died when he was only eighteen months old, so he could not remember him, but he knew that once he had had something awfully important and suddenly it was gone.

So he was odious and, what was worse, for all small boys are often odious, he was shrewd and odious, and he said or did the exact word or deed that would rout his rivals for his mother's affections. He had created an impasse and left to him this impasse would have become a way of life.

Slowly, slowly, Cynthia Graham would have slipped into that pale, fretful existence of women who have nothing to live for but their sons. And Eugene Graham, having won a few cheap victories as a brat, would have gone on to meaner triumphs as a full-grown slob.

But matters were not left up to Eugene but to a man who was as large as the Navy Commander, had a name as whimsical as John Dingleberry, and who was his own man like Henry Sudloe. But he entered Eugene's life with one significant advantage. The first time Eugene saw him this man had Cynthia in his arms, and instead of carrying her off from the house and away from Eugene, he was bringing her into the house and back to Eugene.

It happened in this way. One afternoon Cynthia had had to work a few minutes overtime. As she hurried toward her bus stop, she saw to her vexation that her bus had already pulled up across the street at the far corner. She also saw that if she walked down to the corner, and crossed with the traffic light, which was safe and sensible, she would not catch her bus and would have to wait thirty minutes for the next one. She felt that this simply could not be endured. She took a hasty look up and down the street, decided that she could make it, and darted across the street in the middle of the block.

She was almost correct in her judgment, for she did get three-quarters of the way across the street. She was running very fast and her head was turned toward her bus, when she struck with terrific force against the side of an automobile which had come up out of nowhere. Cynthia fell, stunned, to the pavement.

The driver stopped and jumped out and ran around to her. He bent down and found her still breathing. He looked

around and saw no one paying the slightest attention to him, which made him feel helpless. Without thinking, he picked her up and put her in the back seat of his car and drove off. When Cynthia came to, he was six blocks away from the scene of the accident and going very fast.

"What are you doing? Where are you going? And who are you?"

Although she hurt in a number of places, all Cynthia could think of was that she had missed her bus, and it was this man's fault.

At that moment, as he did not know what he was doing, or where he was going, the man answered the only question on which he felt he had reliable information.

"My name's Frank Whisty," he mumbled, and lapsed into silence again.

Cynthia sat upright and groaned. "You struck me!" she cried. "You ran into me with your car! I ought to have you arrested!"

"Well, for crying out loud!" Frank Whisty said. "Lady, you came running across the street like a bat out of hell and ran into me. There is absolutely no way I can hit anybody with the side of my car." His anger inspired him to a sense of purpose. "And I'm taking you to a hospital to see if you're hurt. And if you're not, I may have you arrested on charges of pure dumbness."

Choking with rage and indignation, and hurting very much, Cynthia said nothing more. And now that he had a destination, Frank Whisty felt calmer but at the same time more worried about her, and he began to drive more slowly.

At the hospital, he picked her up and carried her into the emergency room. There, he was savagely denounced by the intern on duty for his foolishness and ignorance in moving an injured person. This did nothing to improve Frank Whisty's disposition, nor to make him feel more kindly toward Cynthia, who was finally pronounced badly bruised, but intact. Cynthia then asked an orderly to call her a taxi.

"I'll take you home," Frank said, but ungraciously. "Thank you, no," Cynthia said firmly. "I'll get home by myself."

Frank gave a large sigh like a man who has to endure much

in this world. "I've seen some silly females in my time," he began, but instead of finishing he scooped her off the examining table and carried her out to the car.

On the way to her house, he expressed no sympathy for her bruises nor any regret for the accident. Instead, he poured into her indignant ears an account of his day, which had been, he said, a long series of disasters climaxed by her inexcusable dash across the street into the side of his car.

"I woke up this morning to find a flat tyre on my car," he said. "I should have gone back to bed. Instead, I changed the tyre, and on the way into town I got a ticket for speeding from some half-smart cop, and six blocks away from him I had another flat tyre. I had to stew one solid sixty-minute hour before the garage sent me another tyre."

"I should have stretched out on the middle of the road and been run over. Instead, I went to each one of the houses I'm building. I had to fire three men: one for being drunk, one for laziness, one for dumbness."

"At three o'clock, I broke a shoelace, and I've stepped on I don't know how many wads of chewing gum. I don't even care to mention a tiresome encounter I had with a pigeon when I crossed the park at noon." He didn't say, but his tone implied, "And now, you."

"You did not, perhaps, lose your wife?" Cynthia asked with an almost total lack of interest.

He grinned, cheerfully. "Only piece of luck I had all day," he said. "I don't have a wife." He glanced at her. "But I guess I will have to lick your husband when I get you home."

Cynthia did not bother to correct him, and they drove on to her house in silence. He picked her up and carried her into the house, and at Granny's direction he put her on her bed. Granny began to bustle around. Frank went out and sat down on the living-room sofa, and was there, scowling at the wallpaper, when Eugene approached him.

"What are you staying for?" Eugene said. "I don't think my mother likes you."

"I'm not real crazy about her," Frank said. "What's your excuse for being here?"

"I live here," Eugene said. Frank said, "Well, you have to stay here. I guess you don't have any choice."

Eugene changed the subject. "What's your name?" he asked.

To page 74

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Brunette Kathy Murrell's Solid Gold hair-do caused a fashion stir at exclusive city Yacht Club. "I was so tired of dark hair," she laughed, "so I sprayed - n - brushed my hair with Exotica until it was completely GOLDEN - blonde." (Magnificent with her white gown & gold clutch-bag.)



Model June Massey sprayed a streak of SILVER from her temple. (Top marks for good fashion; she wore her 'SILVER streak' with a Silver Mink stole!)



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Continuing . . . THE WOOLING OF WIDOW GRAHAM

and when Frank told him, he smiled, politely. "Whisty is kind of a silly, silly, silly, silly name, don't you think so?"

"Of course I don't think so," Frank said. "Ikky Pikky Pikky Pimbo Bim Bam Bumbo Rim Ram Rumbo, now that's a silly name, but Whisty is as sick as a ten-cent whistle. What's your name?" When Eugene told him, Frank lifted an eyebrow. "There, you see? Gene Graham. Take the two G's and put them together, and it makes GeeGee. Now, what about that for a silly, silly, silly name?"

Eugene felt that he was losing ground. He retreated to a chair and fixed his gaze on Frank. What's the

from page 73

matter with this kid? Frank thought, and immediately locked looks with him. He kept his expression as blank as Eugene's, and met stare with stare. After a while Eugene's eyes fell away, and a small tear glistened in the corner of his eye.

Frank Whisty was immediately ashamed of himself.

"Look, it's a trick," he said. "What you do in a staring match is keep your eyes trained on the bridge of the other person's nose. It looks just like you were staring in their eyes, and you'll win every time."

"And I'll tell you something else,

something I never tell anybody. My middle name is Christie. Put that with my last name and you get Christie Whisty, and that's about as silly a name as you'll find in a month of Sundays. Now, you tell me something. When's your father coming home?"

"He's dead," Eugene said in the matter-of-fact way of children. "He was killed by a car going seventy-five miles an hour. He never knew what hit him, Granny said."

"I'll be hanged," Frank Whisty said aloud, without thinking. Poor, lonely, scared kid, he thought, but at least he has a mother and a grandmother. Both of Frank's parents had died in his infancy. He had been

raised by a spinster aunt who had done the very best she knew how, but she had never established any authority over a boy who could only express his loneliness through rebellion.

Granny came out then, and Frank went back in, followed by Eugene. Cynthia looked at him with distaste, disgust, and every other disagreeable emotion she could summon. To underline it, she was very polite.

"Mr. Whisty, I am very sorry that I was so stupid as to run into your car," she said. "I hope I didn't do it any serious damage."

"Forget it," he said. "I don't expect you to pay for it."

When Cynthia could trust herself

to speak again, she said, "Then, let me thank you for taking me to the hospital and bringing me home instead of letting me lie there in the street. And now, as I have no further claim on your attention, and I am very tired, will you please excuse me."

And if he doesn't go, and immediately, she thought, I will throw something at him.

And to go was Frank Whisty's intention, not from desire (this had left him somewhere back in the living-room), but because he could find no pretext to stay. But he stayed at the foot of the bed. He felt that his life was teetering on the brink of some major decision, and he decided that if he waited until he knew of something to say, it might come too late. So he opened his mouth and began talking.

"Now, look, Mrs. Graham," he said, "I wouldn't want you to get the wrong impression of me. I'm not any kind of roughneck like you may think. I build houses — better houses for the money than any other contractor in this city, maybe in this whole State. You've just met me on one of my bad days."

He listened to himself with growing wonder. "What are you doing," he thought, "applying for a job?"

"Mr. Whisty, I assure you that I have formed no opinion of you, whatever," Cynthia began, and stopped. She had looked at him, and was amused and touched in spite of herself. He looked like an enormous dunce, and she was sorry for him that he had such bad manners. Just like Eugene, she thought, suddenly. In a softer voice, she said, "And I'm sure that you build excellent houses. Mr. Whisty."

HE grinned at her. "Well, I've formed no opinion of you, either," he told her. "So, now we're even. So, you rest now, and I'll come back to see how you are tomorrow."

"Mr. Whisty, I assure you that won't be at all necessary," Cynthia said, feeling a kind of pleasant desperation.

"Mrs. Graham, I assure you that you have no idea of how absolutely necessary it has become," Frank said. He looked at her for a moment. "What is your first name?" he asked.

Under his steady regard, she felt her color rising. "It happens to be Cynthia," she said. "Why do you want to know?"

He continued to study her. "You have a string of freckles running just above your left eyebrow," he said, and from the way he said it she knew he thought he was answering her question. She started to say something, but he put his finger to his lips. "Hush, now, and rest," he said, and was gone from the room.

Eugene went to the bedroom window that looked out on the front lawn. "Well, I'm glad it's settled," he said. "Granny said at first that that old Commander might be, and then she said old Mr. Dingleberry, and then old Mr. Sudloe, but I think he's better than them."

"Oh, Eugene, what on earth are you talking about?"

Eugene didn't answer. He was looking out the window at Frank Whisty, who stood at the foot of the front porch, paying his respects to Granny, who was laughing at something he had said. He saw Frank turn away and walk to the gate, then turn around and look toward the bedroom.

He saw Eugene and shook an amiable fist at him. Eugene shook his fist back at him. Frank turned back to the gate and gave a sudden hop, a skip, and a jump, and cleared the fence, landing on the other side as lightly as a five-year-old. Eugene then watched him until he went roaring down the street and turned the corner. Then he came over and sat down on the side of the bed.

"Well, he is going to be my new father, isn't he?" he asked. He fixed his gaze on the bridge of his mother's nose.

"Well, certainly not if I can help it," Cynthia said. She gazed into her son's blue eyes, as if compelled.

"He's coming back tomorrow," Eugene said. "And the next day, and the next, and the day after that." He continued to stare at the bridge of her nose.

"I guess he is," Cynthia said. "It wouldn't do any good to tell him not to." She felt her glance waver.

"Then I don't see how you can help it," Eugene said, and he laughed as his mother's eyes fell away from his.

"No, I don't either," Cynthia said, helplessly, and then she laughed, and when Granny came in she and Eugene were laughing together.

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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

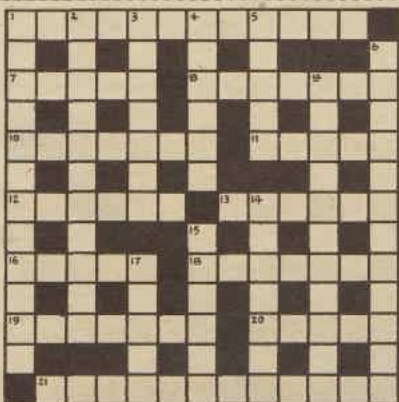
MANDRAKE, acting as impartial judge for the four warring planets, asked why they were fighting. The representatives admit that their reasons for fighting have been forgotten over the centuries. NOW READ ON...



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Design cars or become intractable (5-7).
- Cater for a track (5).
- Boat used on Venetian canals (7).
- Regards with remorse with a lesser white heron inside (7).
- The German Commonwealth as a whole (5).
- Runs in (Anagr., 6).
- A cake in a marine animal (6).
- Jumps mostly with apes (5).
- French friend turns to an Italian port on the Adriatic and becomes a seaport in Shikoku island in Japan (7).
- Merge in a system of government (7).
- I do it for a stupid person (5).
- Heavenly body may be one of the "baddies" in a Western film (8, 4).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Grubs provide upright rocks (12).
- Rag got a noun for an ape (5-6).
- An unlicensed pub sounds like a female leguminous plant (7).
- Torment us with a city in Sicily (8).
- Interior (5).
- Grice has rest in a till (4, 8).
- Rose in a tilt (Anagr., 11).
- Talking idly in a gin trap (7).
- Wagner opera (6).
- Nickname for a Negro as mob (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.

Fashion PATTERNS

Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Patterns, Box 4060 G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

F7336.—Little girl's pyjamas with either short or long pants. Sizes 4 to 10 years. Short style takes 2 to 2½ yds. 36in. material; long pants take 2½ to 3½ yds. 36in. material; both styles 7 to 8 yds. rick-rack braid. Price 3/-.
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F7286.—Pretty shirt-waist has embroidered braid on skirt and bodice. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. material and 4 yds. 2in. embroidered braid. Price 4/9.
F7287.—Slim-skirted dress with embroidered top. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3 yds. 36in. material and ½ yd. 36in. matching embroidered material. Price 4/9.



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 543.—BLOUSE
White poplin blouse is available cut out ready to sew. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 19/8, 36 and 38in. bust, 21/8. Postage 3/- extra.

No. 544.—SKIRT
Full summer skirt is available cut out ready to make in border-printed polished cotton. Colors are red, green, royal-blue, and tan, all with white. Sizes 24 and 26in. waist, 37/6; 28 and 30in. waist, 38/9. Postage 3/- extra.

No. 545.—SERVING GLOVES
Useful kitchen serving gloves are available ready to wear in various colors. Material is velveteen. Price is 3/6 for set of two, plus 8d. postage, or individually at 4/6, plus 5d. postage.

Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

No. 546.—BRIDE DOLL FROCK
Gift suggestion for Christmas. A bride doll frock and petticoat to fit 12in. doll are available cut out ready to make in soft white nylon. Price is 16/6, plus 1/6 postage.

AN 3445

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cheese,
Crunch them with
ham,
Spread them with
honey,
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

September 27, 1961

Teenagers'

WEEKLY



**THE LATEST IN
BEACHWEAR:**

*How to knit this
PONCHO, page 2*

SWIMSUITS, pages 6, 7

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately

LETTERS

Males are weaker sex

IF one were to go by the hit songs of today, males are the weaker sex. We find fully matured boys crying sleepless nights, singing the blues, feeling pains, and with teardrops raining down their faces—all over a girl. That is enough to shatter anyone's ideals of men, and of love in general. If girls' femininity and beauty are sung about, why spoil it all by having these soppy creatures moaning over them?—Lyndall Palmer, Melbourne St., Warracknabeal, Vic.

Clean up

IT would be a great idea if the local councils gave a group of energetic teenagers permission to go on a weekend statue clean-up. In an organised manner they could have fun travelling around the city cleaning our historical statues. A London sculptor friend tells me they can be cleaned by scrubbing with an ordinary household detergent and hot water. Let's make our city monuments something to be proud of, not frowned upon.—"J.R." Adelaide.

Use everything

TEENAGERS, use every talent you are gifted with! The woods would be very quiet if no birds sang there, except those that sang best.—Don Davy, Banchory St., Essendon, Vic.

Girl's warning

HERE is a warning to teenage girls interested in making good friends. I am warning you from experience. When younger I did a lot of loud talking, fooling and running in the

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Contributions of short stories and articles are also invited, but only those accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes will be returned. Send them to Box 7052WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

streets because I thought it was fun.

Now that I am older I have got no friends my own age, and only because they know how I used to behave. Among the list of people I would like to have as friends there is a very nice young man, but he, too, knows how I used to behave. Believe me, I am trying so very hard to be a better girl, so maybe one day I, too, will be popular and happy.—"Lonely One," Qld.

Good club

RECENTLY I saw a film about a youth club in Holland. The activities of this club include normal gym work, running, hurdling, and other athletic activities—but an unusual activity is the voluntary help given to elderly people in the town.

Club members chop wood, dig gardens, wash dishes, and many other things, and all they expect in return is a cup of tea. I think this is a very nice gesture towards the old people of the town and I would like to see it done in Australia.—Chris Webb, Maryvale Rd., Morwell, Vic.

Prickly pastime

I COLLECT as many different types of cacti as possible as a hobby. I have about 90 different varieties, but altogether there are about 2000. All my spare time is taken up by watering, weeding, or transferring them from pot to pot.

I keep them in a little shade-house in my backyard. Every tin that enters our house soon has a cactus growing in it. I think this is a wonderful pastime, and I would advise anyone to start a collection.—"Prickly," Perth.

Is there a God?

IN this modern age where science is so much to the fore, I would like to ask other teenagers whether they believe in God. I have heard scientists who gave scientific statements which are both conclusive and baffling. I have heard ministers giving their reasons for belief in God rather than evolution. Now I think it is time for my own generation to put their views on the subject. After all, we are the scientists, ministers, politicians, and citizens of tomorrow.—"Mixed-up," Muradup, W.A.

Big steal

MY sister wears my sweaters, jeans, cravats, moccasins, beanie, and even uses my knapsack, but I cannot retaliate by using any of her belongings. Any suggestion for erasing a replica of myself and preserving my individuality?—G. Macabe, Nanango, Qld.

Party games

ARE you planning to have a party? Here are two amusing games to play.

One is called "Dear Louise Hunter." Each person is given pencil and paper and asked to write a problem. The papers are collected and issued again face down. The person then writes the answer to his problem on the back of somebody else's problem. You have a question and an entirely different answer, and this can be most amusing.

The second game is also fun. Before the party make a cup-shaped mould. This is done by pressing cornflour into a cup. Before the cornflour is set put a threepenny piece in the bottom. Turn the mould out on to a large plate. When you are ready to play the game put a knife on the plate and each person has to cut a slice off the mould. The one who causes it to collapse has to pick up the threepenny piece with his mouth. Naturally, he always gets a mouthful of cornflour!—Marie Kershaw, Durrachien St., Geraldton, W.A.

Faraway places

WHY do most young people who live only a few miles from a beach always make their way to the same place on their annual holidays? Why not save a little extra and go to some place farther away? I did this and travelled quite a distance from home. As well as seeing a lot of interesting places on the way, I came back with a tan that matched any on the local beaches.—"Traveller," Mt. Gravatt, Qld.

Terrible time

SPRINGTIME is here and I think it is the most terrible time of the year because it is always freezing in the mornings and hot at midday and again freezing at night. There is only one thing that is nice, and that is the blossoms.—"Cold," Culcairn, N.S.W.

SPQR?

COULD anyone please tell me the meaning and origin of the letters SPQR? They were used in the film "Spartacus" under the statue of Romulus and Remus. They were also used on the majority of the standards in the Roman Army.—Thomas Pauncz, Birrell St., Bondi, N.S.W.

(The letters stand for Senator Populusque Romanus, Latin meaning "The Senate and the Roman people.")—Ed.)

BEATNIK



"Remind me to send a get-well card to Lance. His psychiatrist just told him he's a happy man."

Knit a poncho for the beach

● Add a touch of gay Mexico to your beach ensemble this season with the fringed knee-length poncho pictured on our cover. Directions for knitting are below.

Materials: 16 balls Patons Bluebell crepe yarn; 1 pr. each Nos. 11 and 8 knitting needles.

Measurements: Width, 18½ in.; length without fringe, 34 in.

Tension: 7 sts. to each patt.; 1 patt. measures ¼ in. in width.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; sts., stitches; alt., alternate; twist A, k second st. on left-hand needle, but before slipping it off k first st.; twist B, k into back of second st. on left-hand needle, but before slipping it off k first st.; w.fwd., wool forward; tog., together.

PATTERN

1st Row: * Twist A, p 1, k 1, w.fwd., k 2 tog., p 1, rep. from * to last 2 sts., twist A.

2nd Row: * P 2, k 1, (p 1, k 1) twice, rep. from * to last 2 sts., p 2.

3rd Row: * Twist B, p 1, k 3, p 1, rep. from * to last 2 sts., twist B.

4th Row: As 2nd row.

Pocket Lining: With No. 8 needles cast on 44 sts. and work 8 in. in patt., ending with a right-side row. Leave these sts. on a spare needle.

FRONT

With No. 8 needles cast on 170 sts. and work 7 in. in patt., ending with a 2nd patt. row.

Next Row: Patt. 7, (k 1, p 1) 22 times, patt. to end of row.

Next Row: Patt. to last 51 sts., (k 1, p 1) 22 times, patt. 7.

Rep. these 2 rows for lin., ending with right side facing.

Next Row: Patt. 7, cast off 44 sts. in rib, patt. to end of row.

Next Row: Cont. in patt., working in pocket-lining sts. in place of those cast off in previous row. Work straight until front measures 31½ in.

To Shape Neck: Patt. 75, cast off 20, patt. 75. Cont. on last 75 sts., leaving rem. sts. on a st.-holder. Dec. once at neck edge in next and every row until

63 sts. rem. Work straight until front measures 33½ in.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off in rows that start from side edge 15 sts. 3 times and 18 sts. once. Fasten off. Join in wool at neck edge and work on rem. sts. to correspond with other side.

BACK

Work as given for front, omitting pocket.

NECKBAND

Sew up right shoulder seam. With right side of work facing and using No. 11 needles, knit up 132 sts. evenly round neck edge.

1st Row: Knit.
2nd Row: Purl.
Rep. these 2 rows for 1½ in. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press, but do not stretch. Sew up left shoulder seam and neckband. Fold neckband in half and st-st. in position on wrong side. Sew pocket lining in position. Fringe lower edges of back and front as illustrated. Finally press all seams.

Next week

● The boys these days are nearly as slick as the girls in following the latest fashions. Next week our main color feature shows the new slimline in casual wear for boys. And for girls, we have a cover girl wearing a new Candy Hardy summer frock which you will be able to buy ready to wear or cut out ready to sew.

How to get glamour hairsets for 4d.

1. Get concentrated Curlypet at your nearest Chemist's.
2. Dissolve your Curlypet in a pint of warm water. This gives you fifteen hairsets.
3. Comb Curlypet quickest through your hair. Set in your chosen style. Curls and waves stay softly set. Your hair comes vibrantly alive, subtly fragrant, its beautiful look. Remember! YOU CAN'T BUY A BETTER HAIRSET THAN CURLYPET ... AT ANY PRICE!

15 sets for 4/10

So—Quickest with Curlypet!

Curlypet

CONNIE FRANCIS...

She's sold 15 million records

**... NOW ANSWERS
15 QUESTIONS
FOR JOHN WILCOX**

● Many of today's most popular pop singers are overnight sensations—exploding into the limelight on a gimmick, and fizzing out as quickly as a fire cracker.

BUT not so Connie Francis — America's most popular girl song-maker.

At four she was learning to play the accordion, at five she was entertaining in hospitals and charity bazaars, and at six she was singing on street corners—and being dragged home kicking and screaming by a disapproving mother.

She reached the first major milestone of her career when she appeared, at twelve, on the "Arthur Godfrey Show." It was at Godfrey's suggestion that she changed her name from Constance Franconero to Francis—a name that has helped so far to sell fifteen million records, including seven titles each of which went beyond the million mark.

I saw Connie Francis at her

offices on the seventh floor of a modern building in Manhattan, New York, in a tiny room piled high with boxes of records, an upright piano, a phonograph turntable, and as much modern furniture as could be packed into the remaining space.

A full-time staff answers requests for photographs, keeps abreast of the necessary business that earns Connie more than £100,000 a year, and in general provides a home base for her activities when she's in New York.

Connie's home is in nearby New Jersey, only a few miles from Newark, where she was born on December 12, 1938. There she shares a split-level house with her mother and father, twenty-year-old brother, George, and a dog called Mambo.

The atmosphere in the office

was feverish — typewriters clacked, visitors popped in and out ("Nobody will be seen without an appointment," reads a sign in the lobby), and long-distance calls, in and out to a dozen places at once, crowded the switchboard.

Connie sat behind her desk, a pretty girl, prettier than she appears in pictures, with a pleasant smile and lovely legs.

She had returned from Europe only three days before and was due to fly to Hollywood the following day.

I began our interview with:

● **How do you choose what you'll record?** There isn't any one method. I used to have songwriters come in and play to me. These days I don't often have time for that, so I listen to a lot of "demos" (these are

demonstration records) whenever I have the time — backstage between shows, in the bathtub, over the telephone.

● **And when you have chosen a song?** Then I record six sides and pick out the two best. The others are thrown away.

● **Is there one particular area your songs usually come from?** I have a pair of songwriters, Neil Sedaka and Howard Greenfield, who can always be guaranteed to come up with a song if I really need one. Oh, add a third writer—Jack Keller, who sometimes works with Howard Greenfield. Between them they provided me with several songs, including "Stupid Cupid," "Frankie," "Everybody's Somebody's Fool," and "My Heart Has A Mind Of Its Own."

WITH BOBBY DARIN and Ed Sullivan (right), on the latter's TV show, Connie sings one of her million-sellers. Bobby used to be her boy-friend when they were kids together.

● **Who are your own favorite recording stars?** Frank Sinatra, Peggy Lee, and Julie London, because they're all artists and they all have tremendous feeling.

I don't know how else to describe this. Ella Fitzgerald is a great artist and a great musician, for example, but somehow she doesn't evoke in me a mood.

● **Why do you think your recording of "Who's Sorry Now" suddenly caught on after all the years you had been trying?** Well, for one thing there had been a famine of good new female singers for several years. And the established female stars—Kay Starr, Patti Page, and the others—weren't selling, either.

There may have been something in the fact that people always seem to go for the underdog. I started singing sad songs and people would write to me and say, "You sound so sad. I am having troubles with my boy-friend, too," and that sort of thing.

It was the same thing with the movie "Where The Boys Are." I played a real loser in that and people seemed to like it. I loved it. I had never acted before, although in a sense I've been acting all my life—I'm a real hambone sometimes. But in the movie I was playing a girl who couldn't seem to find a boy, and a lot of people identified themselves with that.

● **To page 11**

Teenagers' Weekly — Page 3



WITHOUT MUCH TIME for herself (while earning more than £100,000 a year), Connie reads at least two books a week and sometimes goes shopping for a frivolous hat, despite her preference for casual clothes.



Thousands of teenagers listen to symphony orchestras—but comparatively few know how they work. An expert answers the question . . .

What is

- The sound of a full symphony orchestra "in the flesh" is rich and thrilling, as the 11,000-odd subscribers to the A.B.C.'s Youth Concerts know.

BUT for anyone going to a concert for the first time the effect may also be a little bewildering.

You may wonder why there are ten times as many violins as flutes, and why some instruments play nearly all the time while others play only seldom.

At first sight it may all seem rather haphazard.

There is nothing haphazard or accidental about a symphony orchestra. It is a carefully adjusted team, and it has kept the same basic form for two centuries, although it has grown considerably during that time.

Nor is there anything haphazard about the music that it makes.

The players in a Dixieland jazz band (for example) make



up their parts as they go along and give a different performance every time. If the players in a symphony orchestra tried to do that they would be told very swiftly to cut it out.

Orchestral performers play exactly and only what the composer of the music writes down for them, so that a Tchaikovsky symphony heard today (certain technical details apart) is still the same symphony, note for note, that Tchaikovsky wrote and heard 70 or 80 years ago.

Violins lead

The orchestra is a well-adjusted team; it is also organised into a number of sub-teams, or "sections."

Each section is made up of instruments of a different general type: stringed instruments like the violin; woodwind instruments like the flute and clarinet; brass instruments like the trumpet and trombone; percussion or "struck" instruments like drums and cymbals.

The **STRINGS** are the most important section of the orchestra; they are the core and foundation of it.

The strings, in fact, are a self-sufficient "inner" orchestra of their own. Ranging from the high violins to the deep double-basses, they produce together a unified and balanced tone, since they all belong to the same "family"—that is,

they are all larger and smaller versions of the same basic instrument. They are called the "violin family."

All the string instruments in each group—all the cellos, or all the double-basses, say—will generally be playing the same notes, unlike the wind sections, where every player has an individual part of his own to play. There are technical reasons for this; they add up to the fact that it sounds better that way.

This means that we can change the number of string players without changing what the composer wrote: it is the number of strings that makes the difference between a big orchestra (like the Boston Symphony Orchestra) and a middle-sized orchestra like most of Australia's State symphony orchestras.

The orchestras of 200 years ago were made up almost entirely of string instruments, with a few wind and percussion instruments to add color.

But the more adventurous "Romantic" composers, from Beethoven onwards, called for greater numbers and varieties of wind instruments. These had to have more and more string instruments to balance them, and so the string section grew—although the four varieties of string instruments (violin, viola, violoncello, and double-bass) have not changed.

Today a full orchestra is probably four times the size of the orchestra that Haydn used in his early symphonies. That helps answer the question why orchestras are larger and smaller for different works.

The string instruments themselves need little introduction. Everyone knows what a violin looks and sounds like, and how it is played.

The **violins** lead the orchestra: there are more of them than there are of any other instrument (about 30 in a big orchestra) and they carry the melody more often than any other. The leader of the first violins is the official leader of the whole orchestra.

The violins are divided into two groups, the "first" and "second" violins, each playing a different part.

The **violas** are like larger and deeper-pitched violins, held and played in the same way. They have an important role to play in "filling up" the middle part of the orchestral harmony, so that they are among the most hard-working members of the

orchestra, though are seldom rewarded with a "solo."

Below them come the **cellos** (full name, violoncellos), so big that they have to be rested on the floor and held between the players' knees; below them again the **double-basses**, which are so big that the player has to stand or sit on a high stool to reach the top of the strings.

(Somebody once invented a super-double-bass, which had to be played by two people—one working the bow and the other standing on a ladder to press the strings. It was not a success.)

Golden flutes

These are all bowed-string instruments, so called because they normally produce the tone from the strings by means of a bow. But sometimes the players are called on to pluck the strings with the fingers, as one does a guitar. This effect is called **pizzicato**—Italian for "pinched."

There is one true "plucked string" instrument in the orchestra, which belongs to none of the recognised sections, but has a classification all its own. This is the **harp**, one of the most ancient of all instruments. In its modern form it is an imposing affair, as tall as the player, with 47 strings.

The **WOODWINDS** were so called because they were made



of wood and blown. These days, though, they are not always made of wood—orchestral flutes are usually made of silver and sometimes even gold; clarinets can be made of bakelite.

Flutes are straight tubes held sideways and sounded by means of the player blowing across a hole near the top, just as you may have blown across the top of a bottle to get a sound from it. It has a sweet, pure tone which can be brilliant in the upper range.

A solo flute plays the opening melody of the slow movement of the popular Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto in B-flat Minor.

The flute has a little brother, the **piccolo**, which can reach higher than any instrument but the violin. Despite its small size (it will go in an inside coat pocket, and often does) its high notes are shrill enough



to be heard above the whole orchestra.

The **oboe** is shorter than the flute, slightly conical, and with a bell-shaped end. It is played by forcing the breath between two small flat pieces of reed, and its tone is noticeably more "reedy"—thinner and more penetrating—than that of the flute. (One famous solo for the oboe is the main theme of the second movement of the Brahms violin concerto.)

Its larger brother is the **cor anglais**, a deeper-toned oboe which plays the "Going Home" tune in Dvorak's "New World" Symphony. (Its name means English horn, though it is neither English nor a horn.)

Special roles

The **clarinet** is longer and deeper than the oboe, and has a single instead of a double reed. Its tone is also "reedy," but richer, fuller, and more varied than the oboe. One of its best-known signature tunes is the "Cat" theme in Prokofiev's "Peter and the Wolf."

There is also a **bass clarinet** and a smaller, high-pitched clarinet which make occasional appearances in the orchestra.

The **bassoon** is easy to recognise by sight: it is a wooden tube as wide as a drainpipe, and so long that it rests over

the player's shoulder. Instead of blowing into it directly he has to blow through a curved metal tube attached near the top.

The **bassoon** is a favorite for humorous effects of the "Teddy Bears' Picnic" kind; but you can hear it playing a darkly



tragic role at the very beginning of Tchaikovsky's "Pathétique" Symphony.

The biggest of all the woodwinds is the **double-bassoon**. It is capable of playing notes even deeper than the double-bass.

In the "standard" orchestra—that of a Beethoven or Brahms symphony, for example—there are eight woodwind players: a pair each of flutes, oboes, clarinets, and bassoons. The other members of each family, piccolo, cor anglais, bass clarinet, and double-bassoon are like "character players," called in for special roles.

The **BRASS** instruments, trumpets, horns, trombones, and tuba, are all variations on the one basic idea: an elongated metal funnel into which the breath is forced through tightly compressed lips at the small end. Ancient man probably got

an orchestra?



By
Martin
Long

AUSTRALIAN Youth Orchestras have been set up each year since 1957 by the National Music Camp Association. The young musicians come from all States. Picture shows Sir Bernard Heinze conducting the orchestra in Sydney Town Hall during a concert rehearsal earlier this year.

the idea from blowing through a ram's horn.

To make an instrument of this kind produce deeper notes people had to lengthen the tube of the funnel until it grew so long that it had to be coiled up. The tube of an orchestral horn is nearly 12ft. long and the instrument looks like a piece of complicated plumbing.

In its simple "natural" form this kind of instrument can only play a limited selection of notes (the "harmonic series").

To get the full range of notes ways were found of lengthening and shortening the tube, and so altering the pitch of the whole series as it was being played.

Brass is bold

The earliest and simplest solution was a sliding tube, as in the **trombone** (the ancient sackbut), which has kept its shape almost unchanged for centuries.

The **horn**, the **trumpet**, and the **tuba** (the tuba is the deepest of the brass instruments) solve the problem by having valves which, at the pressure of the player's finger, bring into play

an additional length of tubing and so lower the pitch of the whole "series."

The brass instruments are the heavyweights of the orchestra. They give force to the big orchestral climaxes, and if they are not kept in check they can



outweigh the whole of the rest of the orchestra put together. But they can all be used softly to good effect—the horn, especially.

There remains the **PERCUSSION**, the instruments that produce their sound by being struck in one way or another.

The principal percussion instruments are the drums; of these the most important are the **kettle-drums** (sometimes called **timpani**) — large drums like copper cauldrons with skins stretched across the top. These are tuned to a definite note. The other drums — the small **side-drum** and the big **bass-drum** — have no definite pitch.

The other percussion instruments are too numerous to describe in detail: cymbals,

gong, triangle, tambourine, xylophone, glockenspiel (a sort of xylophone made of metal instead of wood), bells, celesta (which is like a sweet-toned little piano, producing its tone from glass bars struck with hammers), castanets, and the rest.

Even the piano is used by some modern composers as a special sort of percussion instrument.

The instruments of the orchestra are grouped into sections for convenience, but that does not mean that orchestral music is always "departmentalised" with each section playing as a group. Composers — later composers especially — interweave the groups in all sorts of subtle and effective combinations.

If you get to know the tone-color of all these instruments so that you can pick them by ear, it makes orchestral listening not only more fun but more meaningful.

An excellent aid to familiarity is Benjamin Britten's *Variations and Fugue on a Theme by Purcell* (sometimes called "The Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra"), which is available on disc.

The work, originally written for a film about the orchestra, illustrates each instrument individually and collectively, and it is, incidentally, a first-rate piece of music in its own right.



STRINGS (violins, violas, cellos, double-basses) are the most important section of an orchestra. Here Jo Beaumont, 15, of Melbourne, plays the violin during an Australian Youth Orchestra concert rehearsal. Jo also plays the cello.



HARPS are ancient instruments, important in orchestras. Youth Orchestra harpist Pamela Newton, 18, has been studying at Adelaide Conservatorium for about three years. She plays the piano, and plans a musical career.

SUN FASHIONS IN



SMOOTH sheath of black-and-white helanca (a fabric that does more for the figure than a seven-day diet) has a wide neckline that plunges low and square at the back in the new way.

NIFTY two-piecer in vertical-stripe fabric (right) has an easy crop top, loosely tied (the back drops way down), and close pants. Matching slacks are made but not shown.



COTTON jacquard separates, striped round and round in blue and white, enable you to cope splendidly with a weekend at the beach — sunning, lunch on the patio, and all. Button-through skirt has box-pleats, is belted.



● If you're planning to well (well, don't just stand there design, fabrics, and colors. Gi through skirts, and the all-rou



HOT COLORS, new cool shape (above) in striped lastex suit with a half-skirt. New for boys this season for sunning and swimming, navy-and-white breaker - shorts in wide and thin stripes.

NEW SHAPES, FABRICS

...welcome summer, 1961, in a dashing new swimsuit or a gay sun outfit
...ere and daydream!) the pictures on these pages show the latest trends in
...s. Girls everywhere will go for the bareback look, snug little pants, button-
...ll-round figure flattery. For the boys, smart go-together fashions are tops.



Ada of California, Rose Marie Reid styles
and water-wig from David Jones. Others
by Jantzen and Speedo.

PRETTY mermaids
take to rubber water-
wigs (left). This
flowery concoction (it
matches the striped
suit at left) has an
inner rim to keep
water out and curls in.
Couldn't be more cute.

FASHION look in
coffee-cream stretch
bri-nylon one-piece
with white accent. Tall
hat with spotty band
is Italian straw. The
boy's square-look cot-
ton jacket is plain and
striped terry towelling.

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

"Heartsick" 13

"IT is just a year since the first time I went out with a certain nice-looking boy. We went together until April, then we broke up for some reason that I don't know. I was very upset because I loved this boy very much and miss him. From April until now I have been out with many boys, but I don't really love them. A couple of weeks ago this first boy of mine was in hospital, so I sent him a 'Get Well' card and wrote a letter saying I still loved him and wanted to be friends. He ignored this letter. He is going with another girl now. I would like him back or just be friends. Can you help me? I am 13."

"Heartsick," Vic.

It is too bad to think of you signing yourself as "Heartsick" at 13, and having had numbers of boy-friends. It's no wonder you feel as though you need help.

Girls of 13 are wonderful little creatures—when they keep a 13-year-old girl's place. At 13 you should be busy at school, busy with your girl-friends, and helping your mother. You could also be thinking about boys a lot, but not going out with them. Leave that till you are older.

You'll see how right I am when you look at the mess you've made of your first "love."

Even at 13 you must know that girls shouldn't chase boys. It's a most unfeminine thing to do—boys find it frightening. I see no harm at all in sending your first boy a "Get Well" card, which he could put down as friendly concern. But to write telling him you still love him and so on after you have been parted for so long and he has another girl is really a silly way to behave. I don't wonder he ignored your letter.

The only thing that excuses this declaration of yours is your extreme youth, but that wouldn't excuse you in his eyes, only in the eyes of grown-ups, who'd say you were so young you knew no better.

Do give boys away for a few years, except for thinking about them. Concentrate on school and growing up into the really nice girl that 13-year-old girls show promise of.

Never asked out

"WE are two 17-year-olds and are very friendly with two 18-year-old boys, who are still studying. We are all the casual and sporty type and have a lot in common. These boys have taken us home from the several dances which we have attended during the past four months. We see them on numerous occasions and they always stop and speak, but our problem is they never ask us out. We don't want permanent friendships, with marriage in the future, with them; we just want to be taken out occasionally. Is there something wrong with us or are we expecting too much of them?"

"Puzzled," N.S.W.

You are expecting far, far too much.

The boys are still studying and they can't afford the time (and probably the money) to start the most casual asking-out friendships with you.

It is all very well to say you just want them to ask you out occasionally, but you wouldn't be satisfied with that. You'd want the telephone calls and outings and the general time-consuming attentions that go with asking-out friendships.

The boys have sense enough to know that their studies will suffer if they start this. They're content with whatever casual joys come their way—in your case, the chance to walk you home occasionally.

Shy stammerer

"SINCE an early age I have been troubled by stammering. I am now 19. At a recent party I was introduced to a very attractive 17-year-old girl. I want to ask the girl home to meet my parents, but feel too self-conscious. What can I do?"

"Troubled," N.S.W.

When a girl likes a man, it doesn't matter whether he's got a stammer or not; she likes him just the same. But everything in the garden is rosier if he doesn't have an impediment like a stammer.

Why don't you do something about your stammer? You can. Today stammering has been studied by experts until its improvement and, sometimes, its complete cure is only a matter of treatment. What you should do is write to Mrs. Bottomley, president Australian Association of Speech Therapy, Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children, Bridge Road, Camperdown, N.S.W. Tell her your troubles about your stammer and ask her for advice. It would

be far, far better if you could see Mrs. Bottomley personally in Sydney. If you are able to do that, write and make an appointment with her.

After she has talked to you, Mrs. Bottomley would tell you whether it is necessary for you to have treatment at a Sydney clinic, or whether (as is quite possible) you could have treatment at home in your own town.

Please make an effort to see Mrs. Bottomley. I know how much happier stammerers are when their speech is free of impediment. I know, too, how much can be done for them.

I think an improvement in your stammering is more important than romance right now. I'd concentrate on it. If you can combine romance and treatment — well, so much the better.

Girl chases boy

"I AM a girl of 16 and I am afraid I have made an awful fool of myself. I like this boy who lives near me, and although I was not quite sure if he liked me or not, I decided to do a bit of chasing myself. Now I am sure that he knows what I am doing. What shall I do?"

"Stupid," S.A.
Stop it.

Girl loses boy

"I AM very much in love with a boy who has now given me up. I have been going around with this boy for three years. He has a new girl-friend whom I have never seen. My friends at school have told me she is a great flirt. I am only 14 years old, and I want to win this boy back, because she will damage his personal love life. Please do not say I am too young to have a boy-friend, because all my friends go steady. I go to a private school and my contact with boys is not frequent. Could you please help me?"

"In Love," N.S.W.

I would like to shake you. At 14 you are trying to be such a wise old lady and such a dishonest one, too. What do you care if this girl damages your boy-friend's "personal love life"? How can she? The heart of the matter is that you want him for yourself.

I think there is a great deal of imagination in your letter. According to it, you started to "go round" with this boy when you were 11. I cannot imagine the Australian parents living who would allow this, nor a carefully supervised schoolgirl from a private

A WORD FROM DEBBIE



IF you want to look as pretty as the fairy on the Christmas tree come December, take all the worry out of Christmas and start getting your presents ready now.

Make some pretty cushions for special family gifts.

Make the foundation for the cushion of cretonne, choosing one with a pretty design and bold colors. Now make a detachable cover of thin white lawn or organdie for the cretonne foundation.

When the cushion is slipped into its white cover you get a soft, misty effect. These white covers are practical, too—they're easily washed and always look like new.

school who is able to conduct any kind of continuing personal love life.

I think the whole truth probably is that this boy you knew and saw occasionally over the years on social occasions has found some girl he likes to take out. Leave him to it. You are too young, too silly.

Be honest with yourself and admit that nothing except your pride is hurt by his action, and nothing is damaged except this dishonest picture that you've built up over the years.

When you've done this, look into your heart and decide what you want to be: A well-educated, well-mannered girl, who when she is a suitable age, about 16, meets boys who like her and starts her romantic life, and is old enough and educated enough to cope with this beginning of her adult life; or a silly girl, who hasn't a clue, hasn't the education to cope (although she's been given the opportunity to have it), and who has the undesirable reputation of having been mad about boys since she was knee-high to a grasshopper?

If you choose the picture of the silly girl you'll miss a lot of quality in the beginning of your adult life—and I think this would be a great shame. If you decide the other picture is more attractive, settle down at school and work and forget boys (except for those day-dreams) until you've finished your schooling.

Question of love

"I MET a very nice boy about two months ago, and I have been out with him quite a lot since. Recently he told me he loves me and wanted to know if I loved him. As I only care for him as a friend, I don't know what to do. At the moment I am on holidays. I thought this might change my feelings towards him, but it hasn't. What shall I do?"

"Worried," W.A.

Didn't you know honesty is the best policy? Tell him exactly how you feel.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

KNOW YOUR ETIQUETTE

A WEEKEND VISIT

DUTIES OF THE HOSTESS

IF you're having a girl-friend spend the weekend with you, there are several rules you must follow.

You must always state in your invitation when you expect your guest to arrive and when she is to leave. You should also indicate what you will be doing, so your guest will know what clothes to bring.

You must also see that everything is as comfortable as possible for your guest. There must be fresh linen on the bed and cupboard space for her clothes. It is nice, although not essential, to have flowers, a bedlamp, and a few books and magazines in the room, too.

You must never go out and leave your guest alone. Arrange a flexible timetable to include her in all activities.

DUTIES OF THE GUEST

AS a guest you must always be punctual and willing to fall in with your hostess' plans. You should always leave your room tidy, and should make sure that the bathroom is clean when you leave it.

You should NEVER criticise any other guest or member of your hostess' family, and you should offer to help your hostess whenever possible.

One little thing which should not be forgotten is the "thank you" note and perhaps the little gift of appreciation after the visit is over.

Eat like a beauty and look lovely

By
Carolyn
Earle

● *Good nutrition is a commonsense secret that helps to make a happier, more attractive you—so be sure to eat like a beauty. The right choice of food becomes you and pays bigger dividends than almost anything else you can do for yourself.*



GENERALLY, when anyone talks about good nutrition in relation to beauty a groan goes up. "Diet? Oh no, not for me. I simply can't give up all the things I like." It's a common mistake to confuse the two, but actually good nutrition has nothing whatever to do with reducing diets.

Indeed, the two are poles apart.

To be specific, good nutrition is a way of eating for health and good looks. It puts sparkle in your eyes and tips up the corners of your mouth. It can also give you a petal-smooth skin, shining hair, and the slender, attractive figure you want.

The good diet includes a variety of vitamins, minerals, proteins, fats, and other food elements—all of them ready to work for you at any time.

Just by way of illustration, let's suppose your skin is given to "breaking out" in a depressing way. It could be due to not getting enough foods rich in vitamin A, although such easy-to-get foods as milk, butter, cheese, green and yellow vegetables, peaches and apricots are rich with it.

Or maybe your hair isn't as strong and healthy as you would like it to be. Then right eating and plenty of B complex vitamins will help to make it better.

It isn't possible, in this limited space, to even begin telling you what all the different food elements do for you. Anyway, it's one thing to know what you **SHOULD** eat and quite another to figure out a way to get these foods organised into three palatable meals a day.

However, you don't have to turn yourself into a walking book of food knowledge to understand that the basic food groups are: fruits and vegetables, grain and dairy products, and protein-rich foods such as meat, eggs, poultry, fish.

Nor can you go far wrong if you make sure that your daily menu is made up of some foods from each of these groups.

In general, you should count on eating the following foods every day:

Milk: Three to four glasses daily. **Vegetables:** Two or more servings daily, besides potatoes. **Fruits:** Two or more servings daily. **Eggs:** Three to five a week; one daily preferred. **Meat, cheese, fish, poultry:** One or more servings daily (dried peas and beans sometimes). **Cereal and bread:** Two or more servings daily (wholegrain or enriched). **Butter or enriched margarine:** At least two tablespoons daily.

AND don't forget to drink several glasses of water daily.

HEAVENLY BODIES, BY JUPITER!

● *I see that a top Australian scientist visualises a few shocks when space-boy meets spacegirl.*

DR. A. S. FRASER, an officer of the C.S.I.R.O. Animal Genetics Laboratory, is the bloke who sees trouble when astronaut meets astrosort.

Martians or Venusians could be just as intelligent and have the same habits as earth people, Doctor F. says.

But, physically, he believes, their appearance might be really out of this world—so much so that an earthman wouldn't give a cosmos cutie the time (in light years, of course) of day!

However, after hearing Dr. Fraser's ideas of how space sorts might differ from terra-firma femmes, I don't know if they really would be so different.

The Doctor says, for instance, that a Venusian vamp could have up to 100 legs.

So what's special about that? Any husband who has to keep his wife in stockings will swear that his nylons bills suggest his missus has considerably more than two pins!

And, if a visitor from outer space could see a woman's wardrobe with all its shoes, couldn't he reasonably expect to find an owner with plenty of feet to beat put forward?

Dr. Fraser also says the bodies of Venusians would probably be made up mainly of silicon, many of which are transparent.

Big deal! I've never been in anything higher than an interstate airliner—but still I've met plenty of girls I can see right through!

(I will not enter into acrimonious correspondence with any angry trans-parents!)

Doc Fraser goes on to reckon that although a planetary pretty might only have eyes for one astronaut, there could still be plenty to go around other fellers.

He says she might have eyes all around her head.

Well, all I can say is, you try to do something sneaky when you think your girl-friend isn't looking—and you soon find out she, too, has eyes in the back of her head!

(By the way, imagine a spacegirl's mascara and eye-shadow bill!)

Actually, I'm only kidding about Venusian and Martian girls being no different from our own.

I'm glad earthgirls are not the same—I wouldn't fancy it one bit.

If I have to knock around with a girl with anything to do with Venus, I'll take my chances with the statue of that de Milo girl.

Look at it this way: a girl with four arms can slap a bloke's face pretty darned hard. But a girl with none . . .

—Robin Adair

TEENA *by Linda Terry*



Sandra

SANDRA is on a working holiday with Carol in Switzerland. Carol falls while skiing and cannot take part in the day's parade. Her date with Chuck, the young man who rescued her, is postponed, too. NOW READ ON...

by Bill Sawyer



LISTEN HERE — with Kirsten Ward

Devlin "digs" a dog, drums, domesticity!

● Johnny Devlin—New Zealand's most famous export after Canterbury lamb—has been a busy boy lately.

HE is doing a lot of shuttling between Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide for shows.

Then he's teamed up with American ex-serviceman and songwriter Nat Kipner, of Brisbane, to form a music publishing company. He and Nat wrote 17 songs in three days and two have already been recorded.

Johnny's also taking drumming and piano lessons. He says he's been offered nightclub engagements, but won't accept one until he feels he's worked up a good act.

In his spare time he's been writing to the Everly Brothers, with whom he became good friends when they were here, says he's sorry not to be able to join the boys when they make their trip to New Zealand at the end of this month.

Johnny says, too, that he will buy a little black chihuahua (a dog like disc jockey John Laws has). Johnny will call it Satan. He expects to pay about £60 for a pup.

By the way, remember I said some weeks ago Johnny had been spotted looking over land in the Sydney suburb of Ryde? Well, the Devlins have bought a block there now and hope to start building soon.

Last but not least, says the rocker—he's considering an offer to do shows in Japan.

FOR months exiled TV Rock "king" Johnny O'Keefe has been promising that he would come out with a new TV show of his own again... soon.



JOHNNY DEVLIN in action during his recent Queens-land tour.

Now, apparently, all of a sudden, he will! Sydney's Channel 7 has signed contracts with Johnny to compere and star in a weekly hour-long show.

Johnny says it will not be strictly teenage, that he'll aim at a certain sophistication. The hows, whens, and wheres haven't yet been worked out.

USING the experience he's gained from appearing in a number of successful TV shows, Paul Flanagan, of The Fauns vocal group, has planned and will produce this week a revue called "Sing, Sing, Sing" for the Catholic Youth Organisation in Bondi, Sydney.

His brother Peter did the music and choreography. This is the fourth revue Paul has produced for the organisation.

Local talent: A 17-year-old boy, Paul Wayne (a protege of Johnny O'Keefe), can be heard on his first record, "I Like It Like That" (Leedon 45). The song is an awful, repetitive, waiting thing which, I hope, doesn't show Paul at his best.

WELL, Warren Williams is with us again with his first record under a new Leedon contract. Warren has a fine voice. I think you'll like "A Star Fell From Heaven" and "Why Do They Doubt Our Love?"

ROMANTIC songs can be slow and sad, but shouldn't be lethargic. The Hickey Sisters sing "Christmas Roses" and "Angel Star" (W. and G. 45), two songs written by 23-year-old Colin James, of Bendigo, Victoria. The music's quite nice (though for the hit parade organ music wouldn't be my choice) and the lyrics are good, but the whole effect needs livening up. Colin has written quite a few songs. He is very active in social clubs, has a great interest in music, and compers concerts all from his wheelchair. He's crippled.

Pops: American Freddy Gannon, who has just been in Australia, sings (Top Rank 45) a crazy novelty number called "Transistor Sister." It's mad and muddled, but the old toe-tapping beat is there.

I COULD listen to Sammy Davis, Jr. just talk; he has such a wonderful voice. Festival have released an EP of "Sammy Davis, Jr., at the New York Town Hall." It sings!

DAD blame it! We're getting a bumper crop of country and westerns lately. But I know my poison will be many people's meat, and there's no doubt that "Rollin' West" (Everest LP) by the Randy Van Horne Singers is one of the best in the G. and W. field.

WARM Winifred Atwell's greatest charm is her ability to put listeners in a good mood, a party mood. On the Decca LP "Make It a Party" she plays a medley of 64 melodies.

Classics: The Russian composer Rimsky-Korsakov used the stories Scheherazade told to the Sultan Schaharior during those 1001 Arabian Nights to give his musical impressions of the Orient. His Scheherazade Symphonic Suite, Op. 35, is played by L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande conducted by Ernest Ansermet. On the other side are the Polovtsian Dances from Borodin's opera "Prince Igor."

OUR PIN-UP—John Saxon

From Patricia O'Connell, Hollywood

TALL, dark, and handsome, that's John Saxon to a "T." He's one of Hollywood's best young stars and more and more young-leading-man roles are heading his way.

You've seen him in "The Reluctant Debutante," "The Big Fisherman," "Portrait in Black," and you've swooned every time. Off screen, I can assure you, he's still the suavest young man in sight.

You can see him driving along Hollywood Boulevard in his low-slung black British sports car—much more IN than any American model—or sitting over a beer in a Bohemian bistro, puffing on a big fat cigar.

He gestures as he talks, revealing his Continental background perhaps—his parents were Italian immigrants—and he talks fast, punctuating his words with "See, it was kinda..."

His eyes look sleepy, but they don't miss a thing, and his teeth would be a natural for any toothpaste ad. In fact, John (who was born Ricky d'Orizzo back in 1935) did come to movies via modelling. A picture of him in a magazine caught the eye of a Hollywood agent.

He's been in Hollywood for seven years now—and still going strong.

● Turn overleaf for his latest pin-up

15 ANSWERS BY CONNIE

From page 3

● Do you sing these unhappy songs and play these unhappy parts because you're really sad? No, I'm not sad. I'm very happy. Life to me is one big party. I love doing all the things I do and I only wish there were more hours in every day.

● Are you going to continue singing the same kind of songs? I've sung all kinds of songs—rock'n-roll, rhythm and blues, Italian songs, Jewish songs. I love blues, especially.

I'll never abandon teenage tastes. Teenagers are responsible for my success. But I'm not going to be a pathfinder for them. I'll sing what they want me to sing. That is, on singles. On albums I'm not going to try to please anybody but myself.

● What kind of music don't you like? Jazz. I don't understand it.

● Let me ask about some of your other tastes. What kind of food do you like? All of it. High spots of my day are breakfast, lunch, and dinner.

● Movies? I could live there. Sometimes I don't get to a movie for weeks, then I go to five in one day.

● Clothes? I don't like to get dressed up. I like casual clothes.

● What kind of people do you like? I don't like people who are artificial, because that forces me to be unnatural, too. I don't like wild people—or wild things—either. I don't like nightclubs and drunks and any situation that I don't feel I can be in command of.

● How do you spend your spare time—when you have any? I think I get more pleasure from

going to a drive-in movie and eating a hot dog than anything else, but that's a rare treat.

I spend a lot of time reading much of my fan mail. I get about 8000 letters a week.

Some of my mail comes from behind the Iron Curtain. They carry a programme of mine over Radio Luxembourg every Friday night and that is heard in many Iron Curtain countries. I had a letter a while back from a little girl in East Germany asking for a picture. She told me not to send it to her because she wouldn't get it, but to her aunt in West Berlin.

I also read a lot—two books each week at least—especially when I'm travelling: best-sellers and philosophy and books on languages. I carry language records with me and play them at odd moments.

● Do you want to get married? When I'm really in love, yes. Some day I'd love to be married and have twelve children, but I know how badly marriage and show business mix.

I have thirteen aunts and twelve uncles and there's not a divorce among them. I'd hate to be the first in the family to produce a broken marriage.

When I was younger I used to spend some time with a boy who lived nearby—Robert Cassotto—who wrote songs, but my parents never liked him and we drifted apart. Later he changed his name to Bobby Darin and made it as a singer, too. We're still good friends.

Bobby and I would have broken up, anyway, because our personalities were too similar. There has to be a dominant personality in a relationship, and we clashed because we were both trying to be dominant.

● Don't you get tired? You only get tired when you don't enjoy what you're doing

WORTH HEARING

Brahms: Piano works

ARTUR RUBINSTEIN, probably the finest of the older generation of pianists, plays works by Brahms on a new disc from R.G.A.

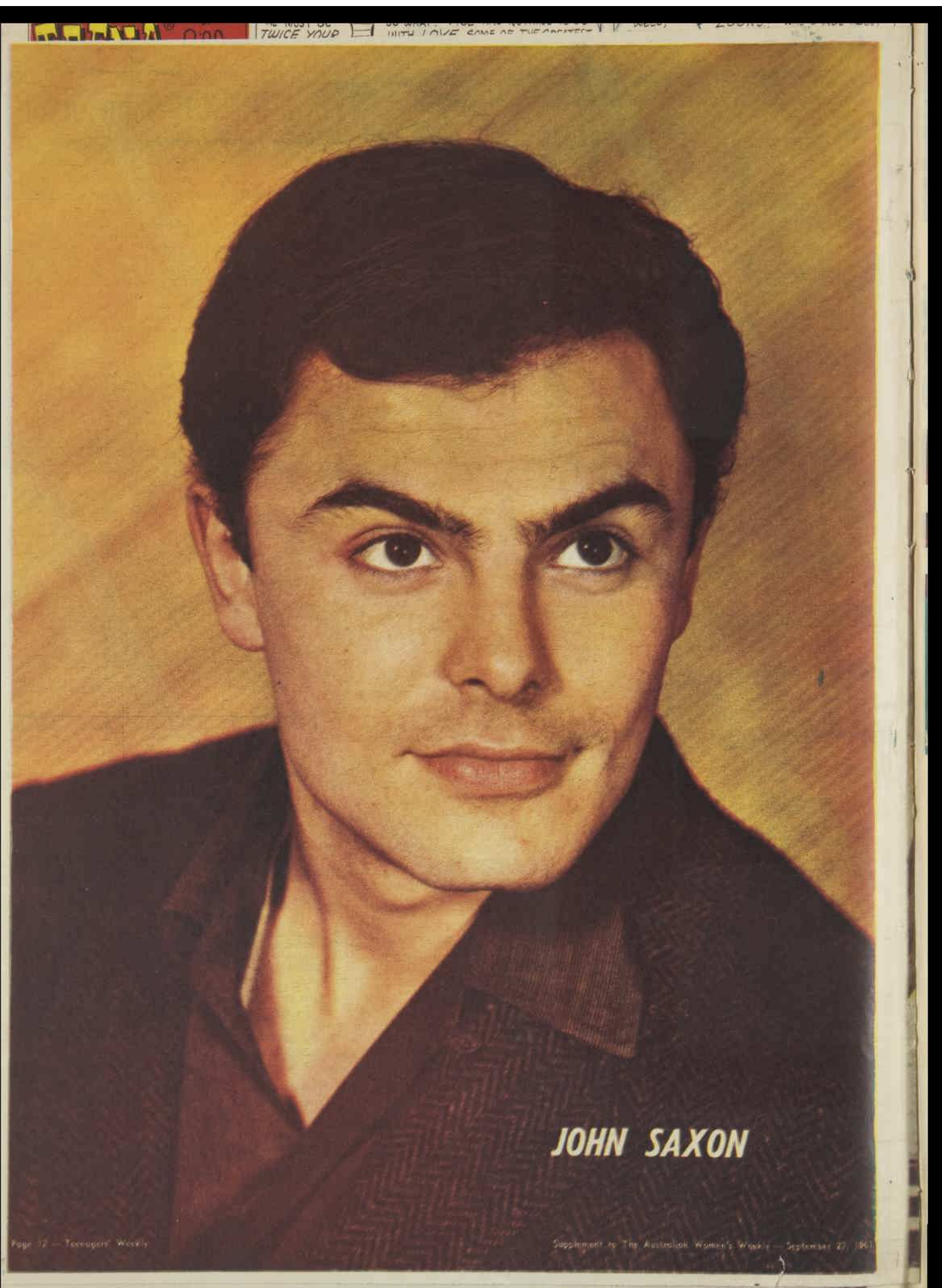
The main work, taking up most of the two sides, is the Sonata in F Minor, which Brahms wrote when he was 20. It is a beautiful and absorbing work, strangely neglected in recital programmes, probably because of its length. But although it is long it is not as massive and forceful as some of the piano music Brahms wrote later. At times it has a gentle, introspective quality, and at others a bold, youthful exuberance.

These two qualities were typical of Brahms' predecessor, Schumann, who influenced Brahms strongly at this time. Even the shape of the melodies in this sonata often sound very much like Schumann.

Toward the end of his life Brahms turned back toward the gentle lyricism of his early works, so that the two miniatures that fill up this disc recapture something of the quality of the slow movements of the sonata, although they were written nearly 40 years later. They are the Romance in E and the Intermezzo in F.

This romantic mood suits Rubinstein to perfection. It is an outstanding recording, both as to the quality of the music and the quality of the interpretation.

—Martin Long



JOHN SAXON